







FAMOUS  
WOMEN OF VIENNA





MARIA THERESA IN YOUTH

# FAMOUS WOMEN OF VIENNA

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Author of "Vienna Yesterday and Today"

With thirteen portraits

HALM AND GOLDMANN  
VIENNA

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TO ELSBETH

**“The hand that rocks the cradle  
is the hand that rules the world.”**

# CONTENTS

	Page
Preface . . . . .	1
Introduction . . . . .	3
A Queen of Vindobona . . . . .	6
Vienna's Fairy Godmother . . . . .	8
Bartered Brides . . . . .	14
How Women Helped to Save Christian Culture . . . . .	19
The Greatest Queen of All . . . . .	41
Marie Antoinette, Queen of France . . . . .	83
Queen of the Two Sicilies . . . . .	116
Napoleon's Wife . . . . .	140
A Daughter of the East . . . . .	166
A Beautiful Queen of Sorrows . . . . .	187
The Last Empress . . . . .	223
Women Who Rose from the Soil . . . . .	246
The Great Fanny . . . . .	248
The Mysterious Tänzerin . . . . .	251
A Queen of Comedy . . . . .	255
"Arme Pepi" . . . . .	259
"The Gnädige Frau" . . . . .	263
Two Aristocrats . . . . .	271
A Literary Autocrat . . . . .	272
A Society Dame . . . . .	275
Women in General . . . . .	283
Sources of Information . . . . .	298
Index . . . . .	300

# PORTRAITS

Maria Theresa in Youth . . . . .	Frontispiece
	Opposite page
Maria Theresa in Later Years . . . . .	80
Marie Antoinette . . . . .	80
Marie Caroline . . . . .	140
Marie Louise . . . . .	140
Empress Elizabeth . . . . .	192
Fanny Elssler . . . . .	192
Marie Vetsera . . . . .	240
Therese Krones . . . . .	240
Josephine Gallmeyer . . . . .	256
Kathi Schratt . . . . .	256
Pauline Metternich . . . . .	272
Caroline Pichler . . . . .	272

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der Nationalbibliothek.

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## PREFACE

**T**HIS book is intended to supply a need thus far entirely overlooked. In no language is there a single volume covering the lives of all the more important women of Vienna, who, incidentally, were the important ones of central Europe. In telling the stories of the women the more prominent men are also introduced and discussed; so that this work affords a glimpse at the medieval and modern history of the continent.

To the traveler such a book should be distinctly worth while. What pleasure is there in looking at the monuments to Maria Theresa and Empress Elizabeth if one knows nothing of who they were, nor what they did? Of what interest is the beautiful column to Liebenberg to anyone who has not read the thrilling story of the siege of Vienna by the Turks? How much more Ringstrasse means when we know how it originated.

But the author has continually thought of another and larger class of readers while writing these chapters. He has thought of the men and women who love to get an interesting book and settle on the front porch, by the fireside, or perhaps propped up in bed for a quiet read. For the pleasure of this class he has tried to make his characters live and move, and by means of word-pictures show what they are doing and why. New and sometimes novel analyses of conduct and emotions are frequently interjected to rouse the interest of the reader.

Still another class has been kept in mind. The student is often compelled to toil through encyclopedias and dull histories to secure material for general culture and conversation.



The dry skeletons furnished by such works are here covered with flesh and made to breathe, fight, laugh, love, weep and die, after the manner of heroes and heroines of novels. Truth is not only stranger, but also more interesting than fiction.

The author freely acknowledges that he has featured the women, sometimes perhaps to the disadvantage of the men with whom they were associated. It is a fact that women have played a much stronger rôle in the affairs of the world than might be suspected in reading the standard histories. To find what they did we must search history for that very purpose; then we are surprised at what we discover.

This volume and "Vienna Yesterday and Today" are the fruits of the larger part of five years spent in Vienna, studying the people and the history of the city. The material used has been drawn principally from three sources: first, the American Library in Paris; second, the National-Bibliothek in Vienna; and third, the Austro-Hungarian State Archives also in Vienna. Full credit is given the various authors consulted in the list of "Sources of Information" to be found at the end of the volume. The author wishes to thank the officers and custodians of these institutions for their very kind and helpful suggestions.

But the author assumes full responsibility for all the comments and opinions set forth in this book. They are not to be found in the German literature. A foreigner has one very essential qualification for writing about a city and its people; he is not hampered by political bias nor racial prejudice. It is hard for the native to overcome such difficulties sufficiently to avoid propaganda, especially in a city so beset with political turmoil as is Vienna. While the book is free of political color, it is surely sympathetic. The author has seen Viennese life in all its phases, and wishes to help the world to understand and appreciate the Viennese people.

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## INTRODUCTION

"THE hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." What a sentimental and beautiful adage! That one sentence is supposed to express the sum-total of woman's influence in politics, wars and governments. For example, the daughter of a Pharaoh rocked the cradle of an abandoned baby, and, as a result, the wisdom of the Egyptians was reflected in the writings of Moses and perpetuated in the culture of thirty centuries.

But many women have altered the course of empires without rocking cradles. Theodora, the wife of the pious Justinian, became the deciding factor in many of the emergencies of his life. Roxelana swayed Suleiman the Magnificent to deeds of horror which he would have detested had he not been under her influence. Wives have often controlled their husbands in affairs of the greatest consequence to states and nations. Then there were many women who were not wives nor mothers who have decided the destinies of kings and empires. Many of them will be mentioned as we proceed.

By no means all the mighty deeds of women have been accredited to them in history. Probably many, if not most, kings have had their clandestine inamoratae who exercised an uncanny influence over them. If a king achieved some signal success, often a secret mentor in skirts assisted him. If he failed, too often she came to light only to be charged with his failure. Such has been the custom of historians.

In forming plots the female is more clever than the male. Men frame their judgments by reason, one of the trickiest of methods, while women leap to conclusions by the same

instinct that guides creatures of the wild so unerringly. The female mind senses friends and enemies by a mysterious power resembling the scent of a hound — may heaven forgive the simile!

When a woman has formed her opinion in this manner, she does not often change it out of respect for reason or prudence. Nothing can remove the taint which her soul has recognized by intuition. This quality sometimes becomes a weakness as we shall see several times illustrated by the women of Vienna.

Having mentioned Vienna, we remark that Austria has usually been considered a man's country in history. This is only apparently true. In reality it has been a woman's country, but the women have often wielded their powers under cover. The emperors of Austria usually had a weakness for the fair sex, and often foolishly bared their breasts for the mortal shafts of Cupid. If Vienna were a pagan city, Venus would have one of the loftiest of shrines. Women of the ruling dynasty rendered one service to the empire which was most remarkable. Every girl of the royal house was disposed of for the benefit of the realm, and with little or no consideration for the happiness of the princess. The princesses had but little more to say concerning their marriages than has the ox in choosing its master. This will be emphasized many times as we proceed.

To the best of my knowledge only two Viennese women have achieved the honor of having conspicuous monuments erected to themselves in the city. But monuments must not be used as yardsticks to measure merit. Unquestionably some of the men who now stand in plumed and petrified glory about the public places of Vienna, were no better than some of the women whose names are not usually mentioned in polite society. It is customary to tell only the 'great and good things which the men did and then declare them very good and very great. Women have not been accorded such kind consideration.

But in this volume the chapter headings have not been selected entirely with reference to goodness and virtue. So-called bad women have also been introduced because they were important and interesting. Those who have swayed the empire or the people have been discussed, be they famous or infamous. Perhaps, after we have told their stories and analyzed their motives, it will not be easy to distinguish one from the other. We shall endeavor to commend those who were noble, and find some excuse for those who were naughty.

The women of Vienna who have starred in history have all been thoroughbreds of their types. The ones who played pathos and melodrama have wrung our hearts with pity. No women of the entire world have made us sob more violently. She who played the part of an empress was every inch a queen, and the "vamps" and affinities left undying records of their power. So much for the introduction. Now we will bring on the actresses.

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## A QUEEN OF VINDOBONA

WE SCARCELY finish reading the first page of the history of Vienna before being confronted with a most interesting woman, Anna Faustina, the wife of Marcus Aurelius. The Romans appeared in this region during the first century; probably under the reign of Claudius. During the latter part of the century, Trajan, afterward Emperor of Rome, pushed the frontier of the empire far beyond the Danube, but under his successor, Hadrian, the river became the boundary, and it was carefully guarded by fortifications extending from Passau to the Black Sea. One of the principal garrisons was stationed at Vindobona which occupied almost the exact location of the present center of Vienna.

The barbarians of this region were called Marcomanni and were the source of much trouble to the Romans. The Danube was the most dangerous border of the empire and almost every emperor visited it to make sure that the defences were secure. Thus it happened that Marcus Aurelius with his wife Anna Faustina came here about the year of 170 A. D., and remained most of the time until his death in 180.

Marcus Aurelius was so completely absorbed in his books and writing that Anna Faustina felt neglected. She was not of the "clinging-vine" type, so she made many journeys to Rome to have a taste of city life. On one of these trips she is supposed to have fallen in love with a gallant officer named Avidius Cassius. Not being entirely false to her husband, she would only promise Cassius her hand in the event of the death of Marcus Aurelius. With this understanding her lover went to his army in Syria. But Anna Faustina did not desist from writing love-letters which he foolishly preserved.

The Empress returned to brave the indifference of her bookworm husband and wait as patiently as possible. But in 175 Marcus Aurelius became very ill in Vindobona, and the rumor went forth that he had died. Who sent out this report we do not know, but we hope it was not Anna Faustina.

Avidius Cassius received the report and, not wishing to be too late, at once declared himself emperor and set forth to Rome. On the way he was assassinated, and some one eager to win imperial favor brought the pretender's head together with the awful letters in a sack, and set them down before Marcus Aurelius, possibly in the presence of his wife.

We now naturally expect to hear of a stirring tragedy, but nothing of the sort occurred. The Emperor took one look at the head and ordered it taken out and burned, together with all the letters. If Anna Faustina was present she must have been greatly relieved by this action of her husband, but we can easily imagine that in her cleverness she deceived the emperor as to the cause of her horror and influenced him to do what he did.

Not every historian believes all these tales, and some contend that she was not even present when the gruesome exhibits were brought to her husband. But there must be some truth in them, for, after all, history is only documented rumors, and rumors are not usually without some foundation of facts.

Anna Faustina bore eleven children, one of whom became emperor of Rome under the title of Commodus. He was the greatest gladiator that ever graced the Colosseum, and won the proud name of "Conqueror of a Thousand Gladiators."

Now this little tale of Anna Faustina may be looked upon as a prologue to the dramas which were to be staged in Vienna after the lapse of a few centuries. Women with her passion and cleverness, many of them much better but some worse, were to appear on the same ground, almost at the same spot, and play their most interesting rôles in history.

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## VIENNA'S FAIRY GODMOTHER

**R**OME has her Romulus, Constantinople her Constantine, Jerusalem her David, Athens her Pericles, and the great capital of the United States her Washington. Many cities have immortal godfathers whose protecting spirits are supposed to share their triumphs and sorrows, and guard their destinies. But, to the best of my knowledge, only Vienna has a fairy godmother.

Of the continued existence of this good fairy there can be no doubt, for hundreds and perhaps thousands of Viennese have encountered her in the Wienerwald, especially in the precincts of the Heurigen in the neighborhood of Grinzing. Several times when men have left their winejugs late at night to go home in the dark, a veiled woman riding a white horse has chased them back, and they were afraid to venture forth again until the dawn of day. Truant children loitering in the woods at dusk have been sent home screaming in terror to their mothers, and lovelorn girls gazing out of windows into the gloaming have seen a veiled woman lurking in the shadows of the forest looking anxiously at the distant lights of the city.

To catch a glimpse of this fairy in actual flesh and blood, we must search the dim and misty past through the haze of not less than eight centuries. There we shall see her as a real woman, a queen who bore eighteen lively children, and filled the land with records of her noble deeds.

At the close of the eighth century all the valley of the Danube, now occupied by Austria, was inhabited by the rich Avari. Then came the mighty Charlemagne out of the west, exterminating the heathen natives and founding Christ-

ian churches. He took so much gold from the Avari that it actually inflated the money values of his empire, and raised prices for a decade. He knew it was right to take the wealth of the heathen because it was perfectly clear that they must have secured it by robbing others. He declared: "God hath rooted them out because of their pride; all have died and not an Avar is left surviving." "They have gone like the Avari," was a proverb among the Slavs. "Have the Franks for friends but not for neighbors," was a saying among the wise Byzantines.

Much of the gold was sent to the Bishop of Rome, who at about this time began to be called the pope. As the result of his righteous conquests, Charlemagne became the ruler of most of what is now Italy, Germany, the former Austrian Empire, France and Spain; a territory somewhat analogous to ancient Rome after its separation from the eastern Byzantine dominions. In the year of 800 A. D., Charlemagne went to Rome and was crowned Emperor of the Romans, a title which continued on and on until it perished with the son of Napoleon.

In a few centuries the eastern portion of this vast empire became known as Ostmark and finally *O e s t e r r e i c h* which is the German for Austria. Eventually Leopold III. of Babenberg found this territory assigned to him, and came to establish a residence at the present Leopoldsberg, just above Vienna on the Danube. There he built his castle and to this castle came his bride, the young widow of his brother. Her name was Agnes, and she was the first princess to take up residence in the region of what is now Vienna.

Agnes was very beautiful. Her hair was like the last golden rays of the setting sun, her eyes like the azure of summer's skies, her body graceful as the stalk of a lily, and her willowy arms like the waving boughs of the beech trees.

Of her clothing only one article is mentioned. She wore a marvelous veil which had been presented by her husband on the day of their betrothal. She was never seen without this



veil which she treasured above all other earthly possessions. When she rode in the chase or walked through the woods, her golden hair was always protected by her bridal veil.

One day she stood in the balcony of her castle, all alone, gazing at the Hungarian hills which interrupted the blue at the horizon, the vineclad slopes of her dominions, the verdant valley where Vienna was destined to rise, and the Danube weaving like a blue ribbon across the meadows at her feet.

Suddenly a whirlwind tugged at her veil. She held it firmly, but the wind grew stronger and wrenched it from her hands. She saw her precious memento rise like a cloud, float high over the oaks and beeches to be lost from view. She searched, and searched, and searched, but not a trace of her treasure could she find. Partly in grief and partly in terror she told her husband how she had lost his betrothal gift.

Now for a woman to lose her engagement present or wedding ring is a sad event not always free from suspicion. Leopold received the news in silence — too much in silence for her peace of mind. The whole story sounded a bit breezy, as she very well knew. But Leopold was apparently satisfied and promised to buy her another veil the next time he went to the market. But there was perhaps just a little suspicion in the hearts of each. She feared he had not believed, and he feared she had deceived.

Years passed — seven in all — and with their passing came seven children to play and wrangle with one another in the Hof of the castle. This may have been one reason why Leopold spent much of his time with his hounds in the solitudes of the woods. One day his dogs began baying at something high in the treetops. His eyes followed their muzzles and lo and behold, there was the veil, unchanged by time and weather, waving in the breeze!

Hastily securing the trophy he hurried home to his spouse in great joy. The long-standing suspicions were ended, and he determined to celebrate the auspicious event

in a never-to-be-forgotten manner; he would build a cloister on the very spot where he had found the veil.

He assembled the workmen of his realm and secured from them a promise to have the cloister completed by 1136 A. D. And now comes one of the strangest chronicles in Viennese history; the cloister was completed on time and the dedication occurred on the twenty-ninth of September. On the fifteenth of November, Leopold was stretched on his bier, on account of what illness we know not. Some of the German writers seem to infer that the shock of having a contract finished on time was too much for him to survive.

This almost ends the story of Leopold, but not of Agnes. She lived to the ripe old age of seventy-two, and several times served as a mediator of disputes among her children who were soon quarrelling over their possessions. In the end she died and was interred with her husband in the cloister. But her spirit lived on and continued to guard the fortunes of the land.

Some centuries afterward, a King Charles, who may have come from either Poland or Sweden, was in Vienna and went hunting on the mountain near Kahlenberg. Late in the afternoon he was weary and stopped to quench his thirst at Agnes Brundl. After drinking long and deeply of the sparkling waters, he lay down to refresh himself, and soon fell asleep. In his slumber he saw a beautiful queen lying by his side. Her hair was like a golden sunset, and from the azure of her eyes gleamed the stars of heaven. She stretched a soft willowy arm and drew his face so close to hers that he caught the fragrance of the pine leaves on her breath.

The next morning she was gone. But afterward she appeared at the hut of a charcoal burner in the depths of the forest, and left with the wife a baby girl named Agnes. Now as a strange coincidence there was just one child in the family before Agnes arrived, a boy whose name was Charles. The two children became playmates, and, as they grew older, lovers. When they married, the spirit of Agnes

returned and waved a wand over a wide meadow in which a castle appeared for their residence.

Then in 1529, Suleiman the Magnificent arrived before the walls of Vienna, and the city was in despair. Suddenly in the midst of a relieving army appeared a prince on a white horse, and he assisted gallantly in driving the Turks from the bastions of the city. As a reward for his service he was brought to the attention of the sovereign and invited to visit the Hof. He was so charmed by the ladies of the court that he tarried forgetting all about his Agnes in the heart of the Wienerwald.

At length he tired of the festivities and returned to find Agnes quite ill-natured over his long absence. Out of a sense of guilt on his part and abuse on hers, they became so agitated that the earth trembled and swallowed them with their castle into the ground. Now, where once stood the castle, there is only a quiet meadow where the fox chases its prey and the lark sings its madrigals. But the prince and his white horse are still met occasionally in the depths of the Wienerwald.

Many believe Agnes to have been a reincarnation of Freya, the wife of Odin, and that her favorite abode since the days of the Babenbergs is the Wienerwald between Hermannskogel and Klosterneuburg. There she broods over the destinies of Vienna and takes care of the "Bauern" and winegrowers. It is known that during her life she was very fond of "plaudern" with the good-natured tillers of the soil. To them she was half goddess during her life. Being the mother of eighteen children born in twenty years, she became the goddess of fruition among the husbandmen and stock-growers of the region.

She is also supposed to be a goddess of chance and good fortune. "Bauern" women claim to have found lucky numbers for lottery tickets in the mud of Agnes Brundl. It is said they invoke her blessings upon seeds when planting their flowers and vegetables.

The younger Agnes and her husband, Prince Charles, are also occasionally seen in the forest. In the seventeenth century a painter induced them to pose for a picture, and it is yet on exhibition in the tavern "zur Agnes" in Sievering.

Six years after the death of Agnes of Babenberg, her son, Heinrich Jasomirgott, who won his title by his pious habit of exclaiming "Ja so mir Gott helfe", moved his castle to Am Hof and became the first resident duke of the capital, which was springing into prominence as a commercial center for the crusaders. Hence Agnes may be truly regarded as the mother of Vienna.

Those who believe in the doctrine of reincarnation, see the spirit of Agnes in Maria Theresa, who had many of the lovable qualities of the first queen and almost repeated her amazing record of motherhood. But Agnes, who had little to do with wars and politics, left memories unmarred by the sterner things of life, and consequently is remembered purely for her goodness and beauty.

Agnes had all the qualities that the Viennese love to deify. She was beautiful — so much so that the most entrancing phenomena of nature were invoked for metaphors in describing her. The sunset, the blue sky and flowers are drawn upon for comparisons. She loved the common people, was fond of riding and hunting, and with it all was a most prolific mother. Such attributes together with her enviable position as the first princess who lived in Austria were sufficient to enshrine her in the hearts of the Viennese and place her among the goddesses.

Some time after the events just related, Leopold III. was sainted by the Catholic Church, for having founded the first cloister in the region of Vienna. It is only too apparent that he won such immortality through his wife, Agnes, who was entirely overlooked by the prelates. How many times in history men have been glorified for acts which were prompted by women!

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## BARTERED BRIDES

**I**N 1273 A. D. Rudolph of Hapsburg was encamped before the walls of Basle, waiting for the expiration of a truce to attack the bastions. Rudolph was an insignificant prince, but had won local renown by conquering several of his neighbors and converting others from enemies to friends by athletic stunts and witty jokes in diplomacy. He was a "favorite son" of a small community just on the border between Switzerland and Bavaria.

The last of the Hohenstaufens had died nineteen years before, leaving the title of Emperor of the Romans without a hereditary claimant. The possessors of this title were usually rulers of the German principalities and Bohemia, together with any other lands they could beat or bluff into subjection. The method of selecting the Emperor of the Romans, was for the German princes to meet at Frankfort and hold an election, after which the chosen emperor must secure the approval of the pope. The nineteen years of vacancy had been a period of turmoil for central Europe, and the pope finally called the princes together with instructions to elect a successor to the Hohenstaufens.

During the long interim, Ottocar, King of Bohemia, had conquered about half of the German countries, and made himself the most powerful monarch of the day. He was eager to become Emperor of the Romans, but, having had a quarrel with the pope, knew he could not secure a papal ratification; so he did not even attend the election. Now politics was no stranger to the German princes, and after the notification from the pope there had been a lively campaign. The Duke of

Saxony and the Duke of Bavaria were both candidates, but when the delegates convened there was a deadlock. As usual under such circumstances, the winner was a "white horse."

One night Rudolph of Hapsburg was asleep in his tent when a messenger arrived and told him he had been elected Emperor of the Romans. He rubbed his eyes and, as soon as he had recovered from his surprise, remarked "I accept the honor," then went back to sleep and dream of a glorious future for the House of Hapsburg. The next morning he awoke to contemplate the enormous tasks of his new office.

First, he must dispose of his present quarrel with the Bishop of Basle — something he could not do honorably until the expiration of the truce which yet had several days to run. He dressed and walked out of his tent to behold the gates of the city open and the people streaming out to greet him. Some dignitaries approached saying, "We were only fighting a German prince and not the Emperor of the Romans. We therefore entreat you to accept our homage and take possession of the city." When the bishop heard what had taken place, he threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Sit tight, Lord God, or Rudolph will take your throne."

The next step for Rudolph was to secure the ratification of his election by the pope. This was not difficult, for Gregory X. was only too eager to get the German princes organized in order to oppose Ottocar, who was taking entirely too much authority into his own hands.

But the most difficult task confronting Rudolph was to get the better of the powerful Ottocar. It was absolutely necessary to do this in some manner, for Ottocar had seized Vienna, the metropolis of the valley of the Danube, and moved his capital to that city from Prague. It was quite evident that he meant to make Vienna the capital of a great inland empire. He had erected a strong wall about the town, rebuilt the Church of St. Stephan, and made himself comfortable in the palace of the Babenbergs.

At first the Viennese were not pleased with a foreign king, but, since he had carried out such important public improvements and brought prosperity, they proceeded to forget his nationality and went on with their singing and dancing quite satisfied. In the course of a few years they decided to accept the Bohemian line as a suitable substitute for their beloved Babenbergs.

As soon as Rudolph received his ratification from the pope, he sent a messenger to Ottocar demanding the surrender of Vienna. The Bohemian king was expecting this and had his answer all ready. "Go back and tell your master that I will sit here behind my wall and see what he can do." There was a tone of defiance and exultation in this answer, for Ottocar thought he knew something which Rudolph did not. The Duke of Bavaria had formed a secret alliance with Ottocar and would not allow Rudolph to pass with his Swiss army on the way to Vienna. It was unnecessary to organize a defence until Rudolph had fought his way through Bavaria, which would require at the least a considerable length of time.

But Rudolph also knew something which Ottocar did not, and that was the value of femininity in diplomacy. He knew a pretty girl had more potential power than an army. One charming woman could smash kingdoms and open gates to citadels which defied regiments. Rudolph had eight such bundles of potential energy in his family and proceeded to use one. He proposed a marriage between his daughter Hedwig and Otho the son of the Bavarian ruler. The greedy duke promptly swallowed the bait, lured on by the flattering prospect of uniting his house with that of an Emperor of the Romans.

The result of this marriage was that the King of Bavaria became Rudolph's ally, and the march to Vienna was a pleasant promenade instead of a bloody campaign. It all had been done so quickly that Rudolph with his Swiss and Bavarian army stood before the gates of Vienna before Ottocar had heard of the wedding. Being taken by complete

surprise the city had not accumulated stores for a siege, but Ottocar refused to surrender. He manned his bastions and sat down to see what Rudolph would do next, hoping that the invading army would beat itself to pieces against the massive lines of masonry.

Rudolph scanned the fortifications and concluded they were too strong to be taken by assault, so settled before the gates to starve the city into submission. In the course of a few weeks all the Prager hams, Würsteln and Sauerkraut had been consumed, and Ottocar found that he must fight, starve or surrender. Rudolph knew the condition of the town, and was quite certain that the choice would be to fight. This did not please him, for he planned to become the ruler of the city, and to kill a lot of the people would be a bad beginning. Why not use more of his rich stores of potential energy?

A conference was called and Rudolph offered to marry a son and daughter to a daughter and son of Ottocar as compensation for a surrender of the city. Ottocar accepted the offer and marched back to Prague while Rudolph took possession of Vienna and moved into Am Hof. Thus was the House of Hapsburg established on the throne in Vienna where it continued to reign for six hundred and fifty years.

There is a little more to the story, and it is interesting because it reveals that the girls who were thus bartered did not mind it at all. Ottocar had a spirited wife named Cunegunda who had been left behind at Prague. When he went home and told her what had happened, she scolded unmercifully, and took Rudolph's daughter away from her son and put her into a convent. The girl was disappointed and even angry about it, and the two women made so much trouble for Ottocar that he decided to go back and fight with Rudolph rather than quarrel with the women. He went and lost his life in a battle near Vienna.

Rudolph did not mind this fight, for it enabled him to establish himself all the more firmly as leader of the German



people. He had gotten over the worst difficulties by his favorite method and was willing to fight for the rest.

The device, so cleverly used by Rudolph, became the established custom of his house. So often was it applied that a wise Hungarian later remarked, "Happy is the House of Hapsburg, for the realms which Mars awards to others, Venus transfers to thee." But not every monarch could use the marriage plan so successfully as had the Hapsburgs. Napoleon tried it and got into a bad mess, but that will be related in another chapter.

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## HOW WOMEN HELPED TO SAVE CHRISTIAN CULTURE

**W**HEN the English-speaking visitor walks along the Ringstrasse in Vienna, admiring the architecture, the parks, and likely the pretty Viennese women, he rarely realizes that he is treading the ground of two of the most decisive battles of history. Many of the celebrated battles of the world have been entirely political in significance. Blenheim and Waterloo determined only who should rule certain Christian lands. But on the site of the Ringstrasse were settled questions much more fundamental and important. Should Europe be Christian or Mohammedan? Should Vienna, Munich, and probably Paris be what they are to-day, or like Stamboul, Angora and Adalia? Such were the issues at stake in the two sieges of Vienna by the Turks in 1529 and 1683. Since America was almost entirely settled by Europeans after these dates, it does not require much imagination to regard the fate of the Western Hemisphere as likewise hinging upon the bastions of the Ring.

Probably the reason English-speaking people are so indifferent to these events is that the sieges have not been duly emphasized in histories written in the English language. We have so much of history which is strictly our own to consider, that we have but little time to reflect upon preceding events. We scarcely realize that the growth of what we term civilization was very slow, and that each branch and blossom which ornaments modern culture draws sap from roots which extend far down through the ages into other lands.

An Egyptologist says: "It took the ancients fifty thousand years to get from the stone into the bronze age, but

if they had not learned what they did we would not know what we do."

Today what we call Christian civilization, by which we mean the civilization which has been perfected in Europe and North America, is triumphant throughout the world. But the path by which it arrived at its present state of splendor has been a rough and hazardous one. Since the birth of Christ there were periods when the destiny of Christianity seemed to hang on the issue of a day's battle.

The most dangerous enemy to Christian culture has usually been Islam. More than once, as far as human intelligence can discern, the very existence of Christianity was jeopardized by the oncoming hordes of Moslems. Twice the decision was rendered before the bastions of Vienna. Once Christian culture was saved, at least apparently, by the death of one man, Suleiman the Magnificent, who perished in Hungary of typhus fever which we now know to have been caused by the bite of a despised louse. Another time it was rescued by a band of Christian allies who arrived almost too late.

To emphasize the hazard to which Christian culture was subject in 1529, we need make but a casual summary of the condition of Europe at that time. Henry VIII. sat on the throne of England, quarrelling with the pope about women; Francis I. of France had made an alliance with the Turks; Martin Luther had the German states in turmoil over the reformation; and Italy was a land of contesting kingdoms. The Danube valley up to Vienna was already in the hands of the Turks. All that was necessary to plant Mohammedanism in the very heart of Europe was the capture of Vienna. Suleiman had the misfortune to lose his cannons in the Danube at Pressburg while advancing on Vienna. He found the bastions too strong to be taken without artillery, so he returned to organize another expedition. The next time he approached he died in Hungary of typhus fever, and civilization was saved.

When Kara Mustapha stood before the walls of Vienna in 1683, conditions were again favorable for the success of the Turk. The Catholics and Protestants were still fighting over their doctrines, and reluctantly left each other's throats nearly too late to organize an effectual defense of the all-important bastions of the Ring. But for the almost unequalled bravery of the little band of Viennese who withstood the hordes of Moslems before the walls of the city until tardy relief came, the valley of the Danube and likely all Europe would have yielded to Islam.

In 1683, Leopold I., perhaps the most cowardly of all the Hapsburgs, was Emperor of Austria. The dominions of the Turks had extended, in the course of but a few centuries, until they embraced all the lands bordering the Eastern Mediterranean. The Balkan states and the lower Danube including Hungary were also in the hands of the Turks. Having completely encircled the little flickering flame of culture, which had been kept burning by the Byzantines for a thousand years following the fall of Rome, they snuffed it out in 1453 by the capture of Constantinople.

The Sublime Porte next looked covetously at the fortifications of Vienna and longed to break them as it had broken the walls of Constantinople. The Turks regarded the bastions of Vienna as sheltering the citadel of the Holy Roman Empire, the hated defender of the Christian faith. Mohammed II. had made his name immortal by the conquest of Constantinople, and no less glory awaited the military leader who could capture Vienna. Such a hero would be enshrined in the heart of Islam. For him would rise a mosque in Stamboul probably surpassing even St. Sophia. To sweep over the walls of Vienna and either level Stephansdom into the dust or convert it into a Moslem mosque was the fondest ambition of the Ottoman Turk.

In the spring of 1683, Vienna received the ominous news that Kara Mustapha was coming up the Danube with an army of two hundred thousand men, equipped with heavy

artillery, scaling ladders, and all the requisites for conquering a city defended by walls and bastions. The first news of the invasion was not enough to bring the Protestants and Catholics together for the purpose of meeting a common danger. But as the Moslem hordes came nearer and nearer, alarm spread among Christian states, and fear of the impending disaster brought the contending factions to their senses. The people of the upper Danube got into hysterical action. The timid began fleeing to the west, while braver men fell to work repairing the bastions, and putting Vienna in order to withstand a siege. Among those who sought safety in flight was Emperor Leopold who loaded his family and treasures into wagons and hurried away to Linz. Before going he performed his imperial duty of appearing before the army at Pressburg for a grand review. He was appalled to find but forty thousand soldiers ready to meet the enemy. So he left the command with the Duke of Lorraine and hurried back to Vienna to make good his escape. Along with him went most of his court and the Bishop of Vienna.

Kara Mustapha came with a scimitar in one hand and Turkish intrigue in the other. To all who joined his forces, he promised protection and religious toleration; to those who refused, he offered nothing but Turkish vengeance which meant slavery or death to all but young boys who would become janissaries, and young women who would be sent to Turkish harems. Such had been the fate of Constantinople, and Vienna could reasonably expect the same. The Hungarians, who had several times tasted Turkish vengeance, flew to Mustapha's standards and swelled his numbers. The Christian garrisons of Hungary joined the enemy or fled for their lives.

There was a scurrying of German princes to form protecting alliances and recruit armies. Catholics and Protestants shook hands over their bitter quarrels, and swore to defend the all-important bastions of Vienna. While the ultimatum of Kara Mustapha threw many into precipitous flight,

it also placed in the breasts of those, who could not or would not leave, a firm determination to withstand the siege or die in the attempt. It was to be a fight to the finish between Christianity and Islam.

Vienna had not seen a Moslem foe since the siege of Suleiman, one hundred and fifty years before, and the defenses of the city had fallen into a sad state of disrepair. The use of gunpowder had advanced rapidly, and made walls a much less secure means of defense. The Turks had proven this at the siege of Constantinople. They had used mines and cannon to break down defending masonry and were sure to apply the same agents more effectively at Vienna. But the hope of the city still rested with the bastions, and measures to sustain life when severed from the outside world. It was perfectly understood that Vienna could hold out only long enough to enable those on the outside to come to her rescue.

Leopold placed Count Starhemberg, assisted by Bürgermeister Liebenberg, in charge of the defense on the seventh of July, and the next day departed for Linz. The city was frantic with terror. The road to Linz was blockaded with carriages and families on foot fleeing to the west. The highway was soon littered with broken carts and furniture abandoned in the wild flight. This emigration was no misfortune in one sense, for it delivered the city of those useless in defense but quite sure to have strong appetites.

It is estimated that during the week preceding the beginning of the siege, sixty thousand people left the city. But the number remaining was swelled by the inhabitants of the suburbs coming inside for protection. When Kara Mustapha arrived on the fourteenth of July and cut off all hope of escape, there remained in the city eighty thousand people, of whom by far the larger portion were women, children and aged men.

It is interesting to read of the enormous amount of work done during that fateful week under the supervision of

Starhemberg and Liebenberg. All the suburban towns, such as Alsergrund, Mariahilf, Währing and Rennweg were completely sacked and destroyed, so as not to provide shelter for the enemy. Every family was enjoined to lay in a supply of food sufficient to last it for at least one month, under the penalty of being expelled from the city. Wooden buildings including one theater were torn down to decrease the menace from fire, and the material stored for use in the necessity of forming temporary palisades. Water was stored on the roofs of all houses, and easy means provided for firemen to reach every portion of the buildings. Gunpowder was placed in the basements of the churches, and all windows opening from the basements to the streets were walled up with masonry to prevent ignition from without. Thirty thousand poles were cut and brought into the city, to be used for emergency barricades. Palisades were constructed inside the weaker portions of the walls, to be used as secondary defenses in case the walls were broken. Arrangements were made to catch water from the roofs and save it for domestic use. An immense amount of masonry was laid up to strengthen the walls and bastions. All the pavements were taken up stone by stone to lessen the danger from shattered cannonballs.

The population was organized and drilled for defense. All bells were silenced except the one in the tower of Stephansdom, which was to be used as a signal in calling men to the walls in an emergency. Volunteers, without too much regard for physical ability, were assembled and drilled. Students from the University were formed into a company and carefully instructed in the military tactics necessary for manning the bastions. The men from the suburbs made up another company and the merchants and tradesmen several more.

The Duke of Lorraine with his army was present to assist in carrying out these tasks, but before the arrival of the Turks he withdrew from the city leaving ten thousand

men for the defense. This was wise, for outside the city his army could harass the enemy by threatening lines of communication and cooperating with rescuing forces, and, what was also important, could forage its own supplies. There was left in the city a hurriedly gathered army of about fifteen or sixteen thousand men to stand on the bastions and defend them against a force of two hundred thousand Turks, drilled and fully equipped for the reduction of the defenses. There was nothing to span the disparity in strength except the walls, and the knowledge of what surrender meant to all within the city.

On the fourteenth of July Kara Mustapha arrived and encircled the city for miles with his tents. Cannon were soon placed and began shelling the walls and tossing bombs among the houses of the frightened population. We may imagine what terror the first bombardment occasioned among the helpless people. But it was soon apparent to Mustapha that he must resort to other means to capture the stronghold. He selected the portion of the wall which he considered the weakest and began digging enormous trenches under the cover of which he could approach and mine the bastions at that place. The region now occupied by the University and Votive Church became a maze of trenches large and deep enough to protect the approach of horses and camels used for hauling heavy artillery close to the wall. This enabled the Turks to bring artillery to bear upon the masonry at close range and to undermine the walls and destroy them with explosives. When they blew up a section of the wall, they promptly charged the breach with scimitars, and the foes met on the ruins fighting hand to hand without asking or offering mercy.

The defenders also met the trench attacks by countermines which occasionally cut off groups of horses or camels from retreat, only to be captured by the garrison and used for food. Several such lucky hauls were made in this manner.



A hellish agent used by the Moslems was burning sulphur balls which were hurled into the city to start conflagrations and fill the air with suffocating fumes. But for the timely provisions for fighting fires, the whole city would have fallen prey to conflagrations started in hundreds of places at the same time.

Days lengthened into weeks and weeks into months, and still the plucky Viennese withstood the overwhelming odds in numbers. The arrangements for sanitation were insufficient, and presently a frightful epidemic of dysentery broke out from the use of foul water and bad food. The churches filled with the sick and wounded, who were never free from the menace of shells and fire. Once a shell broke through a window of Stephansdom and fell on the floor among a thousand patients. Strange to say only one person was injured.

Vienna was girdled with a band of putrefying carcasses of camels, horses and oxen, fringing the walls, polluting the moat, and producing a stench which was almost unendurable. Dead were buried within the city which was rapidly being transformed into a vast cemetery filled with mourners, sick and wounded. But there was no hope except in fighting on until rescued by an army from without — an army for whose arrival every one hoped and prayed. Every day Count Starhemberg mounted the tower of Stephansdom and scanned the hills to the north hoping to see some evidence of approaching succor, only to view endless fields of Moslem tents. Every night urgent signals flashed from the tower only to be unanswered. Two men were constantly stationed in the tower to strain their eyes and report the first signs of approaching aid, but they brought down only news of increasing activity on the part of the enemy.

There was one name on everybody's tongue. It was John Sobieski, king of Poland. There were rumors that he was on the way with a Polish army. Before the town had been cut off by the Moslems it had been reported that he

would come soon. Where was he? Where was the Duke of Lorraine? Where were the Bavarians? Where was the whole Christian world? Had all Christianity abandoned the plucky little garrison to be foundered in a seething ocean of Mohammedanism?

Count Starhemberg wished to send a message to the outside, urging the necessity of prompt relief. He asked for volunteers. A man by the name of Kolschitzky came forward and offered his services. He was a Pole who had had a long experience in living among the Turks. He could speak their language, imitate their manners, wear their clothes, even sing their songs and pray to Allah like a true Moslem. He was ready for the dangerous adventure. Taking advantage of a dark night he slipped through the lines and reached the headquarters of the Duke of Lorraine, where he learned all the news.

The Duke of Lorraine had been active in harassing the enemy with reduced forces, and was only waiting the arrival of Sobieski and the Bavarians to attack the besiegers. Leopold had not entirely forgotten Vienna. He had been appealing frantically to Sobieski to hasten with a Polish army. Once he had written the Polish king: "My troops are assembling, and a bridge is already constructed for your army to cross the Danube at Tulln. Place yourself at the head of an army, however inferior in numbers. Your name alone is so terrible to the Turks that it will insure a victory."

John Sobieski yielded to Leopold's importunities, put himself at the head of three thousand horsemen and covered the distance to the Danube with the swiftness of a Tartar horde. There to his surprise and disgust he found that Leopold had deceived him; the bridge was not finished. Stung by the disappointment, he exclaimed: "Does Leopold consider me as an adventurer? I quit my army to take command of his. It is not for myself, but for him that I came to fight." He was on the point of returning to Poland when the Duke of Lorraine succeeded in pacifying him and

inducing him to wait for the completion of the bridge and the arrival of his own army. It had not yet arrived and the garrison in Vienna must continue the struggle for some days or perhaps weeks longer.

Kolschitzky returned in three days and reported to Starhemberg. "Days and weeks!" exclaimed Starhemberg. "We are now in our last extremity!" Then he gnashed his teeth and said: "We must have courage, courage! God who has thus far protected us will not forsake us. We will win or stain the soil of Vienna with the last drop of our Christian blood!"

The wall between the Schottentor and the Burgtor was finally broken, but with Herculean effort the breach was shut off by palisades erected of earth and timbers a little to the inside. Some of the guns were destroyed, but emergency ones were gotten into position, and continued to answer the fire of the besiegers.

Kara Mustapha likely knew all that Kolschitzky reported to Starhemberg, and even more. The pashas had already told him that his own men were growing discouraged and disgusted. He had promised them, he thought truthfully at the time, that Vienna would be an easy prey for the army of a Grand Vizier carrying the sacred banner of Mahomet. He could knock the bastions to ruins in a few days, or, at the worst, undermine them and blast a hole through which the army could force an entrance. Then there would be wine, women and loot. Every man should be gorged with outrage and Christian blood. There would also be treasures to divide, for Vienna was very rich. Constantinople had heard fairy-tales of the gold, silver and jewels of the imperial castle which was said to fill about all the space within the walls.

He had also appealed to their religious fanaticism by telling them they were carrying the sword of Islam through Europe to the Atlantic Ocean like Sidi Okba of old had carried it across North Africa. All Europe should be con-

verted to Mohammedanism; the Occident should face the Orient every morning with the rising sun, and cry: "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his Prophet!"

But the men had now been before the bastions for six weeks. Soldiers had blistered their hands digging like slaves to make trenches and undermine the bastions. After the explosions they had charged across the ruins to meet the Christians in hand-to-hand struggles. The bodies of hundreds of Turks bloating in the hot sun before the ruins testified that they had fought bravely. They were ready to quit and return to Constantinople to try their fortunes in some other part of the world. The fires of their zeal for Islam were beginning to cool. They had been deceived as to the strength of the bastions. They had caught glimpses of the royal palace and it was nothing like what they had been told. They had heard that the Emperor had fled, taking with him most of the treasures, and as for the women, bah, they were sick of hearing about "female Christian dogs!"

The pashas had told Kara Mustapha all this, and, stinging under such reproaches, he had left Baden, some miles to the south, and taken personal command. He had been watching the storm gathering to the north on Mt. Kahlenberg. He knew the Duke of Lorraine and some Bavarians were there, and worst of all Sobieski was coming with a Polish army. He did not fear an encounter with them for he knew his own forces were superior in number and artillery. But he very much preferred to capture Vienna first. He had come primarily to get possession of the city, and, thus far, had failed. If he could not capture the citadel while free to the rear, how could he hope to succeed with John Sobieski frisking like a wolf at his heels to torment him?

On the night of the tenth of September he had noticed the exchange of signals between the tower of St. Stephan and Kahlenberg. The night of the eleventh they were renewed and he knew the time was almost at hand for the rescuers to strike. He redoubled his efforts to plant mines and bring

up artillery. The fiercest of the janissaries had been selected for the charges. Everything was in readiness for the morning of September twelfth. He would make Vienna such a hell of shot and brimstone that no living thing could survive. The twelfth was the day. It must be then or never!

Within the walls death was stalking the streets and rapping loudly at every door. During the night Sobieski had flashed from Kahlenberg that his army had not yet all arrived, and he would not be ready to strike before the thirteenth. The message was received as a fatal sentence to the city. The bastions could not resist the attack which all knew to be in store for the morning. Men looked at their swords and then at their wives and daughters, considering the advisability of mercifully delivering them from the fate which had befallen the women of Constantinople at the hands of Mohammed II. Mothers had prepared themselves with poison and weapons to be used instantly when the bastions fell.

But not a man intended to die by his own hands. Every life was to be sold to the Turks and janissaries for as many as it could be made to purchase. The cannons began booming with the first streak of morning light, and the bell in the tower of Stephansdom clanged loudly, calling all men to the bastions. When they climbed to the wall they scarcely expected to return to their homes. They would leave their dead bodies on the bastions.

On the night of September eleventh John Sobieski was on Mt. Kahlenberg raging at Leopold for having delayed the Polish army at the Danube waiting for a bridge which had been promised upon arrival. He had, all told, about sixty thousand men, not very well equipped with artillery, to meet two hundred thousand Turks who were fully equipped. It seemed foolish to him to risk a premature battle when reinforcements were expected so soon. He knew from experience that the Turks were good fighters, and that even with all the men who were due to arrive the next day the outcome was not

certain. He would not invite disaster by being too impetuous.

Being a devout Catholic, he was in the little chapel saying mass before the break of day. While at prayer he heard the booming of the Turkish cannons before the bastions below. He had not heard them roar like that before, and it made him nervous. When he left the chapel, he gazed anxiously below, but all he could see was a blue cloud of smoke hovering over the beleaguered city. Suddenly he beheld something at the very foot of Kahlenberg. He looked more carefully. Yes, he was right; the Turks were bringing up an army and entrenching it to oppose him. By the next day he would be facing entrenchments, and carefully placed artillery. That settled it. It must be today or never!

By sunrise he had assembled his officers and was making a speech. "Warriors and Friends: The enemy below us is numerous, even more so than at Choczim where we ground them into the dust. It is true that we are fighting on foreign soil, but in doing so we are defending our own Fatherland. Only the walls of Vienna have sheltered Poland and all Christian Europe from the Moslems. Today we must save not only Vienna, but all Christianity which is protected by the walls now surrounded by heathen. Our war is a holy war in which we seek no reward for ourselves, except the honor of falling heir to a crown in Heaven. Follow me bravely and fearlessly. Follow your leader!"

The response to this speech was spontaneous. "Lead on!" cried the Bavarians, Austrians and Poles, "We are ready!" Then the avalanche rolled down the side of Kahlenberg.

John Sobieski did not ride pell-mell over the Turkish army, as we might infer from some of the curtailed descriptions to be found in the English histories. He knew better than to try that. He delivered his attack energetically, coolly and carefully. He fought according to a well-considered plan, making use of some new and clever devices. He knew the Turkish method of rushing upon the enemy and slashing it to pieces

with scimitars. He had had his men nail some heavy boards together which they carried to be raised as barricades to meet such onslaughts. While his men held the Turks in check by this device he rode them down from the flanks with his fearless cavalry.

All day long the battle raged, and many times the issue seemed doubtful. At such times the Austrians, Bavarians and Poles vied with each other in reckless bravery. By nightfall the Turks facing Kahlenberg had been driven into the trenches before the bastions. Darkness found the battle undecided. But it was decided in the minds of the Moslem soldiers. They had had enough, and more than enough.

During the darkness, half of Kara Mustapha's army sneaked away toward Hungary. Break of day revealed to the Grand Vizier the completeness of his ruin. There was no time nor opportunity to rally his forces nor load his baggage for a retreat. He must fly to keep up with his army. The last hope of Islam to establish itself in the heart of Europe had vanished with the suddenness of a tornado.

Who can portray the sense of relief with which the plucky little garrison viewed the work of that immortal twelfth day of September 1683? But too many of the bravest never lived to witness the grand day of deliverance. Of the eighty thousand shut into the city on the fourteenth day of July, twenty-five thousand had been buried inside the walls by the twelfth of September. Among them was the gallant Liebenberg whose monument now marks the very spot where the fighting was the fiercest. If anybody ever earned a monument he did.

It was not long before Kara Mustapha arrived in Belgrade and received the fatal sentence which almost always awaited an unsuccessful Turkish commander. He was to be strangled to death. When the time for the execution arrived, he adjusted the bowstring about his own neck and died bravely.

John Sobieski was elated at the spoils left behind by the Turks. Here is a partial list:

Fifteen thousand oxen.

Ten thousand sheep.

One hundred thousand measures of grain.

Twenty thousand sacks of rice.

Immense stores of coffee, sugar, honey, oil, leather, wool and countless other articles.

Among the equipments of war abandoned were:

Thousands of tents, including the silk one of the Grand Vizier.

Two thousand hand grenades.

Eighteen thousand large grenades.

Ten thousand shovels.

Twenty thousand sulphur balls.

One hundred thousand sacks of powder.

One hundred and eighty cannons.

The cannons were cast into a bell which still hangs in the tower of Stephansdom. In the battle Sobieski captured the sacred banner of Mahomet which he sent to the pope at Rome.

John Sobieski wrote to his queen in Poland: "The Grand Vizier has left me heir to millions. When I return I shall not be reproached by Tartar wives exclaiming 'You are not men because you return without booty.'"

When Sobieski rode into the city he was hailed as a deliverer. The streets were jammed with pitiable sick and half-starved people struggling to get near enough to touch his garments. Women threw their arms about his stirrups and kissed his boots. He was the man for whose coming they had watched and prayed; he had arrived and satisfied all their hopes and prayers.

Sobieski did not tarry long. He was a man of action, and much more at home on a bloody battlefield than on parade. Hurrying to Stephansdom, he dismounted, entered and threw himself on the floor at the foot of the altar, giving thanks to God for the glorious victory. Then he rode back



to his army and made ready to follow the enemy and complete his victory.

But at about this time some one else was heard from — someone who had no intention of being overlooked. Emperor Leopold was returning to greet and thank the conqueror. Nothing more could be done until the arrival of His Majesty. We may easily imagine the character of his reception.

But Leopold was quite an expert at getting out of embarrassing situations. Only four years before, when the pest was raging in Vienna, he had fled to Mariazell where he made solemn vows to erect a monument to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost in thankfulness for the cessation of the plague. When the epidemic had subsided, he returned and induced the people to believe that his vows and prayers, uttered at a safe distance, had caused the pest to disappear.

Leopold at first acted very humbly, walking in black robes to Stephansdom where he offered thanks to God for the rescue of the city. Having done this he began to assert his rights as Emperor of the people who had received him with marked chilliness. He asked the Duke of Lorraine as to the advisability of formally receiving a king of the inferior rank of John Sobieski. "Receive him with open arms," the Duke replied in tones of disgust. This did not suit the Emperor who decided that the meeting should be a formal one between the armies of Austria and Poland drawn up at attention.

When the time came Sobieski rode proudly out to meet the Emperor expecting a grateful and informal reception. Being confronted with all the punctilious formalities of the Austrian court, Sobieski was disgusted, and returned to his tent leaving one of his inferior officers to complete the reception.

The haughtiness of Sobieski supplied Leopold with the first raw material to work into popular dislike for the Polish king and sympathy for himself; an Imperial King of the

Romans had been treated with disrespect by a foreign and inferior monarch. The success of this propaganda was not marked, but it was something which brought response from a few. Next Leopold succeeded in shifting the blame of his own flight to Linz upon a count by the name of Sinzendorf who was completely overcome with grief from which he finally died.

But Leopold soon found better timber from which to frame discontent among his subjects against Sobieski. The Polish king was off immediately to follow the Turks through Hungary. All Hungary was promptly restored to Austria, and Leopold ordered those who had joined the standards of Kara Mustapha brought to trial and punished. The result was a rebellion in Hungary, which Leopold asked Sobieski to put down. Sobieski refused and marched his army back home. The next step was for Leopold to accuse Sobieski of fostering a rebellion in Hungary for the purpose of winning the Crown of St. Stephan for his son. In the end Leopold came out with the support of the Viennese and Sobieski suffered the usual thankless fate of a benefactor.

We may add that Leopold, upon whose cruelties and perfidies we have barely touched, never found himself under the necessity of again asking favors of John Sobieski. In the campaign against the Turks, Prince Eugene of Savoy distinguished himself, and for fifty years made the armies of Austria triumphant throughout Europe. Eugene completed the conquest of the Turks, and eventually won the Spanish crown for Austria in the War of the Spanish succession. The teachings of history are sometimes immoral, when drawn from small sections, just as sentences are misleading when separated from contexts.

We have now briefly sketched the events of the second siege of Vienna by the Turks. One dreads to contemplate the fate of civilization, had the little garrison defending the bastions weakened and surrendered to Kara Mustapha. Certainly the fall of Vienna would have taken historical

rank with the fall of Rome and Constantinople. To understand the danger with which Europe was threatened, and from which it was saved by the little handful of heroes, we must know something of the Turks of those times.

It is impossible to exaggerate the inhumanity of the Turkish reign at Constantinople. Revolting cruelty was a characteristic of the best sultans. The first official act of Mohammed II., the hero of the capture of Constantinople, was to smother his infant brother in a bathtub. Once he was accused of being too much devoted to one of the girls of his harem. To clear himself of the charge, he called her into the presence of his accusers and slew her with his own hands. Suleiman the Magnificent, who would have captured Vienna and probably overrun Europe but for the precious bastions, fell in love with a Russian danseuse by the name of Roxelana. In order to make his sons by her first in line for the throne, he had his own older son, who had become a successful general in the army, strangled with a bowstring and the son's baby boy snatched from its nurse and stabbed to death.

Then we might mention the Order of Janissaries founded by Osman in 1326. The order was made up of the sons of Christian captives who were taken in infancy, trained to be the most cruel of warriors, and then used for the dangerous positions in battle. They became the most heartless fighters in the world, living illustrations of what may be done by training boys in cruelty and fierceness from infancy. They faced the Viennese daily in the encounters over the ruins of the walls between the Burgtor and the Schottentor. Just where the Liebenberg monument stands, the brave Viennese met the janissaries in mortal combat over and over again.

It was on the brink of such a civilization that Europe trembled and was finally saved by the gallant band within the bastions of old Vienna. Christian culture was surely on the verge of being delivered to the Turk "in the track of

whose horse the grass never grows." Standing in the lovely garden before the Votive Church in Vienna the visitor is on one of the most important battle fields of Europe.

To whom is civilization indebted for saving Christian culture from the Turk? Certainly the debt to the House of Hapsburg is not heavy. To such leaders as John Sobieski, the Duke of Lorraine, Count Starhemberg and Bürgermeister Liebenberg we owe a great deal. To the little band of unnamed heroes who manned the bastions for sixty days and nights against such tremendous odds, the world owes much more gratitude than it has ever paid or acknowledged, largely because, outside of the German countries, the debt is quite unrealized.

But where do the women come into this story? As for securing monuments and special notice in history they do not come in at all. In this event as in most others of Austrian history we must search in order to find anything whatever with which to credit women. But when we begin to read between the lines and weigh probabilities we find they were as usual the deciding factors. So often does this turn out to be the case that it seems almost monotonous to keep calling attention to it.

The real heroes of the siege were inside the walls, and not without. Among the German states there was too much political bartering. In searching the literature we are somewhat disappointed to find that even John Sobieski bargained in advance with Leopold as to the price to be paid for his services. Probably of all the commanders the Duke of Lorraine was the freest from schemes for aggrandizement. So much time was spent in political bargaining that the rescuers almost repeated the record of the Christian powers at the siege of Constantinople which might easily have been saved but for the jealousies of the Christians themselves who went to the rescue too late.

Inside the bastions there were two distinct organizations for defense. One was the military under Starhemberg and

Liebenberg. It was essential, but could not have succeeded unless it had been supported by another which is yet to be mentioned. An army in action rarely prevails unless backed by an earnest population to supply it with food, clothing, ammunition, and moral courage. The morale of an army, especially if not supported by victory, comes from its rear, not from its midst nor its front. To nourish a healthy morale there must be sympathetic assistance from behind. An army in action must be relieved of its sick and wounded. There must be someone to encourage men for valor and weep for the dead. Were the men on the bastions well supported, and if so, by whom?

When Leopold fled to Linz, he took the bishop of Vienna with him; thus leaving the defenders without the comfort of a spiritual leader. Upon seeing this, Leopold Graf Kollonits, Bishop of Neustadt, volunteered his services and cast his lot with the defenders, instead of flying to safety as he might have done without criticism. Starhemberg and Liebenberg at once made him commander of the civil organization, and gave him absolute authority over the city outside of military affairs. No better man could have been selected for such an all-important post. Kollonits was no coward. He had served in his younger years as a member of the Knights of Malta, and knew all about the terrors of war. He at once went about organizing the women and children to support the men on the bastions. It was his organization which mended socks, repaired clothing, cobbled shoes, did the washing and many other tasks which came thick and fast. When Kollonits assembled his army, which was much larger than the one under Starhemberg, he made a speech. He told the women that it was their duty to see that every man's arm was kept strong to fight for Christianity. It was upon them that the success of the defense depended. He would issue orders under divine guidance, and they must be obeyed without question or delay. The very manner in which he said it all, won the confidence and support of the terrified

women. They regarded his instructions almost as if coming from on High. To question his orders was heresy, and to disobey, treason.

Before the city was relieved the women's tasks lapped over into the duties of the army. It required twelve hundred men to man the bastions, and such a strenuous duty could only be performed efficiently by taking turns. Finally there were barely enough men left to keep the walls constantly defended. The women brought up the ammunition, carried away the dirt from the countermines, brought timbers for the temporary palisades, extinguished fires, and even slaughtered and prepared the animals captured from the Turks. It was the women who skinned the carcasses of the donkeys and cats and made them into soup and sausage for the starving.

Certainly it was the women who nursed the sick, cared for the wounded and buried the dead. They conducted the hospitals which before long included all the churches, theaters and even the protected parts of the streets. The women suffered more from disease than the men, because they were in closer contact with the afflicted, and because the best of the food was reserved to nourish the men on the bastions.

It was Kollonits and his faithful band of heroic women who won the contest, or, to put it differently, the city could not have held out without their aid. This was freely acknowledged at the time. After the siege it was often declared that "The Duke of Lorraine and Starhemberg saved Christianity by bravery, but Kollonits saved it through love."

The women also supplied sentiment for the struggle, and this was probably a most potent factor. There were always women's smiles for the brave, and women's tears for the dead. To fight and die for a man is not very alluring, but to die for a woman who loves — even though she may not be all that she should be — is much more appealing to warriors.

What we have written concerning the conduct of women during the siege is partly from history and partly inference. Not a little of it is drawn from the novels of Caroline Pichler who wrote of the siege during the early part of the nineteenth century. She claimed her novel entitled "Die Belagerung" to be accurate in all its historical references. Had there been a queen or princess within the walls during the siege, we certainly should have much more from which to draw. But in this as in most of the crises of civilization, not queens and kings, but the lowly population saved the day.

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## THE GREATEST QUEEN OF ALL

**I**T WAS half past seven on the morning of May 13, 1717, in the *Kaiserstadt* on the *Donau*. Laboring folk were already astir. The trades-women were arranging their garden vegetables and *Würsteln* in the market places. Workmen on the streets, their long pipes dangling from their lips and their tools slung across their shoulders, were wending their ways, not too eagerly, to their day's toil. Porters, taking advantage of the brief morning lull were cleaning the cafés and beerhalls. But the soft-handed citizens were only turning in their beds for a final snooze, while the beauties from the night resorts were just entering dreamland. Suddenly a reverberating rhythmic roar swept across the city from the direction of *Stephansdom*. *Bummerin* was booming!

An earthquake could hardly have produced more excitement. The market-women instantly dropped to their knees exclaiming "*Herr Gott! I thank Thee!*" As they rose, they whispered one to the other, "Today the sales will be brisk; let us raise the prices." The workmen stopped short, bowed their heads in thankfulness, then wheeled and ran back home to enjoy the greatest blessing known to the Viennese, a holiday.

What was *Bummerin*, and why did it boom? It was an enormous bell cast from the one hundred and eighty cannon left by *Kara Mustapha*, the Turk, when the Polish king chased him away from the walls of the city in 1683. Just six years before, it had been placed in the tower of *St. Stephan's* and had first boomed when *Charles VI.* came from Spain to occupy the throne in Vienna. As a mark of the interest with which the people regarded *Bummerin*, we



mention the fact, that on that occasion the crowd gathered in the square before the church to hear the first tones of the bell, instead of going to the Danube to greet the new Emperor. But this thoughtless negligence on the part of his inquisitive subjects had long ago been forgiven, if not forgotten, by the pious ruler. The reason for the booming so early on this morning of May thirteenth, was perfectly understood by all; a child, probably an heir to the throne, had been born in the Hofburg.

Soon came the trumpeters giving voice to the glad tidings. They rode through the city, crying an announcement which made the excitement caused by Bummerin appear somewhat as a false alarm. An heir had been born, but not an heir to the throne — it was only a girl. No girl had ever ruled Austria, at least not officially. But no matter, there would be a grand celebration — that was enough for the present.

A little over a year before, the city had celebrated the birth of a Crown Prince, Leopold Johann Joseph, the first-born of the imperial pair; but he was already sleeping in the Capucine Church. There had been much gossip about the death of the Crown Prince. The wiseacres had circulated the rumor that his premature demise was due to the fact that his mother, Kaiserin Elizabeth Christine, had been angered by some unkind words on Easter Day and as a result her breasts went dry. There were always rumors to explain everything important and unimportant, occurring in the house of the Emperor.

In memoriam of the departed Prince, his image had been wrought in pure gold by a celebrated goldsmith, Johann Kranichbauer, and the Emperor had placed it in the church of Mariazell, a sort of a Mecca for the Habsburgs, located about one hundred miles from Vienna. All this stale news was recalled by the birth of a princess.

No sooner had the little blue eyes of the new-born baby blinked in the soft light of the Hofburg than preparations

were on foot for her baptism, which took place at eight o'clock in the evening of the same day. Full details of this baptism are recorded in the archives of the Hapsburgs. The ceremony occurred in the Knight's Hall of the Hofburg which was decorated in gold, silver and silk. A baldachin draped in costly tapestry was erected in the middle of the room, and before it stood an altar and two crucifixes; all gleaming with precious stones. Before the crucifixes was a stand shrouded in silk and satin for the baptismal bowl of gold. In the water were five drops from the River Jordan, a thorn from the crown which tortured the brow of the Saviour and a nail from the Holy Cross.

Over the entrance poised a balcony for the court musicians who were directed by Hofkapellmeister Johann Fuchs. The most distinguished prelates of the capital, headed by the Papal Nuncio, George Spinola, were at hand in mitred caps and rich ecclesiastical robes. Among the dignitaries from foreign states we have only the names of Daniel Bragadino of Venice and Don Emanuel from Portugal, but certainly there were others present.

Trumpets blared and drums rattled as the royal procession entered. Charles VI. appeared in a royal Spanish mantle braided in gold and scintillating with diamonds and pearls. He wore a gorgeous dark velvet hat plumed with an enormous red feather. At his side was the Papal Nuncio, and immediately following them the widows of the two departed emperors, Joseph and Leopold. Next came a double line of archdukes, archduchesses and representatives of the titled nobility. Somewhere in the procession was Prince Lichtenstein bearing the new-born Princess. All the Majesties seated themselves on tapestried stools and Prince Lichtenstein deposited the infant on a billowy red cushion.

After the bishops had completed their altar service, Kaiserin Eleonore placed both arms under the pillow and held the baby before the Nuncio, who in the name of Pope Clemens XI. baptised it, announcing, "M a r i a T h e r e s i a

Walburga Amalia Christina," the first two words of which name were destined to be heard around the world.

Charles VI., the father of the infant Maria Theresa was the solitary male remnant of the House of Hapsburg. With him and his consort, Kaiserin Elizabeth Christine, rested the only hope of continuing the dynasty through the male line. To them had been born a son who had died in less than a year. Now to their great disappointment and sorrow a girl had arrived. Ten years later came a third daughter, Maria Amalia, and then the physicians announced that the consort could have no more children. This was like a sentence of death to the dynasty.

Under such circumstances the Hapsburgs did not divorce their consorts nor attempt to sidestep the will of Providence after the manner of Abraham of old or the more recent Napoleon. They resorted to other schemes. Even before the birth of his last daughter, Charles was prepared with a plan for the emergency.

We have no means of knowing what passed through the mind of Charles VI. as he gradually developed into a champion of women's rights, but we may easily guess. He was a man of learning, and no doubt recalled many celebrated women of history. There was Hatshepsut, away back in the days of Thebes, who had successfully held the mighty Thotmes III. in check as long as she lived. The Queen of Sheba had exerted an almost uncanny influence over the wise Solomon. Cleopatra had almost defied the powers at Rome. Calpurnia had begged Caesar not to go to the Senate on the Ides of March, and, if he had heeded her warning, he might have lived much longer. It was Helena who had unearthed the Cross on Mount Calvary. Theodora had been the mainstay of the great Justinian, and Roxelana had wound Suleiman the Magnificent around her finger and made him do many things which were contrary to his disposition. More recently it was Isabelle who had helped Columbus to discover a new world, and Queen

Elizabeth had been one of the greatest rulers of England. Why could his bright daughter Maria Theresa not prove herself capable of ruling Austria?

But there was something special in the way of his daughter. His predecessor had been his older brother Joseph, who had two daughters, Maria Josefa and Maria Amalia, who were, by the rules of the dynasty, prior to Maria Theresa in line of accession. To make matters worse, their prior rights had been acknowledged by Charles under a special agreement between the brothers. There was no way to dispose of this impediment except to smash it by use of his might as a living Emperor.

Fortunately Charles found himself in possession of sufficient authority to disregard his own previous agreements. He was by election, Emperor of the German States, by hereditary right, sovereign of Hungary, Transylvania, Bohemia, Austria, Styria, Carinthia and the Tirols, and in addition to the inherited possessions of the House of Austria, he had obtained Naples, Sicily, Milan and the Netherlands. Of all this vast territory he was the highest ruler.

Maria Theresa was but three years old when he announced his famous Pragmatic Sanction, laying down the law of succession for the House of Hapsburg. This rule provided that in the event an emperor should die without a male heir, the crown should pass to his eldest daughter. So with a few lines Charles VI. made Maria Theresa the heir-apparent to the throne and at the same time disinherited the daughters of his elder brother.

Most of his dominions ratified his edict without opposition, but Bavaria and Saxony held back, because their kings were married to the daughters of an elder brother. Not till 1733 did Charles succeed in forcing these states to agree to his proclamation. England and France had no valid objection to the decree, but, finding that Charles was making a hobby of his new idea, managed to extort certain favors from him before agreeing to the Sanction. In the course of time it

became known throughout Europe that Charles could be brought to terms on almost any proposition by threatening to disavow his Pragmatic Sanction. When he died in 1740, he was apparently satisfied that his daughter would be allowed to take the throne of the Hapsburgs.

Charles VI. had much time at his disposal for promulgating this decree. The reason for this was that the defence of his empire was in the hands of the greatest general that ever commanded an Austrian army, Prince Eugene of Savoy. This remarkable soldier of fortune had appeared at the headquarters of the Austrian army, which was endeavoring to rescue Vienna from Kara Mustapha in 1683. He was given a trial and soon proved his ability. His rise was rapid, and long before the time of Charles VI. he had made the Turk "The sick man of Europe." He had also won the Crown of Spain for Charles in the War of Spanish Succession. All matters of the army were by common consent assigned to Prince Eugene, and Charles was thus free to devote himself to his favorite scheme. Even in matters of diplomacy, Prince Eugene was almost as powerful as the Emperor. It was Eugene, who had secured the election of Charles as Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, and on many occasions his advice and influence had been of the greatest service to the Emperor.

Prince Eugene was an old bachelor, and did not share his Emperor's views concerning the ability of a woman to rule Austria. As for the Pragmatic Sanction, he considered it not worth the paper upon which it was written. One time he got tired of listening to Charles who was forever expatiating upon his hobby. "Bah!" he exclaimed, "two hundred thousand soldiers are worth more than all the Pragmatic Sanctions in the world." Charles was hurt at this, and the result was a coolness between the Emperor and the great General, but Prince Eugene never wavered in his devotion to his master.

There is something fascinating about the character of Prince Eugene, who is sometimes said to have liked his pet

lions better than women. However, a little closer study reveals the fact that he was quite a hero among the ladies, and had several renowned ones pushing each other out of the way to dance attendance upon his whims. He was a social favorite in Vienna. To the credit of Austria it may be said that he never suffered from ingratitude on the part of the empire he served so well. The palace and grounds of Belvedere are lasting monuments to the appreciation of Austria for his services. He died a rich man, and the news spread to other lands. We shall see the fruits of this fairness on the part of Austria toward her benefactor. It became well known that she had not failed to reward a foreigner, who had come to her assistance. In a little while we shall see how other talented soldiers flocked to the standards of Maria Theresa, probably because of what happened to Prince Eugene.

Charles VI. having decided early in the childhood of Maria Theresa to provide for her accession to the crown, one might reasonably assume that he immediately began educating and training her for the strenuous duties of an empress. Such an assumption would be false. He apparently gave this important matter no attention whatever.

Many of the Hapsburgs were talented in some respects, but almost every one of them had mental phases difficult for us to understand. Charles VI. was clever and persistent in promulgating his Pragmatic Sanction, but no one can explain why he failed to train his daughter for the position he had labored so tirelessly to secure for her. Perhaps his mind was so absorbed in the one task that he was entirely unconscious of the other and equally important one.

Maria Theresa was well trained in all the graces necessary for her to shine in a royal court. She spoke German, French, Spanish and Italian and read Latin fluently. Her only weakness in this line was that she could never spell even her own language correctly. It was always necessary for her to have her letters and public documents corrected

in orthography. She performed on the piano and sang, both exceptionally well. Her dancing was far above the average. In these arts she was trained by Hofkapellmeister Fuchs and his assistants, and under their supervision she sometimes appeared on the stage. Charles VI. was a good pianist and it is said he sometimes played in the orchestra, while his daughter sang in concerts.

Maria Theresa was an excellent rider, often accompanying her father on his hunting excursions and taking part in the celebrated riding school of the Hofburg. Her horses were her pets and while she was empress, her stables were renowned throughout Europe. It was probably during a chase that she first fell in love with her future husband.

The traditions and etiquette of the Court at the Hofburg, she absorbed from experience in meeting representatives from foreign nations and attending the many social functions held in the place. Being a beautiful archduchess, she received much attention on such occasions and responded most graciously. Her fame in this respect spread throughout Europe. Lord Robinson, British Ambassador at Vienna, to whom we are indebted for much information concerning the reign of Maria Theresa, gave the following description of the youthful Archduchess. "Her person is formed to wear a crown, and her mind to give luster to her exalted dignity; she possesses a commanding figure, great beauty, animation and sweetness of countenance, a pleasing tone of voice, fascinating manners, and united feminine grace with a strength of understanding and an intrepidity above her sex."

But when Maria Theresa stepped to the throne, she was quite deficient in a fundamental knowledge of the government. She knew practically nothing of finance, and in military affairs was like a babe in the woods. She was compelled to acquire such knowledge by bitter experience with unfriendly foreign powers and under the supervision of incompetent and dishonest ministers.

In love affairs Maria Theresa was most fortunate in one respect. She fell in love with the very man whom her father thought she should marry. This was quite unusual for a girl of the House of Hapsburg. Her love for Francis of Lorraine amounted almost to an infatuation. She wrote him silly love-letters, some of which have been preserved. It seems almost mean to publish these letters, but all her German biographers have done so. We quote only one of them. It was written to her sweetheart some time before their marriage.

"Dear little Face:

"I am under endless obligations to you for writing me concerning yourself, for I was as uneasy about you as a little dog. Love me and excuse me for not writing more, but it is ten o'clock and the messenger is waiting for my letter. Good-bye, Little Mouse; I embrace you with all my heart. Take good care of yourself. Good-bye, dear little Face. I am your happiest little bride."

On the envelope she wrote: "To the Most High Prince of Lorraine, My well-beloved bridegroom."

Francis of Lorraine was born in 1708 and was nine years older than Maria Theresa. He was brought up at the court of Charles VI. in Vienna, so that the lovers had frequently met, even in childhood. He was a grandchild of a sister to Charles VI. and hence a second cousin to Maria Theresa. It is said that Charles VI. at first entertained the plan of marrying his daughter to the Crown Prince of Portugal, but later abandoned it, because political affairs shaped themselves in such a manner that he considered the union with Francis of Lorraine more advantageous to the empire. This decision certainly spared the father a great deal of trouble, for otherwise he would have been forced to coerce a most spirited daughter into a loveless marriage. But Charles asserted his authority a trifle by compelling the lovelorn couple to wait until he thought political conditions propitious for the union. The marriage took place



in the Augustiner Church in 1736 when the bride was nineteen.

We must now tell more of the man she married. One rather peculiar detail is given much prominence by the German biographers; Francis was a Freemason. It seems that Freemasonry made a sensation in Austria at about this time, but many of the Germans assure us that Maria Theresa was quite ignorant concerning her husband's membership at the time of the marriage. The inference seems to be that if she had known it, she would not have married him. During the latter part of the reign of Charles VI., Freemasonry appeared in the German countries, and its spread was rapid among the nobility. In a few years perhaps half of the German princes were members of the order. Frederick II. is specially mentioned as being a prominent Freemason. Francis of Lorraine was made a Master Mason in England in 1731; five years before his marriage.

In 1738 Pope Clemens XII. issued a bull against Freemasonry. This appears to have been the first official notice taken of the order by the Catholic church. The bull confiscated property belonging to the lodges, and even made it a death penalty to attend meetings. Francis of Lorraine was instrumental in preventing the publication of this bull in the German countries. In 1751 Benedict XV. issued another bull, and then most of the lodges were closed in Austria.

We may be sure that Maria Theresa, who was a most devout Catholic, stood squarely behind all edicts from Rome, and did not approve of her husband's conduct in regard to Freemasonry. It is claimed that she learned of his membership soon after her marriage and was very curious about it. There is a rumor that she dressed in men's clothing and tried to enter a lodge to find out just what her husband was doing there. However, she was not a quarrelsome companion, and there is no account of any serious trouble between husband and wife over Freemasonry. I mention Francis of

Lorraine's conduct in relation to Freemasonry neither to commend nor condemn it, but merely because it is an interesting side-light on the domestic affairs of the royal pair.

The joy of the auspicious wedding was soon overcast by the death of Prince Eugene of Savoy. Charles VI. was now to learn something he had never realized, which was that Eugene was the rock upon which the whole structure of the monarchy rested. Prince Eugene of Savoy had been the main pillar of the empire through the reigns of three emperors. He rose to power under Leopold I., continued through the time of Joseph I., and on until four years before the death of Charles VI. He was the traditional conqueror of the Turks, and no sooner had he disappeared than the Mohammedans began to advance on Belgrade. The Austrians were defeated in the first campaign. Then the Emperor buckled the armor of the great general on his new son-in-law, Francis of Lorraine, by appointing him generalissimo of the Austrian forces. In the midst of his first campaign, Francis ran away from the army and returned to his bride in Vienna. He was promptly sent back, and under his leadership the Austrian army met with a fearful and disgraceful disaster.

Charles VI. was prostrated with grief at the loss of Belgrade. "Is the glory of my empire departed with Eugene!" he exclaimed. The Duke of Lorraine, Maria Theresa's husband, was so involved in the disgrace that the Emperor sent him in exile to Tuscany. The proud daughter was deeply humiliated, but remained true to her husband and went with him. The Duke was charged with all sorts of offences. His most trifling defects were exaggerated into vices. He was accused of cowardice in battle, of sacrificing the duties of his station to hunting and trivial diversions, and of being a foreigner who had not the welfare of the empire at heart. The discontent of the people rose to alarming heights. Petitions were circulated to have the king give his second daughter in marriage to the son of the Duke

of Bavaria and change the order of succession in his favor. The Bavarians were at hand to urge this. They claimed to be good Catholics, while the Duke of Lorraine was known to be a Freemason. Such sentiments were shared by the Viennese themselves. Messengers from Munich were told: "Go back and tell your master that he shall be ours."

Under all this clamor and dissatisfaction, the glory of the Austrian Empire melted away like snow under the rays of a summer's sun. One disgrace followed on the heels of another, until Charles was glad to make peace with Turkey by ceding Belgrade and all Servia. At that time the Turks might easily have advanced once more to the walls of Vienna, for the path of the Danube was open for them. But they could not realize that Eugene was no more. The full meaning of his death had not dawned upon them.

At Vienna began a disgraceful series of trials and incriminations among ministers and military leaders; each accusing the other of treason in connection with the downfall of the army. The menace of the Turk returned and hung over the empire like an ominous cloud. By autumn of 1740 the fortunes of Austria had sunk to the lowest level in her history. The treasury was empty, the army completely disorganized, and there had been a failure of crops, resulting in a shortage of food in the city of Vienna. In the midst of these adversities a change in attitude was noticed in the conduct of foreign ministers. France became arrogant, and threatened to recede from her acceptance of the Pragmatic Sanction.

The reverses were soon reflected in the health of Charles VI. I quote from the report of Lord Robinson. "The haughty behaviour of France, joined with the natural hatred the Emperor bore that nation, and the internal combats he underwent, preyed on his mind, and was the proximate cause of the ill habit of body, which at last put a period to his life. And if his most confidential physician may be depended on, it was not so much the loss of Belgrade as

the manner in which it was given up, and the usage of the French, that bore so heavily on the Emperor, and threw him into a profound melancholy." Sinking beneath the weight of his troubles, Charles VI. died on the twentieth of October 1740.

It was in the midst of this gloom and depression that Maria Theresa, the untrained Archduchess, ascended the throne of Austria, carrying with her the weight of a disgraced husband. Her right of succession was based entirely upon the Pragmatic Sanction concerning which Eugene had made such a slighting remark. She was now to learn the truth of his curt statement. Claimants to the throne began to appear on all sides. The Duke of Bavaria, who was married to a daughter of a previous emperor, immediately claimed the crown. The Elector of Cologne refused to recognize her rights, and France sarcastically sent word that she could not recognize the young Queen because there was no precedent for a female ruler in Austria. Even the Austrians shook their heads and said: "She won't last long. We may as well have the Duke of Bavaria and be over with it."

There was no one to whom Maria Theresa might appeal with safety for advice in her extremity. There were Bartenstein, Königsegg, Seckendorf and several others; all old and all involved in malodorous scandals concerning the disgraceful loss of Belgrade to the Turks during the closing days of the reign of her father Charles VI. To bestow confidence upon one, meant the alienation of the others. The faintest shadow of Eugene was more powerful than the actual presence of any or all of them combined. None of them had the least confidence in the ability of a woman to govern Austria. How she missed the staff upon which her father had leaned for firm support, Prince Eugene of Savoy!

As the last unfavorable influence with which she was beset, I mention her physical condition. She came to the throne on October twenty-first and her fourth child was

born less than five months later. The average woman at such a time considers herself incapacitated. Additional emphasis is given to this physical impediment by considering what she had undergone during her short married life. She was married in February 1736 and her first child was born in February 1737. The second was born in October 1738, and the third in January 1740; three children in four years and the fourth due in a few months. To further upset her mental composure, her first child had died just a few months before her accession and her third died three months afterward. Who will say that a woman so encompassed with arduous domestic affairs could do full credit to herself in a trying position?

Before beginning the story of the reign of Maria Theresa, it may be well to orientate ourselves by calling to mind what was taking place in other countries. Her reign lasted from 1740 to 1780, including the co-regency of her son Joseph II. In America this included the time of our Revolutionary War, and we shall later see that she had something to say about the colonies. She was contemporaneous with George II. and George III. in England; Louis XV. and Louis XVI. in France; and Catherine II. in Russia. But the foreign king who was destined to play the most important rôle in her reign was Frederik II. of Prussia who came into power just before her rule and continued until her death. He was to be her relentless opponent for life, and in order to understand fully the reign of Maria Theresa, it is necessary to be slightly acquainted with his biography. It was during the time of Maria Theresa that Prussia began hounding the footsteps of Austria, and, as either friend or foe, the northern power continued to be the Nemesis of the southern, right on to the end of the World War.

Frederick II. of Prussia was born in Berlin on January twenty-fourth, 1712. He was the son of Frederick William by Dorothea, the daughter of George I. of England. He early evinced a fondness for literature and music, and this

brought him into disgrace with his father who cared for nothing but the army. The father threw Frederick's music in the fire and broke his flute to bits. This caused a rebellion on the part of Frederick who tried to escape to England and join his grandparent George I. He was caught, arrested and carried before the irate father.

"You are a cowardly deserter, without courage and without honor," exclaimed the King.

"I have no less courage and honor than yourself," retorted the son.

The king was so inflamed with this insolent reproach that he drew his sword to slay the boy. General Mosel threw himself between them and cried "Kill me, Sir, but spare your son."

This prompt action on the part of the general restored the king's reason and he ordered the boy taken to prison. Frederick's favorite page named Katt was taken with him and lodged in an adjacent cell. There they remained for months. One day Frederick's cell-window opened and he beheld a platform leading to a scaffold. He supposed he was to be executed and prepared to die. To his surprise he soon saw them leading Katt along the platform to the scaffold. Some soldiers came into the cell and held Frederick's face to the window to compel him to witness the execution of his friend. He begged them to spare his companion and even offered to take his place.

"Would to God that I were in your place," he cried.

"Had I a thousand lives, I would sacrifice them all for you," answered Katt.

Before the execution was finished Frederick had fainted.

But all this did not appease the wrath of the cruel father, who had ordered Frederick tried by a court-martial, and was angry because only one of the twenty-four judges had voted a death sentence. Later the king relented and released the boy from confinement. Frederick now applied himself to literature and wrote a volume in French, which he sent to

Voltaire for criticism. Then his father died and he ascended the throne of Prussia, just a short time before the accession of Maria Theresa. This was the king who now began tormenting the new queen in Vienna. He realized her weak position and thought the time favorable to steal a slice of her territory.

Frederick sent Maria Theresa a friendly letter acknowledging her right to the throne, and then promptly invaded Silesia which was a portion of her empire. A messenger arrived in Vienna offering the Queen the protection of Prussia on condition that she surrender Silesia. Under such circumstances it seemed best for Maria Theresa to accept this offer, but she indignantly refused. "Go tell your master that we will perish rather than yield a foot of Austrian soil," was her answer. What courage that must have required on the part of a girl in the helpless condition of Maria Theresa!

The answer which Frederick returned was in substance this: "I am sorry, but I have already invaded Silesia, and find it too embarrassing to back out."

Maria Theresa's heart at this time was almost molten from grief at what she had so recently suffered in the way of disgrace on account of her husband, and from the fires of torment which were thrust upon her from every quarter. Upon her soul Frederick II. made the impression of a devilish cur which had bitten her while she was helpless. This impression became fixed in her mind and could never be erased. It lasted till the very hour of her death. She was never reconciled to the loss of Silesia, and its recovery was the greatest longing of her life. She said she never saw one of the natives of Silesia without almost bursting into tears, and swearing vengeance upon Frederick. This primary hatred of the king of Prussia was the source of a weakness in her, and finally cost her the friendship of England which was worth more than several Silesias. How this came about we shall be telling in a little while.

As a matter of fact Frederick II. was not altogether bad,

and several times proved himself to be a rather chivalrous enemy. To Silesia, Prussia could establish just as good a claim as Austria, but all this had no effect upon the Queen. Frederick could not erase his name from her black list by use of reason or gallantry.

Maria Theresa hastily gathered her first army and sent it to retake Silesia. The forces met at Molwitz, and the Austrians were completely defeated. That was a very discouraging beginning. The court at Vienna was filled with consternation. On account of deficiency of money and the disorganized condition of the army, it had been only with the greatest difficulty that the expedition had been sent out. Its defeat was looked upon as presaging the overthrow of the queen. On the other hand it was a triumph for Frederick II. who was almost overwhelmed with offers of alliances. Pretenders for the throne of Austria now came from all quarters. The Duke of Bavaria was already in action, the Duke of Saxony was preparing to enforce his claims; even from distant Spain appeared a pretender, and France made open overtures to Prussia. Every power in Europe seemed about to take up arms against the little Queen on the throne at Vienna. What could she do but surrender?

What she did do was to appeal to the loyalty of Hungary. She entered the hall of the Hungarian Diet wearing the crown of St. Stephan, and with her last-born child in her arms. In the difficult language of the Hungarians she harangued the members of the Diet, appealing to their patriotism and loyalty. The youth and beauty of the helpless Queen roused a vigorous response from her auditors. At first they merely accorded her a respectful hearing, but gradually she secured their sympathy, and finally they broke into enthusiastic applause. Suddenly the deputies began drawing their swords and slamming them back into the scabbards with loud clangs. Then they rose and screamed, "We will die for the Queen and her family; we will die for Maria Theresa!"



She rode up the coronation hill at Pressburg and waved her sword to all the cardinal points, in token of her defiance to the world. She had exhibited her first quality of greatness, the power to inspire the devotion of her subjects. Volunteers came from all quarters, and the thin ranks of the Austrians began to fill.

Her advisers at Vienna stood aghast at what had happened. What sort of a phenomenon was this? Was she a Joan of Arc or a reincarnation of the spirit of Prince Eugene? The fact that there could be such a thing as a great mortal female ruler was beyond their comprehension. But they perceived that they were confronted with a real leader, and it was time to get into line before it was too late.

Tidings of the plucky conduct of the Queen filtered through to foreign countries and set them to talking, and before long to quarreling. But from far off England came the first substantial aid in the form of money. England had more faith in queens than had the continent. Also along with the money came the moral support of Great Britain which was not a trivial consideration.

The next year the Austrians began to redeem themselves in the field, and by the end of the season Frederick II. discovered that he was facing an enemy worthy of his mettle. England put an army on the continent, and one by one the enemies of the Queen were beaten back. Somehow Maria Theresa convinced England, Holland, Denmark and even Russia that the balance of power in Europe hinged on the preservation of the Austrian monarchy.

If Maria Theresa had had only the ability to carry her subjects off their feet in enthusiasm as she did at Pressburg, her success would have been of short duration. But she also had the cunning and craftiness of a successful diplomat. She soon learned to win by starting her enemies to quarreling among themselves. Russia hated Prussia, which opened the way for her to win the friendship of the great

power to the north and east. In spite of all that Frederick could do, she managed to hold the friendship of Russia during nearly the whole of her reign.

By 1742 she had made herself mistress of Bohemia. The French had been driven back home with terrific loss. All Europe realized that there was a dynamo planted on the throne in Austria. Even Frederick II. paid her some gallant compliments. England was sending her three hundred thousand pounds annually, for what reason it is difficult to say, except that there was great admiration for the Queen of Austria throughout the British Isles.

One by one the pretenders for the Austrian throne recognized the Queen, and it became apparent that the rights of Maria Theresa were no longer in question. But peace was not to be her portion for any great length of time. In 1744 she was at war with France, and of course Frederick had to join the enemy, not because he had any cause for quarrel, but merely to prevent Austria from becoming too strong. He was still holding Silesia and knew very well if Maria Theresa ever became able she would wrest from him the spoils of his first brigandage.

Probably somewhat alarmed at the reappearance of Frederick II. among the enemies in the field, Maria Theresa made another trip to Hungary and did some more spell-binding. The result was an immense army of volunteers from the lower Danube. A historian of the time in speaking of this trip wrote: "The amazing unanimity of a people so divided among themselves, as the Hungarians, especially in point of religion, could only be affected by the address of Maria Theresa who seems to possess the ability of making every man within the sound of her voice eager to become a hero."

As a specimen of the manner in which she endeared herself to her Hungarian warriors, I quote a letter which she sent to Count Palfy, a veteran Hungarian officer.

"Father Palfy,

"I send you this horse, worthy of being mounted by none but the most zealous of my faithful subjects; receive at the same time this sword, to defend me against my enemies; and take this ring as a mark of my affection for you.

"Maria Theresa."

Nothing could touch a Hungarian like the present of a fine horse together with a ring from his queen. The historian goes on to state: "The wildest enthusiasm in favor of the captivating Queen spread from the aged officer, who was held in highest esteem by the Hungarians, to the meanest vassal of the kingdom; hordes flocked to the royal standard, and, being joined by six thousand Saxons and an Austrian corps, hastened to the defence of Bohemia."

The arms of the Austrians were victorious and the question was no longer whether or not Maria Theresa should be allowed to hold her throne, but whether or not she would conquer Europe. Fearing the further growth of Austrian power, Naples decided to take up arms against the Queen. The attack from this quarter held the Austrians in check for the year of 1744.

During these campaigns Prince Charles of Lorraine, a brother to Maria Theresa's husband, made a record quite in contrast with that of the Consort. Charles proved himself to be a brave officer and skillful commander and, as a reward for his services, Maria Theresa presented him her sister Maria Anna in marriage. This was the first marriage arranged by the queen, and she showed herself true to the traditions of the House. The sister died the following year in childbirth.

By the end of the year of 1745, Europe was weary of the wars which had been started by the accession of Maria Theresa, and a peace was arranged at Dresden. Maria Theresa was now firmly established on the throne, and the

unquestioned monarch of the greatest empire in Europe. She should have been satisfied, but she was not. Frederick still held Silesia, and it was only with difficulty that England induced her to sign a treaty of peace. She said she would part with her last garment to recover Silesia.

When we arrive at this point in the history of Austria, we breathe a sigh of relief and hope the plucky queen may now have an opportunity to devote herself to her family and enjoy the peace she had so abundantly earned, but it was not to be. During the years of 1746 and 1747 she was at war with the French in Italy. In this war she was the ally of England, to which power she was much indebted for assistance during the early years of her struggles with Frederick and the pretenders. During all this time she had Prussia at her back, ready to leap upon her whenever there was a favorable opportunity. Peace came in 1749, and then she had seven years of comparative rest.

It may be well to take advantage of this break in the record of Maria Theresa as a warrior to consider her conduct in the field of diplomacy. She was undoubtedly one of the greatest diplomats in the history of Austria, but her chain of power had one weak link — one that was spoiled by her hatred for Frederick of Prussia.

In the earlier part of her reign she felt a lack of competent counsellors. There were Bartenstein and Uhlfeld, both old and always involved in petty intrigues. She did not trust them. Then there was Wasner, an old man who had been minister to England for years, to whom she sometimes went for consultation, thus offending her official advisers. Finally she cast them all aside and made Count Anton von Kaunitz Chancellor of Foreign affairs. Kaunitz was a young man who had been for some years ambassador to France. From his residence in Paris he had caught the characteristic gallantry of the French people. He possessed great ability, and remarkable talent in explaining all difficult questions to his Imperial Mistress, but with his charm and

integrity he probably had an unconscious bias in favor of France, a traditional enemy of Maria Theresa.

Knowing the hatred of the Queen for Frederick of Prussia, he began showing her how Prussia might be isolated by winning the support of France. During all the time he had been ambassador at the French court he had labored incessantly to soften the inveterate enmity of the French people toward Austria. In furthering his plans he even sought to put himself in favor with Madame Pompadour, the mistress of Louis XV. At his suggestion Maria Theresa did not hesitate to open a correspondence with the Madame who was enraptured at being flattered by such a renowned person. Kaunitz persuaded his queen that Austria should form an alliance with France in the hope of compelling Frederick to yield back Silesia.

The whole plan was distasteful to Maria Theresa, and she agreed to it only because she was lured on by the hope of recovering her lost Silesia and getting even with her mortal enemy, the King of Prussia.

The plan seemed somewhat feasible. Russia was already on intimate terms with Austria and disliked Prussia. England was the traditional friend of Austria, which meant, of course, an enemy to Frederick. Now, if France could be won over, Prussia would be encircled with foes, and Frederick would find himself with as many enemies and as few friends as Maria Theresa had possessed when she first came to the throne.

But at just about this time something occurred in another world which was destined to play an important rôle in the intrigues of European courts. By the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, France had ceded England Nova Scotia according to its ancient limits. This indefinite boundary had been restated in the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle in 1749. With the development of America a dispute arose as to what was meant by the phrase "ancient limits of Nova Scotia." France contended that it meant only a small tract

of land at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, but England construed it to mean all the territory between the St. Lawrence River with its lakes, and the Atlantic Ocean. In support of the latter contention, England had established trading posts along the Ohio River, and France had opposed them by planting settlements from the Great Lakes across to the Mississippi. It was clear that the dispute could only be settled by the sword.

In view of a prospective war with France, England looked with uneasiness on any treaty of alliance between Austria and the country which was likely soon to become an enemy in the field. Furthermore, England had advanced much money to Maria Theresa when she was in distress, and now needed it in preparing for the inevitable struggle. Diplomatic hints were passed to the court at Vienna that it would be agreeable to England to have payments started on this debt. Austria was willing, but contended that she was not able to pay — it is singular how history repeats itself.

Now Frederick II. was not asleep in Berlin. He knew just about what his dear friend, the enemy, down in Vienna was endeavoring to bring to pass. His answer was an attempt to steal England away from Austria by a new treaty. With great secrecy Maria Theresa and Madame Pompadour arranged a treaty between Austria and France, and with just as profound seclusion Frederick II. and George II. framed an understanding between Prussia and England. But the joke of it was that each one knew what the others were contriving. Finally they began to accuse each other of exactly what they had been doing and each denied the accusations of the others.

Nearly all her biographers say that Maria Theresa was at first opposed to making an alliance with France, and was induced to do so only by the eloquence of Kaunitz who lured her on by dangling before her the glittering hope of getting even with Frederick II. It is universally conceded

that Kaunitz was perfectly honest in his belief that France should be won to Austria even at the cost of England's support. We shall now see that her judgment was better than that of her distinguished adviser.

The prospective war came in 1756 and lasted seven years. It did not deprive Austria of any territory, but the Queen failed to win back the coveted Silesia and it cost France the whole province of Canada; all of which must have been humiliating to Maria Theresa.

Another diplomatic affair, for which Maria Theresa has been much censured was the partition of Poland, which occurred in 1772. Upon the death of Augustus, King of Poland, in 1763, numerous claimants appeared for the crown, and the surrounding powers, Prussia, Russia and Austria, began quarreling over a successor. Eventually Prussia and Russia invaded the kingdom, and it was soon apparent that they meant to divide it among themselves, if Austria did not interfere. At about the same time Russia had a war with Turkey and soon won. Naturally Turkey was obliged to surrender territory adjacent to Russia, and Maria Theresa now saw her good friend Catherine II., who already ruled nearly half of Europe, making new acquisitions at two corners of the Austrian Empire. Nobody knew better than Maria Theresa that her friend of today might be an enemy tomorrow. It was not to the interest of Austria to allow her neighbor to become too strong. As for Frederick II. she could not think of remaining supine while he helped himself to any territory, large nor small.

By this time, Joseph, Maria Theresa's eldest son, was sharing the responsibilities of state, and she sent him twice to meet Frederick and talk the matter over. The result was that the partition occurred in 1772, and Austria took her portion. This is a brief summary of the great crime of partitioning Poland of which so much has been written. To my mind Maria Theresa did several things for which it is more difficult to find an excuse.

Why all the condemnation of this extension of territory? Have not the powers of Europe been partitioning other countries, whenever given an opportunity, during the past three or four centuries? Almost all the continents of Africa and Asia have been partitioned among European nations.

A very interesting bit of diplomacy for which Maria Theresa was responsible, was the one by which she secured for her husband the title of Emperor of the Romans, or, as it was frequently termed, Emperor of the German States. This title had been in the Hapsburg family almost constantly since the days of Rudolph I., but had recently been acquired by the Elector of Bavaria. It had descended, somewhat diminished and diluted, from Charlemagne. In the time of Maria Theresa it was an elective position, and the electors were confined to the German States with Bohemia. It was regarded as one of the most honorable titles in all Europe, although it did not carry with it the weight of authority implied by its nomenclature. The different states included in the union had individual sovereigns and made war and peace with one another very much as if the emperor were not in existence.

Francis of Lorraine felt very much neglected because he had not been given some office which placed him on a titular equality with his wife. He was supposed to be co-regent with her in Austria but the only way he knew it was by referring to history, for he had little to say concerning the affairs of the empire.

He had hoped to be made King of Bohemia, because the laws of accession of that kingdom did not recognize the rights of women. But the crown of Bohemia would have invested him with much power and made it necessary to secure his approval of many measures involving the Austrian Empire. Much as Maria Theresa loved her husband, she had no intention of giving him any authority which limited her own. It would have been too much like the conduct of a wife who deeds her husband a portion of her inherited



estate. She did not love Francis in that sense at all. She overruled the traditions against women and had herself crowned Queen of Bohemia on the twenty-second of April 1743. It was just after the Austrians had won a victory over the French, and afforded the Queen an opportunity to work the Bohemians into a frenzy of devotion and loyalty as she had previously done with the Hungarians. She had all Prague screaming: "Long may our noble Queen live and conquer."

But the Queen had a connubial devotion to her husband, and sympathized with him in his humiliation. An opportunity to do something nice for him soon presented itself. Charles VII., the Elector of Bavaria, died and she determined to make her husband Emperor of the German States. She secured his election without difficulty, and in October 1745 he was duly crowned in Frankfort. She was present and led the crowd in shouting: "Long live Emperor Francis I." That she had bestowed no insignificant compliment, is proved by the fact that this was the title which Napoleon craved for his only son three quarters of a century later. Francis I. now really outranked his wife. We might mention the fact that Maria Theresa could not have won this title for herself, because the prejudice against women in the German States was too strong for her to have overcome. After 1745 Maria Theresa was sometimes called Empress, but among the common people she retained her original title of Queen.

Americans may be surprised to learn that Maria Theresa was much involved in intrigues concerning the American Revolution. She had not been satisfied with the support given Austria by France during the Seven Years' War, and immediately after its close undertook to strengthen the alliance by arranging a marriage between her daughter Marie Antoinette and the dauphin who later became Louis XVI. The marriage occurred in 1770 and the dauphin ascended the throne of France in 1774. Marie Antoinette was young and inexperienced and Louis XVI. weak and vacillating. Maria Theresa

carried on a correspondence with her daughter and a secret one with the Austrian Ambassador at Versailles for the purpose of giving motherly advice to the Queen and incidentally exercising a measure of control over the policies of her influential ally. Such was the state of affairs when the colonies made their declaration of independence in 1776. Maria Theresa was much wrought up over the passionate outburst of opposition to kings and queens involving her former ally, England. The court at Vienna issued a declaration abhorring the cause of the colonists and refusing to receive the agents of the new republic in a diplomatic capacity. Joseph said to Sir Robert Keith, "The cause in which England is engaged, is the cause of all sovereigns, who have a joint interest in the maintainance of due subordination and obedience to law, in all the surrounding monarchies. I observe with pleasure the vigorous exertion of national strength, which the king is employing to bring his rebellious subjects to submission, and I sincerely wish him success." Maria Theresa also expressed herself with equal warmth. "I am happy to find that my amicable intentions in issuing the proclamation of prohibition against any intercourse between my subjects and the rebel colonies, have made a due impression on the king's mind."

But Maria Theresa by no means limited her endeavors to her own dominions. From the very outbreak of the Revolution, France was under suspicion of being friendly to the colonies. This suspicion was strengthened by the conduct of Lafayette, and later by the reception of Benjamin Franklin as special Ambassador to the French Court. Plausibility was given to any surmise in regard to France by the fact that it was well known that she was still grieving over her losses at the close of the Seven Years' War. Maria Theresa plied her daughter with letters begging her not to allow Louis XVI. to become an ally of the new republic. She also wrote the Austrian Ambassador in the same strain. Not meeting with success in this manner, she sent her son Joseph

to Paris in 1777, and one of his missions was to intercede personally with Louis XVI. against assisting the colonies.

The American Revolution is now so far in the past that we may look upon it without passion. Unquestionably Maria Theresa was right from the standpoint of a king or queen. She thought only in the terms of a monarch. To her whatever strengthened the power of a king was also for the welfare of his land. The American Revolution was a disaster to monarchs and no one realized it better than the shrewd Queen of Austria. She won the cooperation of her daughter Marie Antoinette, but the influence of Benjamin Franklin was sufficient to sway Louis XVI. Fortunately Maria Theresa did not live to see the results to her son-in-law of a disregard of her well-meant advice.

Space does not permit entering into further details concerning the diplomatic acts of Maria Theresa. There was scarcely an international complication in all Europe during her reign in which she did not insert herself in some manner. In addition to having a daughter married to the king of France, she had another married to the King of Saxony, one to the Duke of Parma, and one to the King of Sicily. Her son Joseph was Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, so that she had some kind of a string attached to about half the influential courts of Europe, and she did not fail to pull them whenever she might do so to her own interest. Her letters to her children on political matters were very voluminous.

In war Maria Theresa suffered at first from lack of capable commanders, but gradually gathered about her a coterie of most distinguished generals, most of whom came from foreign lands. One reason why so many foreign officers flocked to the standards of the Austrian Queen may have been the remarkable career of Prince Eugene who was perhaps the most successful soldier of fortune in history. But another potent reason was that such soldiers, especially from Ireland and Scotland, were chivalrous, and

the idea of fighting for a queen lured them to Austria. Maria Theresa gave them all a trial, and when they manifested talent rewarded them by liberal praise, advancement in rank, and much attention when they visited the court at Vienna.

There was Gideon Ernest Loudon, a descendent of one of the noble families of the country of Ayr in Scotland. He was born in Livonia in 1716 and served in the Russian army. In 1742 he left the Russian service for the purpose of joining the forces of Maria Theresa. On his way to Vienna, he stopped over a few days in Berlin where he was induced by some German officers to tender his services to Frederick II. The King gave him one look and turned away with the remark: "I don't like that man's face." But the king lived to repent of this gruff remark and had the candor to acknowledge his mistake.

When Loudon arrived in Vienna and presented himself to the court he found Francis of Lorraine loitering in the waiting-room. Loudon stated his mission and was ushered into the presence of the Queen without delay. She promptly granted his request and gave him the command of a company which had known him in Russia. It would require many pages to narrate all the brave adventures of Loudon in the Austrian army. Once he almost captured Frederick II. He always led his men personally in their charges and was wounded only once. His promotion was rapid. During the blockade at Prague, a messenger from Maria Theresa, bearing a dispatch promoting him to the rank of major-general, was intercepted by some hussars, and the paper fell into the hands of Frederick II., who immediately sent a trumpeter to the Austrian ranks with it, after having added a note expressing his satisfaction in being instrumental in conveying a promotion for so gallant a general. That should have won some kind of a response from Maria Theresa, but it did not.

Loudon was bashful when in the presence of the bril-

liant court of Vienna, but Maria Theresa managed to make him comfortable by devoting herself to him and always overlooking his awkwardness. She was really fond of Loudon, and did not hesitate to show it whenever possible.

Major-general Lacy was an Irishman born in 1718. He was highly educated in military tactics and a most polished courtier. Like Loudon he had been trained in the service of Russia, and came to Vienna to present his services to the Queen with true Irish gallantry. From the rank of Colonel, which he received at the beginning, he rapidly rose to major-general. He was especially helpful in the training of the soldiers and improving the tactics and discipline of the army. Being a cultured and educated Irishman he was much in demand among the ladies of the court and was a favorite with Maria Theresa.

There was still another soldier of fortune of whom less has been written, but who is often mentioned in reports of battles. His name was Brown, and he was either Irish or English. He rose to high rank in the army and favor with the Queen.

Undoubtedly the most distinguished general who served Maria Theresa was a Bohemian by the name of Daun. He was the first Austrian commander to give Frederick II. a thorough defeat, at the news of which the Queen, and all Vienna with her, went wild with joy. Upon receipt of the glad tidings, Maria Theresa hurried to Daun's wife and embraced her. Medals were struck off for the officers, and every soldier received a double month's pay. The Queen instituted the Order of Maria Theresa, and conferred it upon officers of rank. But this by no means completed her display of appreciation. She appeared before the people on horseback, and took part in chariot races, even to the extent of driving a chariot herself. She also led grand marches at balls and danced with her heroes. She was not acting; she enjoyed it all as much as the men she was honoring. This ability to mix with the army and make every man eager to become a dead martyr or a living hero was one of the most

conspicuous marks of Maria Theresa's greatness. Her army fought for its Queen because it loved her and knew its affection was reciprocated.

In 1765 Francis I., Maria Theresa's husband died and she made her son Joseph co-regent with herself. She had already had him elected Emperor of the Romans to succeed his father. Hence the last fifteen years of her reign were shared with her son. While she resigned many of the duties of state to him, she reserved the right to decide more important questions herself. She was the real empress almost until her death in 1780.

But it is not merely as a warrior that Maria Theresa shines. In spite of the burden of almost constant war, Austria and especially Vienna grew in wealth and population during her reign. Her record as a builder was eclipsed by the later Francis-Joseph, but there was much permanent construction in Vienna during the time of Maria Theresa. To her belongs the credit of building the palace and laying out the magnificent grounds of Schönbrunn. The Blaue Hof at Laxenburg also dates from her time. There was likewise considerable private building in Vienna during her reign. The city was still enclosed by its wall and an encircling open space known as the Glacis where buildings were prohibited, to make defense of the walls more practicable. But villages sprang up before the more frequented gates after the menace of the Turks had passed.

Being constantly harassed by her bitter enemy Frederick II., Maria Theresa was compelled to maintain a large army and enforce the collection of heavy revenues. In prosecuting this work she abridged the privileges of the nobility and clergy, and in many instances lightened the burdens of taxation borne by the peasants. Her innovations were moderate and gradual, and made with much more discretion than those which were prematurely forced through by her rather indiscreet son, who had a much better opportunity for promulgating reforms during a period of peace.

It was during the reign of Maria Theresa that Vienna first became renowned for its music. Her court encouraged musicians, and many composers from foreign lands came to Vienna and made it their home. Among the celebrated composers who were encouraged by the Queen may be mentioned Gluck, Haydn and Mozart. The last-named was once a playmate of the children of Maria Theresa, and fell in love with Marie Antoinette.

Once, when the youngsters were playing in the garden, Mozart said to the seven-year-old Marie Antoinette: "You are so good and kind, I will marry you."

Marie Antoinette immediately ran to her mother saying: "Mamma, Mamma! Mozart will marry me."

The Queen replied "So? Mozart has good taste, but he is not a suitable person for you."

Then she called the boy: "Come here, lad. Why are you in such a hurry to marry Antoinette?"

Mozart replied: "Because Caroline threw me down and Antoinette helped me up. I will marry Antoinette because she is so good-hearted."

"But if you wish to marry an archduchess," answered the Queen, "you must have the clothes of a duke."

Mozart answered sadly: "Where can I get the clothes of a duke? Antoinette must take me as I am."

"But that cannot be, my boy."

Mozart ran to Antoinette, took her by the hand, and asked: "Will you marry me just as I am?"

Marie Antoinette, who was already priggish, answered: "No, I must marry an archduke."

This little conversation between two children who were destined to be famous, shows how early Maria Theresa taught her children that they were above their playmates socially. Even if she had realized the fame that was in store for Mozart, she never would have consented to his marriage with one of her children. They were reserved to be used for state purposes.

But to appreciate the greatness of Maria Theresa, we must take into consideration the difficulties under which she labored. Among her many handicaps may be included her husband, who died in 1765. Francis was lively, polite and affable; but ill adapted to the high rank to which he was elevated by his marriage. His honors sat awkwardly upon him and he was uneasy under such dignities. Though appointed co-regent with the queen, he had only a shadow of authority, and his opinion was without weight in matters of consequence. Naturally indolent and unambitious, he never attempted to assert himself, but submitted without a murmur to exist as a cipher. He even sometimes flaunted his own insignificance and subordination to his consort.

Once at a levee when the Queen was giving audience to her subjects, he retired from the circle and seated himself in a distant corner of the apartment with two ladies of the court. On their attempting to rise, he said: "Do not regard me, for I shall stay here until the court is ready to go." One of the ladies replied: "As long as your Imperial Majesty is present, the court will be here." "You have made a mistake," he answered, "the Queen and my children are the court; I am here only as a simple individual."

He established factories which furnished the armies with necessities and thus made considerable money. Once he was accused of supplying the Prussian army when it was operating against the Austrians. There was a scandal over it and the Queen suffered in consequence. But this was not the most embarrassing part of his conduct. In order to show the humiliation under which the Queen struggled, I relate one of the scandals in which he involved his family.

At the Royal court was a Princess Maria Wilhelmine of Auersperg who is said to have been the last affinity of Francis I. The German writers go into rhapsodies over her beauty. She was of medium height, had an olive complexion, grey eyes and chestnut hair which was very silky and fluffy. She was so beautiful that no painter could do her justice,



and she was just sixteen, when she appeared at the court. Francis I. was at this time forty-six and very experienced with women. Maria Theresa was busy, but her husband had nothing to do but fall in love with Princess Maria Wilhelmine.

In a little while the Princess and the Emperor were the talk of all the courtiers, but it was presumed that the Queen had entirely overlooked the attachment since she was so busy with other and more important affairs. But Maria Theresa caused a sensation at the funeral of her husband, when she revealed the fact that she was cognizant of all that had taken place between the Princess and the Emperor. During the funeral services the Princess stood apart, shunned by all the other mourners, and wept bitterly. Suddenly the Queen left her family, went to the Princess and took her by the hand. "We have truly lost much, My Dear," said the Queen. Every one was nonplussed by the incident, not knowing whether the Empress was speaking in sympathy or sarcasm.

After the funeral the Princess presented a note from the Emperor for two hundred thousand guilders. The authorities of state refused payment, but the Queen ordered it settled in full. The Princess died shortly after the death of the Emperor, but in the course of a few years, a girl wrote to the court claiming to be the daughter of the Emperor and the Princess. There was a regular trial over her claim, and members of the court appointed to make the examination were convinced that she was really the daughter of the departed Emperor.

One day the girl received a letter from Maria Theresa dated, "In my bed at two o'clock in the morning." The letter went on to say: "You are a part of the very person whom I loved best on earth." The girl was at that time living in France and Maria Theresa charged the Austrian Ambassador to look after her needs. "She has suffered enough," wrote the Queen.

To her dying day Maria Theresa loved Francis. She never appeared except in mourning during the fifteen years following his death. On her deathbed she uttered the following words, which showed the high regard in which she still held her husband. "My dear children, I have just received the sacraments, and am satisfied that I have no hope of recovery; you cannot forget the anxious solicitude with which the late Emperor, your father, and myself have superintended your education."

What sort of a woman was this who could forever cherish the memory of her husband, who, as she surely knew, had been untrue to her? Dare we call this a mark of greatness? I am almost bold enough to assert that it was. We must remember that she lived at a time when the standard of morals for men was below even the present level. She was a most devout Catholic, and when she married it was for better or worse and until death should part. Men in those times did not lose caste for having mistresses.

Something should also be said about the conduct of the Queen in this regard, for it has been much discussed. For the behaviour of Maria Theresa I do not find it necessary to frame excuses. Having investigated the literature and given ear to all the scandal circulated in Vienna concerning her life, I have never read or heard a single story which seemed to me to be probably true. I immediately dismiss as absurdities all the yarns about her misconduct with workmen. The proud Queen of Austria never met such men on terms of debasement.

Maria Theresa certainly loved such soldiers as Daun, Loudon, Lacy and Brown. She danced with them, drank with them, and probably exchanged racy jokes with them, and they in turn were willing to lay down their lives for her on the field of battle. But their association was on a plane far above the degraded banalities of life. They were her beloved generals and she was their adored queen.

When they came to Vienna, they were her comrades. For a woman who lived in an age of scandal, she came through with an exceptionably clean record.

But there are some things to be said about Maria Theresa which we almost wish it were not necessary to record. Being so completely engaged in important matters of the empire, she sadly neglected the education of her children, especially her daughters. Not one of the daughters had the advantage of as much learning as she possessed when she married Francis of Lorraine. Their education was entrusted entirely to governesses who were not held to a strict account for what they taught the girls.

After Joseph became old enough to relieve his mother of some of the cares of state, she tried to make amends by writing them lengthy letters, exhorting them to piety and industry. Her letters to her daughters fill several volumes and are rather remarkable epistles. In the case of Marie Antoinette she probably made matters worse by her motherly meddling with the affairs of another and not very friendly court.

In mating her daughters she gave little or no consideration to sentiment, and drove them to loveless marriages for the purpose of strengthening alliances and increasing her own influence. The welfare of the empire was given much more consideration than the happiness of her daughters.

As a mother she was very stern, especially in matters concerning the Catholic Church. It is claimed that Josepha contracted the smallpox in the Capucine Church where she was compelled by her mother to go and pray before leaving on her journey to wed the King of Naples. The sad part of the story is that Josepha objected to going to the church because she was afraid of contracting the smallpox from the body of a relative who had recently died of the disease.

The Queen had unbounded confidence in the ability of her son who became Joseph II., and on her deathbed committed the children to his care and guidance. He had all

the high ideals of his mother but lacked her discretion, cleverness, perseverance and common sense. He attempted to turn the world upside down and in the end acknowledged that he made a failure of everything.

With Maria Theresa charity was a passion. The first motive of her life was to strengthen the empire, and her second to help the poor and needy. She spoke from the heart when during her last illness she uttered as almost her parting words: "I would wish for immortality on earth, for no other reason than for the power of relieving the distressed." She was perfectly delighted when her children manifested a disposition to imitate her in charitable acts.

She never finished telling of a little incident which occurred when her son Ferdinand was taking his leave of Vienna to become Governor of Lombardy. Several entertainments were given in his honor, and then it was proposed to illuminate the palace of Schönbrunn. When the plan was mentioned to the young Prince, he sighed and burst into tears. "My dearest mother," he said, "after giving so many feasts for me, surely this illumination is unnecessary; it is expensive, and the pleasure will be only transitory. The dearth of bread and the pressure of the times have reduced many families to extreme distress, and the money will be better employed in relieving the poor." Maria Theresa embraced her son, joined her tears with his and gave him a considerable sum to distribute for charity. Ferdinand passed a whole day in visiting and relieving the distressed, and the next morning he entered the Queen's apartment with a countenance beaming with delight. Embracing his mother, he exclaimed: "Oh Mother, what a feast I had yesterday!"

Here is one of the many anecdotes which illustrate the motherly tenderness of the great Queen. Once she was walking in the gardens of Schönbrunn when she came upon a woman who was nursing her baby. The infant whined pitifully because the mother's breasts were dry from lack

of nourishment. The Queen immediately gave her a gold coin, but the woman held up the money and cried "What good is gold to my poor starving baby?" Tenderhearted Maria Theresa burst into tears, then seated herself on a bench, took the child in her arms and nursed it from her own breasts which were nearly always veritable flowing fountains of nutrition. But her weeping soon changed to laughter as she observed how the little fellow wiggled his toes in joy over her rich milk. The Queen's own son began to remonstrate over her attention to another baby. "You don't need to be so jealous, bubby, there's plenty for you too," she exclaimed. Probably only a victory over Frederick of Prussia could have given Maria Theresa more joy than this little incident.

Maria Theresa had a delicious sense of humor which occasionally broke through the hard shell of her stern piety. One time she was listening to some girls who were discussing marriage. She burst into the conversation by saying: "Let me give you one piece of advice. Never marry a man who has nothing to do." To understand the humor of this remark we must take into consideration the amount of mischief which Satan found for the idle hands of her husband.

The closing scenes of this remarkable woman's life were set for November, 1780, during the sixty-fourth year of her life and the forty-first of her reign. She had grown quite corpulent and her distress was augmented by dropsy. It is claimed that one of the first elevators in the world was set up for her in the Hofburg. It was a crude affair operated by hand, making use of a windlass, but must have been a great comfort to her.

She had for some time suffered from bronchitis, and a slight attack of pneumonia soon terminated her life. Her closing days were marked by great distress on account of difficulty in breathing. She had fits of coughing which lasted until she became unconscious, and her death was

expected at any moment. "God grant," she exclaimed after one of her torturing spells of coughing, "that these sufferings may soon terminate, for otherwise I know not if I can much longer endure them." She was very proud and, being in full possession of her senses, feared she might exhibit weakness at the end. After one of her violent attacks of coughing she was deeply affected at the sight of Joseph who had burst into tears. "I entreat you," she said, "to spare me; my own sufferings do not appall me; but the consciousness of your affliction will take away all my firmness."

During the last night of her illness she held a long conversation with Joseph who was to be her successor and for whose success she was so solicitous. He saw that she was exhausted, and entreated her to try to sleep. "What!" she exclaimed, "in a few hours I shall appear before the judgment seat of God, and would you have me sleep?"

With her very last breath she looked heavenward and exclaimed: "To Thee, I come." Her many children, who had been holding their grief in check at her solicitation, burst into unrestrained sobs. The great Queen-Mother was gone!

When Frederick of Prussia heard of her death, he was much affected and remained silent for a long time. When he did speak, instead of saying something sentimental as he should have done, he remarked: "Maria Theresa is dead — now we shall have a new order of things."

An English historian, William Coxe, who wrote shortly after her death gave the following beautiful characterization of the departed Queen: "She was easy of access to all her subjects, affectionate to her family, kind to her domestics, and unboundedly charitable, but without ostentation. She combined private economy with public liberality, elevation of soul with humility of spirit, and the virtues of domestic life with the splendid qualities which grace a throne. But it must not be concealed that she was subject to the failings

of human nature, from which the best characters are not exempt. She sometimes gave ear to spies and informers, and listened to tales of private scandal, indulging her curiosity by prying into the secrets of families. She was superstitiously minute in her devotion to religious exercises, and her zeal occasionally degenerated into culpable excess, and forced her into acts of intolerance."

The body of Maria Theresa lay in state till the third of December, when her heart was deposited in the chapel of Our Lady of Loretto adjoining the palace, her bowels were put in a vault under the altar of the cathedral, and her body interred in a monument which she had erected for herself and husband in the crypt of the Capucine Church. The last ceremonies were conducted with much pomp, but at her request no funeral eulogy was given in her memory.

What shall we say of her, the one woman who was ever allowed to rule the Austrian Empire? How does she compare with some of the renowned Hapsburg emperors? There was Leopold, known as the Great, who fought the War of Spanish Succession, and rode to glory on the shoulders of Prince Eugene of Savoy. Later there was Joseph II., son of a marvelous mother. He was an idealist without tact enough to realize that an emperor must attempt only what he can do and not what he thinks ought to be done. Then there was poor unfortunate Francis-Joseph who outlived any of them only to experience the most misfortunes. Can any of these be put in the same class as Maria Theresa?

We might also compare her with her contemporaries in other lands. There was George III., who blundered until he lost the best colonies of his realm; Louis XV., who dawdled away his time with prostitutes while the clouds of a great revolution were filling the skies; and Frederick II., who ought to have been much ashamed for his unchivalrous conduct toward Maria Theresa. None of these rose to the heights of greatness occupied by her.

Even if we extend the field and search history from the



MARIA THERESA IN LATER YEARS



MARIE ANTOINETTE





time of the Pharaohs to the present day, we can scarcely find a king or queen who accomplished so much against such trying impediments. Charles VI. bequeathed Maria Theresa a bundle of broken strands and she seamed them into the fabric of a firm empire. There was no quibbling over the accession of her son.

Maria Theresa's record of motherhood is probably unequaled by that of any other great queen in history. During the first nineteen years of her married life, she bore sixteen children; ten boys and six girls. Three died in infancy, three in youth, and ten survived beyond her own death. Probably three fourths of the time during which she was making her relentless struggle with Frederick of Prussia, she was contending with the physical incapacities incidental to motherhood.

With some of her confinements there were complications. For six weeks after the birth of Marie Antoinette, the queen was compelled to remain in her chamber, and it was during the stirring times just preceding the Seven Years' War. Then she must have been almost prostrated at times by the deaths of her children, for she had the tender impulses of a mother.

She never recovered Silesia, but she made compensating additions of territories in other quarters which balanced its loss. The halcyon days of Maria Theresa were the grandest ever experienced by the Austrian Empire. Never before nor since was the House of Hapsburg more respected and honored.

It may be interesting to note what became of the many children of Maria Theresa. I sketch briefly the lives of each.

1.—Marie Elizabeth, born 1737, died 1740.

2.—Marie Anna, born 1738, became abbess in Prague, and died 1789.

3.—Marie Karoline, born 1740, died 1741.

4.—Joseph II., born 1741, succeeded his mother on the throne and died 1790.

5.—Marie Christine, born 1742, married the Prince of Saxony, and died in 1798.

6.—Marie Elizabeth, born 1743, became abbess in Innsbruck, and died in 1808.

7.—Karl Joseph, born 1745, died in 1761.

8.—Marie Amalia, born 1746, married Don Ferdinand, the Duke of Parma and died in 1804.

9.—Leopold II., born 1747, succeeded Joseph II. as Emperor and died 1792.

10.—Marie Caroline, born and died 1748.

11.—Johanna, born 1750, was betrothed to Ferdinand, King of Naples, but died in 1762 of smallpox.

12.—Josepha, born 1751, and also betrothed to the King of Naples, but died in 1767 of smallpox, just before she was to start to Naples to meet her betrothed.

13.—Marie Caroline, born 1752 and married to the King of Naples. She had a very eventful life as the wife of Ferdinand of Naples. She was the mother of one of the wives of Francis II. and the grandmother of Marie Louise who married Napoleon I.

14.—Ferdinand, born 1754, became governor of Lombardy, and died in 1806.

15.—Marie Antoinette, born 1755, became the wife of Louis XVI. and was executed in Paris in 1793.

16.—Maximilian, born 1756, became the elector of Cologne and died in 1801.

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## MARIE ANTOINETTE QUEEN OF FRANCE

TO MY mind most writers have spoiled their biographies of Marie Antoinette by draping their pages in mourning from beginning to end. She was born on the second of November, 1755, the very day after thousands had perished in an earthquake in Lisbon. This coincidence is nearly always mentioned and gloomy forbodings suggested. One wonders how many other girls were born on the same day, and whether many of them may not have had happy lives.

Mention is usually made of the fact that the first seven years of her life were also those of the Seven Years' War, one of the most trying periods of the life of her mother, Maria Theresa. This did not necessarily fill the life of the infant princess with sorrow, for Maria Theresa was one of the sternest of mothers, and certainly would have ended many a childish amusement with the ferule had she not been too much occupied otherwise. During these years the Empress was only able to see her children once a week, but the princess had a governess who made it her principal care to humor and spoil her charge. Quite likely the youngster had a most delightful infancy. She doubtless discerned that she was different from the other children of Vienna, and no doubt gloried in the distinction.

The next seven years of Marie Antoinette's life also must have been joyous. She was in charge of another female who never bothered to teach her anything whatever. Think what that meant to a child during its school age. The little princess was further spoiled during this period, and no doubt became more priggish over her exalted sta-

tion. Maria Theresa acknowledged that Marie Antoinette could hardly read or write when she married at the age of fourteen.

Being empress of Austria-Hungary was a full-time job and no monarch ever devoted more hours to affairs of state than did Maria Theresa. She had a physician make a report to her each day concerning the physical condition of the children, and let it go at that. Having a house full of youngsters, what more could she do about it?

At the conclusion of the Seven Years' War, which had not ended satisfactorily to the Empress, because she failed to recover Silesia from Frederick of Prussia, she began to think of cementing her alliance with the House of Bourbon. Louis XV. was on the throne in France, but Madame Pompadour, his mistress, was exercising royal power. Kaunitz was prime minister of Austria, and Choiseul was prime minister of France. The dauphin, or heir-apparent to the throne of France, was a boy with a large stomach, fat cheeks and an amiable disposition. He was one year older than Marie Antoinette. Naturally the idea of marrying the Austrian princess to the dauphin entered the alert mind of the Empress of Austria.

There were several features of the union which appealed to Maria Theresa. She wished to unite more firmly with France in order to protect her empire against Prussia. There was already such an alliance but it had not proved satisfactory during the stress of the Seven Years' War. Again, the court of France occupied Versailles, the grandest palace of the entire world. It had been built by Louis XIV., and had always been the object of some jealousy on the part of Maria Theresa. She had tried to equal it with her grounds and palace at Schönbrunn, but had never quite succeeded. How nice it would be to have a child of her own blood mistress of the very palace which had been the cause of her envy. Such thoughts may have entered the mind of the proud Queen of Austria.

Whether or not the dauphin would be an agreeable mate for the princess was quite irrelevant. Since he was fairly sure of accession, not an imbecile, and of suitable age, he was satisfactory. The Empress ordered Kaunitz to begin negotiations with Choiseul. At first Louis XV. and Madame Pompadour did not regard the proposal very favorably, but when Maria Theresa made up her mind to accomplish anything, she was amazingly resourceful in finding ways of bringing it to pass. She seems to have had no doubt of her ability from the very beginning, for she promptly changed the name of the princess from the German Antonia to the French Antoinette, and gave orders for her to be taught French. The negotiations dragged on for years, but finally Joseph, the smart boy of the royal family at Vienna, succeeded in composing a letter which brought the affair to a happy conclusion.

Then the Abbé of Vermond was sent on from France to take charge of training the princess to be a dauphiness. He also took no interest in teaching her to read, write and compute, for he was afraid of annoying the youngster, which might result in his recall. The idea entered his mind that by ingratiating himself with the princess, he might make for himself a pleasant berth in the future court of France. He therefore made it his business to entertain her all day long.

At the age of ten Marie Antoinette's father, Francis of Lorraine, died, but this was of but little consequence to the princess. He had never been of much force in directing either the empire or his family.

In the spring of 1770 Marie Antoinette set out on her journey to meet her future husband. Of course he had never seen her, and the union reminds one of the manner of contracting marriages in Mohammedan countries. But this was all done in Christian lands and, by way of orientation, we may state that it was only six years before the declaration of independence by the American Colonies.

She traveled by stage to the frontier where she was

met by messengers from the French court, and required to strip herself of her Austrian clothing and put on garments from Versailles. When Marie Antoinette went into the room to change her clothes, she was Austrian; when she came out she was French. There is something weird and almost supernatural about this sudden and complete conversion in the allegiance of this Austrian princess. She came from one of the gayest and proudest courts of Europe — one which was on everybody's tongue. How could she so completely renounce it as never to boast of being its offspring? Her course was politic, but women are women, and pride is one of the strongest impulses of a woman's heart.

One of the best proofs of the genuineness of her conversion is the fact that she never expressed any desire to have her remains taken back for interment in the Capucine Church of Vienna where but few of the Hapsburgs are missing. Over and over again under circumstances of the greatest stress she disclaimed all fealty to Austria and swore allegiance to France. I quote but one of these speeches. Once when facing an angry mob, which persisted in the assertion that she was more loyal to Austria than France, she exclaimed among other similar declarations: "What should I find at Vienna? Nothing but sepulchres! What should I lose in France? Everything which flatters honorable pride and sensibility!"

Marie Antoinette stood for all that Americans believe to be wrong in politics. She was a perfect antithesis of the spirit of our Revolution. But we can hardly read the story of her life without exclaiming, "What a thoroughbred!"

In the accounts of her reception there is not a great deal said of the dauphin. One author speaks of the clumsy youth hanging back and having to be pushed forward to greet his bride. There is much mention of the fact that she was compelled to sit at the table with Madame Du Barry, the prostitute. In behalf of this woman we may observe that Madame Pompadour, Madame Du Barry's predecessor as mistress to

Louis XV., had had much to do with arranging the union, and that Madame Du Barry herself might have upset all the arrangements for the wedding, or perhaps have broken the match. Possibly she thought she might be allowed to dine with the young lady who had advanced to the station of Queen of Versailles through the agencies of mistresses.

But Madame Du Barry and the dauphiness did not get along well. Marie Antoinette was pretty and smart, and Louis XV. had a mushy senile heart. He gave the young dauphiness much attention, and basked in the charms of his new daughter-in-law. Madame Du Barry doubtless realized that his flame of sexual ardour was almost extinguished, and that the time had arrived when he might enjoy sitting quietly in smoking jacket and slippers, talking to a charming daughter. The enchantress was jealous.

On several occasions she gave proof of this by giving Marie Antoinette vicious "digs." But the only one which ever amounted to anything was directed against the dauphiness' mother, Maria Theresa. This one was resented in a way which caused Marie Antoinette considerable grief. We refer to the adroit manner in which Madame Du Barry discredited Maria Theresa by reading a letter from Cardinal Rohan. This will be told a little later.

We have already said that Marie Antoinette lacked education, but her disability in this respect was no more marked than that of the dauphin. Mentally and physically she was his superior. The dauphin was bashful, awkward and stupid. His biographers would have us believe that he lived with this princess for five or six years without exercising his rights as a husband. What an amazing proof of his listlessness and unnatural apathy!

In 1774 Louis XV. died rather suddenly of confluent smallpox, and the husband of Marie Antoinette became King of France, at the age of twenty. Maria Theresa had lived to see one of her own blood become mistress of the Palace of Versailles. During all this time and on until her death,



Maria Theresa kept close watch over her baby through the medium of Count Mercy, the Austrian Ambassador at Versailles. She received secret reports and sent secret instructions to the ambassador for the benefit of the young queen. There is something beautiful about this watchful care of the old lioness over her cub in a foreign land. It shows that the famous Queen of Austria had a mother's heart. She had transferred most of the burdens of state to the shoulders of her son Joseph and had more time to devote to her family than during the strenuous years of Marie Antoinette's infancy.

The glorious period of Marie Antoinette's life in Versailles lasted for approximately fifteen years, and what wonderful years they must have been! There were three thousand persons in the King's civil court, and nine or ten thousand in his military household. Attached to the palace was a vast aggregation of horses, coaches, liveries and costumes. Chateaubriand was at Versailles in 1787 and wrote, "No one has seen anything who has not beheld the pomp of Versailles." He was presented to the King and Queen and went into rhapsodies over the enchantment of the surroundings.

Even to this day the palace and grounds at Versailles are considered the most sublime models of architecture and landscaping in the world. They were the acknowledged goal toward which other monarchs strove in laying out their grounds and building their palaces. For fifteen years Marie Antoinette was the official queen of this grand ensemble, and during all this time she was dean of social affairs in the gay centers of Paris and Versailles. Foreign ministers bowed in her presence, held her hands and complimented her with honeyed words.

To her came such brainy men as Voltaire, and they felt honored if she deigned to receive them. What society woman of today would not exchange a lifetime of ordinary pleasures for fifteen years of such an existence? The

essence of an acre of roses is said to be compressed into an ounce vial by the Persians. In the same sense the joys experienced by thousands of modern society queens may be said to have been concentrated into those fifteen regal years for Marie Antoinette.

Think of the glory that was hers on the twenty-second of October 1781, when she gave birth to a dauphin. What a world of honor she conferred upon the nobility when she permitted them to file through the nursery and take one look at the embryonic king. To his cradle came delegates from all the guilds; the fishwomen, the locksmiths and the grave-diggers, bringing presents and flowers, and making awkward, but delightful speeches to the mother.

And there was another visitor to the nursery. Grand Duke Paul and his wife, Fedorovna, came incognito all the way from Russia to kiss the baby and give it a pledge of alliance. With them arrived a baroness from Alsatia who was not accounted worthy of being presented formally to the mother and baby, but she was perfectly happy because the Queen invited her to a concert and condescended to speak half a dozen words to her. What ecstatic exclusiveness!

An opera was given in honor of the Grand Duke and Duchess and all the ladies wore flowerpots for hats. The pots were shaped for their heads and the hair twined among unplucked flowers. The innovation was the sensation of the season and was gleefully applauded by all the glassblowers and gardeners.

But the dauphin was not the first child born to Marie Antoinette. A girl had been born on December nineteenth, 1778. We are told that this birthday party was the last of its kind to take place in Versailles. It merits a description, if for no other reason than because it emphasizes the progress of obstetrics during the last one hundred and fifty years.

All the more distinguished members of the King's household were entitled to be present at the birth if they

could crowd into the room. Some stood on chairs and others climbed to tables in order to have unobstructed views. In the wild scramble for places much of the furniture was demolished. At one of the most critical moments the Queen swooned and cried for air. The brave King won rounds of applause by opening a window with his own hands. At the same time the accoucheur screamed to the surgeon, "Bleed her in the foot!" No lance was ready, but the resourceful surgeon bethought himself of his pocket-knife, and without delay punctured a vein, and the blood spurted on the carpet. The Queen opened her eyes and came to, probably fearing the surgeon would cut her throat next. For this clever conduct in such an extreme emergency the accoucheur and surgeon were no doubt properly rewarded.

The excitement is said to have been so great that some of the men fainted and had to be borne from the room. Others were trampled under foot. Owing to the danger to onlookers it was then decided to hold future confinements in private. So there were no such scenes when the dauphin was born.

But during these apparently triumphant years of the young Queen the seeds of sorrow were planted and struck root in the rich soil of French dislike for the Germans. She was looked upon as a meddler in the affairs of state. They said she had a most presumptuous manner of breaking into the council chamber. She carried her head too haughtily, and she gambled at cards and at the races. She wore too many diamonds, and was altogether too extravagant. This complaint seems strange coming from people who were but a few generations from the unrestrained luxuries of the court of Louis XIV., and but one generation from the court of Louis XV. where pensions were bestowed upon mistresses of prominent men. And strange as it may seem there was quite a storm when Marie Antoinette dismissed Madame Du Barry.

In the month of February 1776, when, as very rarely happened in Paris, a heavy snow fell, she had the audacity to race through the city in a sleigh, and advertise her impudence by hanging jingling bells on her horses — what a rash act! Who can excuse this, even in a German princess in the vigor and buoyancy of her twentieth year?

That she soon conquered her love for jewelry is proved by the fact that she refused a diamond necklace which the king offered her as a present. Her temperance is also shown by the frequent statement that she never drank wine, even when attending drunken orgies of the court.

Whatever blame was attached to Marie Antoinette for her conduct during those happy years may be brought directly home to her tutor, who had been selected by a French minister and sent to Vienna when she was a child. It was his business to teach her the elements of discretion, but he did nothing but amuse her with childish games in order to win her affection to be used for his own aggrandizement later.

During these golden years of the life of Marie Antoinette there were some untoward incidents. There was the little scandal over the "Marriage of Figaro." It was customary in those days for society people to take part in amateur theatricals. Marie Antoinette delighted in this amusement. She took part in the *Marriage of Figaro*, a burlesque on the political life of the times written by Beaumarchais who afterward turned out to be a revolutionist. For this she was criticised by the nobility of France. They said, "Aha, the little Austrian is making fun of our government!" But this was not very serious.

Then an incident happened which proved to be the turning point in the career of Marie Antoinette. It was one of the strangest events in history, and is known as the "Scandal of the Necklace."

We must now introduce Cardinal Rohan of Strasbourg, who was a rich bombastic ecclesiastic, but had an infinite

talent for being duped by quacks and pretty women. He had been minister to Austria during the early years of Marie Antoinette's stay at Versailles. Maria Theresa, with her shrewdness for reading character, detested him and never rested until he was sent home. One time Madame Du Barry had read a letter from him, in the presence of the dauphiness, in which he referred to Maria Theresa as holding a handkerchief in one hand to wipe away her tears while with the other she wielded a sword in partitioning Poland. This offended Maria Antoinette, probably partly on account of the fact that it was such a true figure, and for years she refused to speak to the cardinal. Nevertheless, he managed to get himself appointed almoner to the court, which made him the Queen's official ecclesiastical adviser. She still refused to receive him.

The cardinal, perhaps quite ignorant of the real cause of her ill-will, craved to be admitted to her favor more than anything else in the world. This desire became well known, and a certain woman, Madame de Lamotte, together with her husband, determined to capitalize the cardinal's desire to their own financial gain. Having easily "vamped" her way into the confidence of the renowned ecclesiastic, she pretended to be in favor with the Queen and offered to assist the almoner in securing a reception.

A certain jeweler, named Boehmer, had shown the Queen a wonderful diamond necklace which he hoped to sell her for an enormous price. The King offered to buy it for her, but she refused it on the ground that the condition of the treasury did not justify such an unnecessary expenditure for the personal vanity of a queen. She supposed that ended the matter.

Madame de Lamotte found a young woman who could impersonate the Queen, and made "dates" for her to meet the cardinal in the gardens of Versailles at night. At one of these meetings the Queen's double handed the cardinal an order to purchase the diamond necklace for the Queen.

It bore a forgery of the Queen's signature. He was instructed to keep the matter secret from the King and bring the necklace to Madame de Lamotte where he would be met by the Queen's messenger. The cardinal obeyed instructions and brought the necklace to Madame de Lamotte where he saw it delivered to the messenger. No sooner had the cardinal disappeared than the messenger, who was a party to the fraud, returned the necklace to Madame de Lamotte. She and her husband then took it to pieces and he sold the diamonds in London.

Everything went along smoothly for some time. Madame de Lamotte continued her relations with the cardinal who also continued to meet the false queen in the darkness of the gardens.

But one day the jeweler presented his account to Marie Antoinette, and then a long series of stirring events began. By order of the King the cardinal was arrested just as he was entering the pulpit in his pontifical robes at Versailles. He hurriedly sent a messenger to destroy the correspondence between himself and the supposed queen. Louis XVI. was naturally very angry over the affair, and ordered a complete investigation.

Everybody connected with the fraud was arrested except the husband who had escaped to London. All were ordered tried before a king's court. Then something unexpected occurred. Pope Pius VI. insisted that the cardinal be sent to Rome to be tried by an ecclesiastical court. All the clergy joined in the clamor. Pamphlets flew about the streets of Paris and Versailles. Some of these declared that the Queen was in possession of the diamonds and was getting even with the cardinal whom she was known to dislike. At the trial almost all were found guilty except the cardinal who was acquitted. Madame de Lamotte was ordered stripped and branded with a redhot iron, and the sentence was carried out publicly.

The Queen paid dearly for this vindication. After her

punishment, Madame de Lamotte escaped to England, and spent the rest of her life in tormenting the Queen with vile pamphlets which were smuggled into France to be scattered far and wide. In this emergency Marie Antoinette and the King were often condemned for indiscretion in bringing the affair before the public and humiliating such an influential personage as Cardinal Rohan. It was asserted that it would have been better to have disposed of the case more quietly.

We find it hard to agree with this view. The scandal was bound to reach the public ear and give rise to all sorts of rumors. They took a straight-forward open course and have fared much better in history than if they had concealed themselves in a cloud of suspicion. They were entirely innocent and proved themselves to be so. It was but one of the unavoidable misfortunes which were in store for the Queen.

The great revolution was now rising and something must be said of its cause. Volumes have been devoted to the origin of this bloody disturbance. Many causes have been assigned, but to my mind it was all very simple.

The cause of the revolution was nothing else than the bankruptcy of the nation from extravagance. It was an upheaval such as was visited upon Athens after the extravagance on the Acropolis, and similar to the one which overtook Solomon after he had surpassed prudence in the construction of his temple. The extravagance dated from the time of Louis XIV. who spent too much money on the palace and grounds of Versailles. But the adventure which finally and completely bankrupted Versailles was the participation in the American Revolution. It is claimed that the American Revolution cost France more than two hundred and fifty million dollars.

It was a strange enterprise on the part of a crown. Marquis de Lafayette had gone as a soldier of fortune to America early in the contest. He was rich and influential. At his advice Benjamin Franklin had been sent to urge

France to join the colonies in their struggle for independence from the British crown. We may be sure that Marie Antoinette was opposed to assisting colonies in defying a king. History is fairly definite on this point. She was shrewd enough to discern that it was a movement to abolish kings and queens. Why should she lend her aid to such a cause?

Louis XVI. hesitated, but after the surrender of Burgoyne saw an opportunity to do harm to England, and under the clever urging of Benjamin Franklin could not resist the temptation. It was a fortunate decision for the cause of freedom, and probably for the distant future of France, but an unfortunate one for Louis XVI. and his Queen Marie Antoinette. France went into the war.

The surrender of Cornwallis, brought about by the assistance of the French fleet and the French soldiers, elevated France to a high state of triumphant grandeur. But it was too soon to be neutralized by inability to meet obligations.

The revolution in America did something else which the Queen probably foresaw intuitively and which her husband failed to take into account in his clumsy processes of reasoning. It gave birth to a clamor for freedom in France. Marquis de Lafayette went to America as an adventurer, but still loyal to the crown. He returned a republican at heart — a revolutionist in belief. The same was true of most of the soldiers sent to aid the colonies. In far off America they had learned something which they thought might be applied in France.

France was quite capable of meeting her obligations if the burden could have been properly distributed, but this could not be done without a revolution. The citizens of the nation were divided into three classes called estates. The First Estate was the clergy. It owned a vast quantity of property which was exempt from taxation for the state, and also had a certain amount of selfgovernment. This was illustrated when it resisted the trial of Cardinal Rohan by a civil court.



The Second Estate was called the Nobility. It also had certain privileges among which was restricted taxation. The Third Estate was composed of the common people and upon them fell most of the burden of taxation. It was impossible to meet the obligations of the state from this class alone. There was nothing to do but borrow. This had been done repeatedly, and indebtedness had been repudiated five times in a little more than fifty years.

The assignats had gone down and down in the market until they were practically worthless. The American colonies were in financial straits, and certainly no help could be asked of England. To increase taxation of the Third Estate meant a revolution, and to interfere with the clergy and nobility seemed impossible. The weight of public indebtedness was too great for Louis XVI. to lift. Reforms in taxation were absolutely necessary and he could not make them.

Yet for a strong king such reforms were by no means impossible. Louis XIV. could have made them with ease. Possibly Marie Antoinette could have done it if she had been freed of her blundering husband, but Louis XVI. could no more have done it than a mouse could have lifted an elephant.

At this stage there was a clamor for calling together the Notables. The Notables nearly all belonged to the privileged classes, and were not likely to do anything to increase taxation upon themselves. Calling them together was a gesture of weakness on the part of the King. Marie Antoinette opposed it. She saw nothing but evil for the crown in this movement. It had been suggested by the Prime Minister, Calonne. "Ah," she exclaimed, "M. Calonne has done a great deal of harm to the country by recommending an assembling of the Notables."

Stubbornness is often a quality of weak men. The Notables were called in spite of her protests. They met and M. Calonne addressed them. "We cannot go on bor-

rowing forever. We cannot draw any more on the future, and economy will no longer suffice. What then is left us to supply what we need and to procure what we require? The abuses, Gentlemen. It is in the abuses that lie the funds of wealth which the state has a right to demand." This speech was certainly the plain truth, but was equivalent to saying, "Gentlemen, will you please raise your own taxes?" Such an appeal usually falls on deaf ears.

M. Calonne also made a tactical blunder in his speech. He went on to say that the extravagances of Louis XIV. had brought the state to this sad plight. This was also true, but it afforded the Notables a good excuse for dodging the issue. They began abusing him for discrediting the reign of the greatest king of France, and kept it up until he was driven from power.

The Archbishop Brienne was selected to succeed Calonne. It was he who had been responsible for the appointment of the Abbé of Vermond as tutor to Marie Antoinette before her marriage. The Abbé of Vermond was still about the court and now became a man of great power and influence. He had attained the position he had hoped to secure when he was amusing the little girl at Vienna, instead of teaching her arithmetic as he should have done.

Marie Antoinette now became virtually Queen of France. It was her opinion which was sought in all matters of state. But her husband was just stubborn enough to overrule her decisions and spoil all her plans.

The Notables made many recommendations for reforms. Everybody expected these to be ratified by the court in a single meeting. But the minister brought them up one at a time and they were debated at great length. During the debates the extravagance of the King's household was emphasized at every meeting. Marie Antoinette became known as "Madame Deficit," and songs were composed and sung in the theatres ridiculing her. With the deficits Marie Antoinette had had but little to do. Most of them

were created before she was born, and the one due to the American Revolution had been incurred against her opposition.

At this stage, the Duke of Orleans managed to get himself mentioned as a candidate for the crown. He had been offended by a stupid insult offered by Louis, one time when the Duke came to tender his services. The King was just dressing, and, according to the custom under such circumstances, the Duke had offered to help him on with his shirt. The King who was in a bad humor took the shirt away from the Duke and told him to leave the room. This insult made a mortal enemy of the Duke, and in the end it was his vote which sent Louis to the guillotine. What a fearful penalty the King paid for getting up in a bad humor that morning!

Had Louis XIV. been on the throne at this time, he would have sent the Notables home, shot a few of the agitators, banished the Duke of Orleans and put the necessary reforms into force by edict. Had Marie Antoinette been his wife, she would have fully approved of such a course and they might have sat on the throne at Versailles for many long years. It is idle to contemplate what might have happened at this juncture, but we may observe that such a course was entirely impossible to a King of the disposition of Louis XVI.

What the King did, certainly against the wishes of the Queen, was to call a meeting of the States-General, just as he was urged to do by the enemies of the crown. First, the Notables held a meeting to decide upon the representation of the classes in the States-General.

They decided that the Third Estate should have as many representatives as the other classes combined. It is said that the King proposed this and the Queen agreed. When the news of this decision became known, Paris was illuminated and the insurgents celebrated. Marie Antoinette said at this time, "I am very much afraid that this important event is a gloomy token for France."

After the King had convoked the States-General, the Queen urged that the meeting be held at some town at least sixty miles distant from Paris. She feared any public gathering in such an atmosphere of revolution as she knew prevailed in Paris and Versailles. The King agreed but his counselors persuaded him to call it for Versailles. Louis was probably reasoning, but Marie was being guided by intuition. No one knows what the result might have been had the States-General convened at some distant town, but the possibilities of avoiding a bloody revolution would surely have been better.

The States-General met in 1789. The session was opened with a grand parade. This was another of the many mistakes made by the King. It helped to increase excitement and afforded the insurgents a splendid opportunity to demonstrate. It gave full play to mob psychology which was the dangerous feature of the revolution. A grand procession was formed in Paris to march to Notre Dame to receive the invocation of the priests upon the meeting.

Once during the parade the Queen heard cries of "Long live the Duke of Orleans." At another time she distinctly heard voices saying, "Crucify the King." The parade must have been a harrowing experience for her.

The States-General soon resolved itself into a court of inquiry concerning the conduct of the royal family. Some insisted upon being shown an imaginary drawing-room plastered with diamonds, rubies and pearls. Rumors of the drawing-room had had a wide circulation and now the people were there to find out and see about it. Such were the suggestions the King received from his subjects. All this Marie Antoinette had sensed in advance by her powers of intuition.

The States-General met on May fifth, and on June fourth came the blow that disabled the Queen for months. Her son, the dauphin, who had always been weak, died rather suddenly and the Queen was prostrated with grief. Thus

it happened that at a very critical moment the King lost his best adviser, and became as clay in the hands of the scheming revolutionists.

On June seventeenth the Third Estate bolted from the States-General and declared itself a General Assembly. It began holding its meetings in a tennis court. At this juncture the King dissolved the States-General and abolished the Assembly. He pretended to be astonished at the reply which his messenger brought back. "Go tell your master that we are here by the powers of the people and that we shall be driven away only by bayonets."

The next day the King's minister, Necker, actually refused to accompany him to a meeting. When Marie Antoinette heard of this, she is said to have been furious and talked so loudly that she could be heard in another room. But she was sick at heart over the loss of her son and the weakness of her husband, and finally let the subject pass. Necker was cheered and became virtually the ruler of France for a short time.

On July fourteenth 1789, the Bastille was taken and the revolution was under way. This had occurred in spite of the concessions of the King. It is apparent that during all this time Louis XVI. was doing the best he could. He seems nearly always to have been right according to the standards of an idealist. He was very good, but to have controlled France at this time it was necessary that he be strong rather than good.

The revolution in France was sure to be a much more horrible affair than the one had been in America. In the American Revolution the populations of the enemies were held apart by an ocean. In France they were separated only by walls and streets. The Colonies and England understood each other fairly well. The British soldiers came to fight and win battles, not to cut off the heads of women and children in the night and carry them about on pikes during the day. There were sure to be some atrocities, but back

of the British soldiers was authority which respected non-combatants. In such a revolution as was destined to occur in France there was no law and no respect for noncombatants. There was no settled policy. A man's friend today might be his murderer to-morrow.

Menacing reports kept coming from Paris and messengers arrived urging the King to come and use his influence to stop the rioting. He set out one forenoon alone, and by five o'clock in the afternoon reached the Hotel de Ville. Mounting the steps he was loudly cheered, and wept for joy. One might have thought that all was settled amicably. But the French people can fight and make up several times in a day. All he accomplished by his trip was to give his wife a day of frantic terror. Several times she planned to join him. She sent for her courtiers but they had all fled in alarm. In the evening when she heard his step she ran to welcome him. "Not a drop of blood was shed by my orders to-day," he exclaimed.

By October 1789 famine had linked arms with rebellion and the two were to play their parts in unison. There was no bread in Paris. No food is produced by a population which spends the whole day in arguing over politics. Then came the rioting mob of women, several thousand strong, to Versailles. They proposed to make the King give them bread. They took possession of the halls of the Assembly, and were joined by an army of drunken ruffians, who began to steal and loot.

Presently they found their way into the King's palace. The defence of the King and Queen was now in the hands of the National Guards and their commander was Marquis de Lafayette. It might perhaps be more correct to say that the National Guards were commanding him. His position was certainly a difficult one. He wished to protect the lives of the royal family, but he longed to see France a republic.

Marie Antoinette had discreetly fallen into step with the popular sentiments of the people by honoring and receiving the General upon his return from America. She made this

decision almost instantly. Being with Lafayette's wife when the news of his return arrived, — there was neither wireless nor cables in those days — she at once drove the wife in the royal coach to meet her husband. Later, the Queen formally received him at Versailles. She instantly perceived that he was to be the hero of the hour, and she had no intention of giving offence by standing aloof at the time of his reception. What she really thought of Lafayette came out later when one time it was proposed that he should convoy the royal family to Rouen. She said: "M. de Lafayette is offered to us as a resource, but it would be better for us to perish than owe our safety to the man who has done us the most mischief, or to place ourselves under the necessity of treating with him." This was one time when a woman's dislike probably proved to be a detriment to her. She could lay aside her prejudices sufficiently to patronize him, but could not humiliate herself sufficiently to allow him to become her deliverer. Lafayette was the one man in France who probably could have rescued the Queen from the angry people.

The mob was all about Versailles clamoring to get possession of the royal family, and Lafayette was compelled to protect them with troops that were almost mutinous. One night he retired to rest, and it is often said that he slept just long enough to ruin the cause of Louis XVI. The mob, almost unopposed by the guards, entered the King's chambers.

It was then that Marie Antoinette showed herself to be a true daughter of the Caesars. She faced the angry mob without a quiver. Not one of the disturbers dared to touch her although to do her violence was the very purpose for which they had entered.

"To Paris with the King!" shrieked the mob.

Turning to a friend, Marie Antoinette calmly said, "They mean to take the King and me to Paris with the heads of our guards on the ends of pikes."

In spite of the protestations of Lafayette, the king and Queen were compelled to enter a carriage and head a

procession to Paris. As the mob proceeded with its captives it improvised a song. "We are bringing the baker, the baker's wife and the baker's little boy." Lafayette and Count d'Estang rode, one on either side of the carriage, and managed to prevent the mob from molesting the royal family. The revolutionists had much respect for the two heroes. They had both been to America and fought in the very cause which the mob indorsed when it had sane moments. It is doubtful if any other commanders could have protected the King and Queen from harm during that long and hazardous trip of seven hours.

The King and Queen were now taken to the palace of the Tuileries where they became virtually prisoners. In the family were two children. One was a son younger than the dauphin who had died. The living son was now the dauphin.

It is difficult to understand why the mob wished to bring the King to Paris. It must have thought that he could in some way provide bread. Perhaps the people merely wished to assert their authority by marching a king about at will, and having the pleasure of insulting him.

In spite of all the danger, Marie Antoinette sometimes had a sense of humor. Madame Campan says the Queen laughed most heartily at a little joke made by the dauphin the next day after the arrival at the Tuileries. There were several shots near the palace when the little boy exclaimed, "Good God, Mamma, 'is today yesterday again?"

In a short time the boy went to his father and said, "Why is it that all the people who loved you before are now so angry with you?"

The King took his son into his arms and gave what I think is a very fair explanation of the revolution, to a child.

"My child, I wanted to pay the expenses caused by wars. I asked my people for money as my predecessors have always done. Magistrates composing my Parliament opposed me and said that my people alone have the right to say whether I am to have the money. I called the principal



men of the towns together; that is what is called the States-General. When they came together they required of me to give up some things which I could not yield, out of respect for myself or you, who will be my successor. Wicked men have stirred up this trouble. The people are not to blame for it."

The Queen made the little fellow understand that he should treat the National Guards with much respect. He took great pains when he spoke to them, and often turned to her asking, "Was that right, Mamma?"

At this time a messenger arrived in compliance with a committee of advice and suggested to the Queen that she retire temporarily from France. The Queen understood perfectly the danger, and the kind motives back of the suggestion, but firmly declined to ever leave either the King or her son. She said it was the throne which was aimed at and to abandon the monarchy at this stage would be committing an act of cowardice for no other purpose than saving her own life. She would remain and die with the King if necessary. Several times Marie Antoinette refused to leave the country and her husband to save her life. When they planned to escape it was always to be together.

From October 1789 to 1791 the royal family were virtually prisoners in the Tuileries. During that time it had as many adventures as Napoleon in one of his most exciting campaigns. There were moments of hope, and several times the King and Queen believed themselves on the verge of a triumph. Then there were several occasions when they escaped death by a hair's breadth at the hands of angry mobs.

During this time secret letters in cipher were sent out to various powers in Europe. A secret envoy was dispatched to London. The envoy returned and reported that Pitt was surly and that the most that could be obtained from him was the statement that he would not suffer the French monarchy to fall. Marie Antoinette was not

much encouraged by this report. She said: "Whenever Pitt expressed himself upon the necessity of supporting a monarchy in France, he maintained the most profound silence upon what concerns the present monarch. The result of this conversation is anything but encouraging." She knew very well that England had not so soon forgiven the part played by France in the American Revolution.

Once during the imprisonment at the Tuileries the royal family was allowed to take a summer's vacation at St. Cloud, a few leagues from Paris. While there it had a good opportunity to escape, but did not do so, and such a favorable opening was never afforded again.

The attempt at escape which became historic was the so-called "Flight to Varennes." The man who planned and took the most dangerous part in this misadventure was a Swedish nobleman by the name of Fersen. This man appears and reappears so many times as the friend of Marie Antoinette that he is generally considered to have been her lover. It is claimed she first met him at a ball in 1774.

Without any attempt to justify, but with a disposition to excuse, whatever may have occurred between Marie Antoinette and this nobleman, some very pertinent, but rather cautious, observations may be made here. Marriage is an institution in which man is supposed to exercise certain privileges, partaking somewhat of the nature of duties, and woman is presumed to find gratification of her natural craving for motherhood. If either is disappointed, the joys of married life are apt to turn into ashes of sorrow and resentment. In 1774, the Queen was nineteen and had been married for four years. She had never loved the dauphin, but was sadly disappointed that he had not shown a disposition to regard her as his wife. There is much said about a physical impediment with which the dauphin was afflicted, but it was known to be something which could be remedied by surgery. He had not manifested

enough interest to seek the services of a surgeon, and did not do so until Joseph II. came all the way from Vienna in 1777, partly to urge the matter to his attention. We may easily imagine how such indifference preyed upon the mind of the young Queen, for she must have inherited some of the impulses for motherhood so strongly exhibited by Maria Theresa who bore sixteen children during the first nineteen years of her married life.

Marie Antoinette was Teutonic. No Frenchman could have tempted her. But here was a northerner whose disposition synchronized with her own. He was simple in his manners, had the tread of a Viking, the courage of a Norseman and the ruggedness of a Goth. He represented to her German heart everything that she had longed for and not found at Versailles. As far as I have been able to learn there is no evidence that Maria Antoinette ever did anything to be condemned in connection with Fersen, unless a secret love can be accounted as a sin. This same Fersen fought for four years in the American Revolution and was present when Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown.

He planned the escape and executed his part of the plan so well that but for the bungling of others, among whom was Louis himself, it surely would have succeeded.

The royal family was smuggled out of the Tuileries by Fersen who drove them to the outskirts of Paris in a common cab. There he had a berlin, a massive four-wheeled carriage of the time, waiting for them. They were hustled into the berlin and hastily driven away by a trusty coachman. It was when Fersen held the queen's hand for a moment as he told her good-bye that she is said to have slipped him the famous ring which afterward became the subject of so many romantic legends.

The objective point was Varennes, a town near the German border. Fersen had arranged for German hussars to meet the carriage at St. Menehould at the edge of the

Argonne Forest, a place destined to figure much in the history of the World War, and convoy it to Varennes. The royal family entered the berlin at midnight of June twentieth, 1791. All went well during the remainder of the night and the forenoon of the next day. The King was so certain that he had escaped that he grew careless and exposed himself unnecessarily at the towns along the way. As a consequence he was recognized several times. The result was delay. Then some unexpected bad roads were encountered and caused further delay.

The German hussars were at their post but watched in vain for the berlin. The population embarrassed them with significant questions. Finally the Germans, thinking perhaps the flight had been abandoned, withdrew. Fifteen minutes after they had gone the berlin arrived. The carriage proceeded, but just as it was within a few miles of Varennes it was halted and compelled to wait for more than a day. The escape had failed by a margin of fifteen minutes.

Messengers from Paris arrived for the purpose of bringing the king back to the city. Conferences began. Then the hussars appeared, but in the meantime enough of the National Guards had assembled to withstand the charges of the Germans. However there was no overpowering objection to allowing the King to proceed to Varennes — not until two men arrived from Paris with orders from the Parliament for the King's return. In vain Marie Antoinette stormed and fumed; Louis thought it best to return. He had changed his mind. It was a fatal decision.

One wonders why the revolutionists were so eager to have the King back in Paris, when their whole political contention was to get rid of a monarch and establish a republic. The answer to this question is that they regarded the King, and especially the Queen, as a resource. They were like money in a bank. They could be used in an emergency. In the event of an invasion from the German countries, the Queen and her family would become hostages.

With Marie Antoinette, an Austrian queen, in the possession of the revolutionists they were in a position somewhat similar to that of bandits holding an influential foreigner. She could be used to bring an invading German army to terms.

It was Monday night when the royal family left the Tuileries and on Saturday night it was back. What must have been the thoughts of Marie Antoinette as they descended from their carriage at the palace? She understood perfectly why they were returned. She realized as never before that she was a hostage, and how much her peril had been increased by this fruitless attempt to escape. She knew that in future the guards would be more vigilant, and escape much more difficult.

As a sample of what Marie Antoinette endured in the Tuileries we select what occurred on one wild day. The account is taken from the *Memoirs of Madame Campan, First Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen*. "The mob thronged about the Tuileries in great numbers, armed with pikes, hatchets and murderous instruments of all kinds, decorated with ribbons of the national colors, shouting, 'The nation forever! Down with the veto!' The King was without guards. Some of the demoniacs rushed up to his apartment. The door was about to be forced in when the King commanded that it should be opened. MM. de Bougainville, d'Hervilly, de Parios, d'Auber, Acloque, Gentil and other courageous men who were in the apartment of M. de Septenil, the first valet de chambre, instantly ran to his Majesty's apartment. M. de Bougainville seeing the torrent advancing, cried out, 'Put the King in the recess of the window and place benches before him.' Six Royalist Grenadiers of the battalion of the Filles St. Thomas made their way by an inner staircase and ranged themselves before the benches. The King's brave defenders said, 'Sire, fear nothing.' The King's reply is well known. 'Put your hand upon my heart and you will perceive whether I am

afraid or not.' M. Vanot warded off a blow aimed by a wretch at the King's body. A Grenadier of the Filles St. Thomas parried a sword-thrust in the same direction."

The same day the following incident happened to the Queen. "The Queen could not join the King. She was in the council chamber, where the idea had also been suggested of placing her behind the great table to protect her as much as possible against the approach of the barbarians. Preserving a noble and becoming demeanor in the dreadful situation, she placed the dauphin before her seated on the table. She had fixed a tricolored cockade, which one of the National Guards had given her, upon her head. The poor little dauphin was shrouded in an enormous cap. The hordes passed in files before the table; the standards which they carried were symbols of the most atrocious barbarity. There was one representing a gibbet, to which a dirty doll was suspended; the words, 'Marie Antoinette on a lamp post' were written beneath it. Another was a board with a bullock's heart fastened to it and with the inscription round it, 'Heart of Louis XVI.'; and then a third showed the horns of an ox, with an obscene legend.

"One of the most furious Jacobin women who marched with these wretches stopped to give vent to a thousand imprecations against the Queen. Her Majesty asked her whether she had ever seen her. She replied that she had not. Whether she had done her any personal wrong. Her answer was the same; but she added, 'It is you who have caused the misery of the nation.' 'You have been told so,' answered the Queen; 'You are deceived. As the wife of the King of France and the mother of the dauphin, I am a French woman. I shall never see my country again. I can be happy or unhappy only in France. I was happy when you loved me.' The fury began to weep, asked her pardon and said, 'It was because I did not know you; I see that you are good.'"

I leave the reader to decide who of the royal pair showed the more tact and resourcefulness in the two emergencies.

No doubt the reader has wondered why no help had been given the Queen from Austria. Why had she not appealed to her native land for succor? She had. We will now discuss this phase of the subject.

It was one of the ironies of fate that every attempt to assist the unfortunate Queen came to naught by some fortuitous circumstance or was converted into an influence which actually injured her cause.

Certainly the monarchs of Europe were not pleased with the idea of allowing France to become a republic. It was a great menace to all monarchs. They looked with much anxiety upon this epidemic of republicanism which had broken out in America. It was such an epidemic as the world had not witnessed since the days of the Greeks and the Romans, and we might add such as was not to occur again until the close of the World War. Even Pitt had said he would not permit France to become a republic.

Marie Antoinette had secretly appealed to her brother Joseph II. who was emperor of Austria. She had urged him to call a secret council of the monarchs and take some action for the rescue of the royal family of France. The danger to monarchies had driven Austria and Prussia into a friendly understanding. The Queen realized fully her position, and that any open movement might result in harm to her.

Joseph had the matter in hand and plans were under way when he suddenly died in February 1790. His brother Leopold then came to the throne of Austria. He was by no means so competent as Joseph had been. In the meantime the attention of the royal family had been centered on the flight to Varennes, which turned out so disastrously. After the flight the Queen again got into communication with Leopold by letters in cipher and urged him to take up the

work which Joseph had left uncompleted. She begged that an overwhelming force be gathered somewhere near the border as secretly as possible. She thought when Paris was threatened by such a force, the French would be brought to terms. Undoubtedly she misjudged the French people, but this was almost a generation before the history of Napoleon was written, and nearly a century and a half before the drive on Paris in the World War. She may not have been justified in her judgment. But it may be asked, what else there remained for her to do?

On the first of March, Prussia was to join with Austria and march on Paris. But on the first of March Leopold was dead. What a strange coincidence! Many think Leopold was poisoned. A new emperor, Francis II., ascended the throne of Austria. This meant another heart-rending delay.

By this time matters had assumed an entirely different aspect in Paris. All the German plans had become known, and this added much to the gravity of the position of the royal family. France determined to take the lead by declaring war on Austria. On the twentieth of April 1792, Louis XVI., either by threat or entreaty, was induced to sign a declaration of war on the very country which was trying so hard to save his family.

By this time there was civil war in Paris. The Tuileries was guarded by a force of six thousand soldiers, mostly Swiss by birth and supposedly loyal to the King. It was also guarded by cannons placed at the commanding streets. But the revolutionists were coming in from the provinces. Five hundred armed and trained soldiers from Marseilles arrived in July. They came singing the Marseillaise, after having marched five hundred miles at the rate of eighteen miles per day. A fight at the Tuileries was momentarily expected. It came on the tenth of August.

The Swiss Guards were waiting, standing erect in their red and white uniforms, ready to charge upon receipt of the first volley. Napoleon said all that was necessary then,



was for Louis XVI. to have mounted a horse and led a charge. No doubt Napoleon would have done that and much more, but Louis XVI. cowered in the palace; then took the Queen by the hand and said, "Let us go." He fled with the royal family through the back door to the nearby House of Parliament.

The fighting was severe but the Swiss Guards had the better of it and were clearing the grounds, when their commander received an order, signed by Louis XVI., for the guards to retire. This was the last order ever signed by him as King of France.

In a little cabinet of the House of Parliament, the royal family huddled and listened while the members debated where to send it. The children cried and finally fell asleep. Marie Antoinette looked at her husband and said, "Why were the Marsellaise not driven back?" Louis XVI. gazed stupidly at his Queen and answered, "Who was to drive them back?" He dared not tell her that he had given the order to have them retire because he could not bear to have more blood shed.

By morning the mob had spent its fury and departed allowing wagons to remove the dead and wounded. The east glowed, and the birds sang their madrigals, but the Parliament continued to debate where to send the refugees. Some argued for the Luxembourg Palace, others were in favor of the Palace of the Archbishop, but finally they agreed upon the Temple. At ten o'clock the start was made, but the half mile required two hours on account of the crowds. Then the King and his family, tired and conquered at heart, entered the tower which was to be their last prison.

The rest of the story is extremely harrowing. The members of the family were allowed to remain together until the thirtieth of September. Then an order was given for the separation of the King from the Queen and children. In January the King was hailed before a court to be tried

for treason. He was sentenced to die on the twenty-first. The evening before the execution the family was told that it might go to the King's cell to tell him farewell.

Of this meeting we give only the following conversation:

"Promise that you will see us again," said Marie Antoinette.

"I will see you in the morning, before I go."

"When?"

"At eight."

"It must be earlier," she replied.

"Then it shall be earlier by half an hour."

"Promise me," she pleaded.

"I promise."

No sooner had she left the room than he turned to the guards and begged them not to call her.

The Queen was up at six, and listened all morning for the footsteps of the guards coming to call her. Then she heard them taking the King out of his cell, and listened weeping until the sounds of footsteps died away in the distance. Next she heard the newsboys crying their papers. They said, "The King is dead!"

There is but little doubt that the advance of the Germans on Paris sealed the fate of the unfortunate King. Marie Antoinette had entirely misjudged the French people. The Germans also learned something very definite. They had openly announced that they would put an end to the state of anarchy in France and restore Louis XVI. to the throne. They thought the march to Paris would be a triumphant parade, since the French were so engaged in quarreling among themselves. The answer which Paris gave was a massacre of the royalists, and, as the campaign progressed, a further answer came in the announcement of the execution of Louis XVI. Then as the German allies were almost to Paris, at Maubeuge, came the final answer which is yet to be told.

The Queen continued in prison with her sister-in-law,

the faithful Elizabeth, sister of the King. Time dragged on. Sometimes she was treated with consideration, sometimes abused and insulted. But the act which broke her heart occurred on July third. That day the guards came and told her they had orders to take the dauphin away from her. The child had sickened in the damp cold cell and had been the object of her most solicitous care. She probably believed he was to be executed. She fought like a tiger until exhausted. Then she pleaded, prayed and wept by turns. But the child was taken. He afterward died in prison.

On October fourteenth she was brought before a court and put through the form of a trial. It was a long one lasting two days. During this time she was frequently insulted. Every questionable act of her life from the scandal of the necklace to the flight to Varennes was rehearsed to a jury. But one witness went so far as to outrage even this mock court. He swore that the Queen had been guilty of incest. At this unspeakably vile accusation, the Queen rose, faced the audience like a wounded tiger, saying: "I appeal to every mother here!" It was a fruitless appeal, for it was made to the very women who were in the habit of sitting around the guillotine and knitting, at the executions. She gave them a tortured look and sank to the floor in a faint. Many of the questions she refused to answer. It was four o'clock on the morning of the sixteenth before the death sentence was pronounced, and she had been detained to hear it.

At eleven she was asking, "Must you bind my hands?"

The jailer answered by tying them firmly behind her back, leaving a long loose end to hold in case she should attempt to escape. They led her out of the prison to the cart which had borne so many before and was to haul so many afterward. It was drizzling rain. She had managed to change her black gown for a white one which she had probably saved for that very occasion. The mud spattered the white muslin, and that seemed to worry her — she was

still proud. To the mob it was a delightful holiday excursion. A vaudeville actor on horseback managed to secure a place at the head of the procession and amused the audience with his antics. She may have been glad of that for it diverted attention from herself.

Weak and weary as she must have been, she mounted the scaffold almost unassisted. For just one moment she stood motionless, almost defiant, possibly in anguish, but more likely in joy that deliverance was at hand. Then she was bound and thrown.

The knife fell. The executioner seized the head and held it up to the gaze of the crowd; first to the front, then to the rear, and then to the right and left. Yes, there was no doubt about it; the proud Austrian Queen was dead! She had joined Maria Theresa and Louis XVI., but the robes of liberty were indelibly stained!

Perhaps it was well that Marie Antoinette was executed that morning, for otherwise she might have been tortured by hearing of what occurred at St. Denis the same day. The tombs of the Bourbons were torn open, the bones of the royal families, including those of Louis XIV. and the firstborn son of Marie Antoinette, thrown into a ditch. The lead coffins were melted for bullets. Marie Antoinette was spared the agony of listening to that heart-rending bit of news.

But the same knife that severed Marie Antoinette's head from her body also clipped away all hope for the immediate success of a democracy in France. The semblance of a republic was formed but it was brushed aside like cobwebs by Napoleon in a few short years, and a permanent republic was not established on French soil for three generations.

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## THE QUEEN OF THE TWO SICILIES

AT THE time of Maria Theresa, the two most powerful and aristocratic dynasties on the continent of Europe were the Hapsburgs and Bourbons. The Hapsburgs had come into power five hundred years before when Rudolph I. was elected Emperor of the Romans. The Bourbons had been prominent for about the same length of time. During the particular period of the reign of Maria Theresa, which we now purpose to discuss, Louis XV. was on the throne in France, Charles III. in Spain and Ferdinand IV. in the Two Sicilies; all of them being Bourbons, who still reflected some of the glory of Louis XIV. of France.

Ferdinand IV. was an infant king, and represented by a regent named Tanucci. Charles III. had abdicated the throne of The Two Sicilies in 1759 to his eight-year-old son Ferdinand, in order to take the crown of Spain. Hence at that time there was an unmarried boy safely planted on an important throne to attract the eyes of royal mothers with unmarried daughters.

Since The Two Sicilies has ceased to exist as a separate nation, it may be worth while to call attention to its importance at that period. Under this title were included the southern part of the Italian Peninsula and the Island of Sicily. If we examine a map of Europe we shall at once notice the strategic position of this kingdom. The toe of the Italian boot together with Sicily almost bridge the Mediterranean Sea. Geologists tell us that in prehistoric times the Sea was divided into two inland lakes by an extension of the Italian Peninsula through Sicily to the coast of Africa. Remnants of this bold projection still divide the Mediter-

anean into eastern and western parts having quite different histories. To the east of Sicily lies the Orient with its ancient history and mythology; to the west is the Occident especially renowned for records that are medieval and modern. Sicily is the borderland between Christianity and Islam, and has been one of the celebrated battlefields of the ages. Into Sicily came the Phoenicians from Carthage, and parted Rome from her commerce to the east, resulting in the Punic wars. Even before that, Sicily had been settled by the Greeks and had successfully waged wars with Athens. In later years when Napoleon attempted to conquer the world, it was Sicily which stood across his path and barred him from control of the Mediterranean; it was Sicily and Naples which sheltered the fleet of Lord Nelson and enabled him to break the back of the greatest warrior of modern times.

Maria Theresa no doubt often studied the map of Europe, and in her cleverness comprehended the importance of the Kingdom of The Two Sicilies. Having a house filled with daughters of approximately the same age as Ferdinand IV., she was not long in making up her mind to appropriate the infant King for the House of Hapsburg.

When her daughter Johanna was twelve, Maria Theresa betrothed her to Ferdinand who was then eleven, but Johanna died almost immediately of smallpox. The Queen then substituted Josepha who was a year younger, only to have her become a sacrifice to the same dreadful disease which was a veritable scourge to the Hapsburgs. A less persistent queen might have considered the fates as opposed to the union, and abandoned all hope of joining the throne of The Two Sicilies to the House of Hapsburg, but the undaunted Maria Theresa promptly gave another daughter, Marie Caroline, to Ferdinand. They were married on the twelfth of May, 1768. Caroline was sixteen and Ferdinand who had just taken over his throne was seventeen. Maria Theresa had eight daughters who reached womanhood. Two went into cloisters, leaving six, and three of these were disposed of

in the task of placing a Hapsburg girl on the throne of The Two Sicilies. Since the great Mother-Queen considered the marriages of her daughters only from political standpoints, we may readily understand how important she regarded Naples and Sicily.

According to German accounts, Caroline was slender and beautiful, as were all her sisters. She had a lively cheerful disposition inherited from her father, Francis of Lorraine. Her character was very positive, and somewhat inclined to selfishness. She had the acute foresight of her mother and was very clever and assertive. Being a daughter of the Caesars, she was well received in Naples which was the capital of her new empire. The husband was by no means a weakling, but, being also young and inexperienced, consulted her in all affairs of state from the very beginning. It was soon apparent that his own individuality was to be overpowered by the stronger will of his wife. Inside of five years it was Caroline who "wore the trousers" and exercised the authority of the crown. She was eager to rule the kingdom and he was quite willing that she should; so there was no quarrelling in the family. Ferdinand proposed and Caroline disposed.

It is peculiar how a single remark, on the part of one who is much admired, may alter the whole course of an individual. Such was the case with Caroline. During the first years of her reign, she was visited by her brother Joseph, who was almost an oracle among his sisters, and he incidentally remarked to Caroline: "If I were king of this country, I would think principally of matters concerning the sea." Such a chance observation on the part of her brother fixed her policy of state, as will be told in a little while.

Caroline and Ferdinand must have enjoyed a most delightful existence at Naples. The capital encircled one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. The climate was mild, the country fertile and nearly tropical in its vegetation.

Oranges and grapes thrived almost without cultivation, and the gardens on the warm slopes of Mt. Vesuvius produced tempting vegetables. The indigo-blue waters of the Mediterranean lapping against the palm-decked coast, made Caroline's new home seem like a fairyland when compared with the wintry land of her childhood. The country was prosperous and the people fairly loyal, so that the royal pair had much time to spend in hunting and other pleasures. Such a state of affairs continued, with but one serious interruption, for a quarter of a century. The interruption was due to forces entirely beyond human control.

There was always a menace hanging like a sword of Damocles over the land of The Two Sicilies. Within sight of Naples was Vesuvius belching threats of disaster emphasized by its record of having destroyed ancient Pompeii. Just across the Straits of Messina was Stromboli breathing flames visible to the inhabitants of all eastern Sicily. The two terrible giants made good their threats in 1783.

At one o'clock on the morning of February fifth, there was an earthquake lasting for seven minutes, and at seven in the evening it was repeated. The sky was clear and the sea calm, when suddenly the whole land leaped into the air and shook in violent convulsions. Soon came thunder, and rain fell in torrents. Streams made new courses and left their old ones dry. In the region of Laureana, olive and mulberry trees moved as far as a quarter of a mile. Whole villages were effaced and their populations wiped out. Important buildings fell into piles of mortar and fragments of stone, from which broken living bodies were dug for days. An eye-witness said he stood on a hill gazing at a village in the moonlight when suddenly it disappeared beneath a cloud of dust and smoke. The destruction in Sicily was no less than that in the region of Naples. Lord Hamilton said he made an excursion through the interior of the island after the earthquake and could



not find a single house standing upright and undamaged. In one day the fair kingdom of The Two Sicilies was reduced to ruin and despair.

It was then that Caroline displayed the tender-hearted disposition of her great mother. She threw herself into relief work, and sacrificed her personal jewels and finery to raise money to feed and clothe the hungry and naked people of her realm. She ministered to the needy with her own hands, and induced the King to give of his wealth until the royal family was almost impoverished. Shakespeare said: "The evil which men do lives after them, the good too oft is interred with their bones." Such was the case with Caroline of Naples. We find her acts of charity but infrequently mentioned in history.

But we must return to the remark, already mentioned as having been made by her brother Joseph. Upon reflection, Caroline realized the strategic position of her land and began scheming to make of it a great maritime power. At the advice of the Austrian Ambassador, she called to her assistance John Acton, a Briton by birth, but at the time in the service of France. Acton came promptly and willingly, saying he would rather be first in Naples than second in France. He was a great organizer and much experienced in affairs of government, especially in matters of the navy. The Queen soon recognized his ability and advanced him rapidly. He raised the army from fifteen to sixty thousand soldiers and introduced reforms from other countries. Naples soon had forty ships of war carrying ten hundred and ninety-three cannons, and was one of the prominent naval powers of Europe.

But in order to carry out such measures Acton had inserted himself, with the Queen's approval, into every department of the government. He had reformed the system of taxation in order to raise money, and had made himself almost a usurper in the eyes of the people, who did not understand the importance of his undertakings. One thing which the population saw clearly was his personal extrav-

agance. He is said to have had thirteen bedrooms which he kept always locked; the people believed, because the rooms secreted individuals whom he did not wish servants to see. The citizenship of that age was quite hardened to the presence of affinities and mistresses, but thirteen were a good many for one man to have even in a time of almost unlimited tolerance.

But what little sense of morality the people possessed was to be further shocked by another person who appeared as an intimate of their Queen. About the year of 1784 Emma Lyon appeared at the court of Naples under the powerful auspices of Sir William Hamilton who was British Ambassador. This most interesting woman was destined to play such an important part in the life of Caroline, that it is necessary to briefly sketch her life.

Lady Emma Hamilton, as she is well known in history, was born in 1765, and was the daughter of a blacksmith of Cheshire, England. At the age of fifteen she became the mistress of Captain Willet Payne, for whom she bore a daughter. Later she was in the employ of a quack by the name of Graham, who used her to pose as the goddess Hygeia as well as to comfort him in the capacity of mistress. In 1781 she became the mistress of a country gentleman by the name of Featherstonhaugh, from which station she advanced to that of mistress to Lord Greville. He introduced her to an important painter (Romney) in London for whom she posed for several pictures still on exhibition in the galleries of that city. About 1784 Lord Greville found himself in financial straits, and disposed of his mistress to his rich uncle, Sir William Hamilton, for enough money to pay his debts. From this brief resumé we may see how Emma Lyon had steadily advanced in social standing until she occupied a position of real power in the diplomatic circles of Naples, but her career had by no means reached its meridian height. She met Caroline, and the two women soon became friends.

Caroline could hardly allow a mistress to frequent her court, so she induced Lord Hamilton to marry his favorite. He took Emma with him on a visit to England and married her in 1791, after which she was received by Caroline and became her most intimate friend. Lord Hamilton was at this time past sixty-five and became quite passive in the hands of his beautiful wife. Caroline and Lady Hamilton were a most powerful team in diplomacy. The former had the brains and the latter the power to charm and influence prominent men. The two were quite irresistible, and many an ambassador fell under their machinations. One wonders what would have happened if Napoleon had been caught in their net.

Lady Hamilton and Caroline were constantly seen together, and other ladies of the court became jealous. It was claimed that if one wished to know state secrets, they could be learned from Lady Hamilton as reliably as from the queen. The two women wore gowns and hats that were alike, and often appeared together in public.

Through the influence of Lady Hamilton and Acton, Naples made *r a p p r o c h e m e n t* to England, and this had a marked bearing on the later history of the kingdom. Such diplomacy may have been suggested by Maria Theresa who during her last years was also endeavoring to maintain friendly relations with Great Britain. But it caused Naples and Sicily to be ranged against Napoleon in the years of his triumph, and presently brought Caroline to grief.

In the meantime events were transpiring in a most distant land which were eventually to be felt as far as Naples. The great American Revolution had been fought, and a furor for democracy created which soon spread to France. During the early years of the French Revolution the movement was not regarded with much disfavor by the kingdom of Naples and Sicily. This may have been partly due to British influence, for England was not in sympathy with Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. who had taken advantage of the

American struggle to injure Great Britain for having deprived France of her American possessions at the end of the Seven Years' War. England was not sorry to see France punished for her heresy to monarchical doctrines, and hence did not actively oppose the revolution on the continent at the beginning.

Maria Theresa had warned her daughters of the danger from the new propaganda which, as she clearly understood, was designed against all crowns; but Caroline hardly understood or comprehended the meaning of what her mother had written. The idea of forming a republic did not reach Naples until long after it had assumed dangerous proportions in France. There was a sprinkle of republican literature disseminated among the upper classes, and a few missionaries had arrived from the center of disturbance in Paris, but it was regarded as a harmless fad, and given but little attention.

Then came the execution of Louis XVI. followed by that of Marie Antoinette, the younger sister of Caroline. This roused Ferdinand and his queen to the gravity of their position, but it was almost too late to stop the flood of revolution which was pouring in from France. Having realized the danger, Caroline set about averting it in a most vigorous and drastic manner. Republican literature was forbidden in the kingdom and a system of espionage organized to bring all disciples of revolution to punishment. Many were brought to trial and not a few were executed, but the movement continued to grow. It spread principally among the higher classes and was popular among the nobility. The best supporters of royalty were in the lower classes and were known as *lazzaroni*.

In order to check the spread of the dangerous sentiment, Naples joined the coalition against France and declared war. This was the beginning of trouble for Caroline. In 1796 she was compelled to ask for peace, and obliged to agree to close her ports to British vessels. The war wrecked the

finances of the kingdom and the embargo destroyed commerce, so that the little nation was soon in distress. But this was only the first of her calamities. Soon came Napoleon who was strongly reminded of the importance of Naples and Sicily. While on his campaign in Egypt he was brought to a sudden halt by the destruction of the French fleet at Aboukir, and immediately after the battle the British fleet sailed into the Bay of Naples where it was welcomed, and found shelter.

At Naples, Nelson met Lady Hamilton who could not resist a temptation to conquer every strong man who crossed her path. It is peculiar how easily great warriors have been "vamped" into imbecility by pretty women. It seems that there are always weak spots in their armor which are readily pierced by the shafts of Cupid. In but a short time Lady Hamilton had conquered Nelson and was leading the greatest naval commander of his time about as if he were a pet bear. He was willing to hang a good man to his yards just to humor Lady Hamilton's whims. Thus it happened that the one man who was destined to be the Nemesis of Napoleon was in the hands of two women, neither of whom had any love for the rising commander from Corsica. They were sure to plant in Nelson's heart a burning hatred for Napoleon and a firm determination to limit his power at any cost. This hatred eventually bore fruit.

Nelson and Lady Hamilton, undoubtedly with the support of the queen, tried to convince Ferdinand that he might become a military hero, and started him off on an expedition to conquer Rome. He took the city, but at the first appearance of the French soldiers ran pell-mell back to Naples, not stopping to catch his breath until Nelson had gotten the queen and the Hamiltons on board and sailed away for the port of Palermo, the capital of Sicily.

The city of Naples was now in the hands of the *lazzaroni* who massacred the republicans. Championet soon arrived with a French army, but did not succeed in

capturing the city immediately. The *lazzaroni* held the two castles of St Elmo and Uovo and shelled the streets, destroying property and killing many innocent citizens. Eventually Championet's conquest was complete and he organized something to which he gave the high sounding title of Parthenopæan Republic. The name was enough to kill it, and it did not survive long.

Caroline then found a Cardinal Ruffo, who was well-named, and sent him to Naples to organize a counter-revolution. He was quite successful and marched through the land plundering and murdering. Eventually he captured Naples — with the exception of the castles already named — and the people were scourged with another bombardment from their own cannon. It would be difficult to exaggerate the scenes of horror spread in Naples at this time. Three factions were at war, and the tragedies enacted rivaled those of the bloody Commune in Paris. In the end Ruffo triumphed and the discordant elements made peace with him as best they could. The republicans were allowed the privilege of leaving the city, and were already embarked, when back came the fleet of Nelson, sent by the King and the Hamiltons. Lady Hamilton was now to use Nelson as the avenger of her dear Queen's wrongs. Some of the things which she caused her fawning lover to do and say at this time seem absolutely ridiculous.

He stopped the flight of the republicans and made them bring their ships under the range of his guns. One prominent republican by the name of Caracciola was hanged to the masts of Nelson's ship, as a warning to the republicans. "Send me word that more heads are cut off; nothing can please me as much," was one of Nelson's remarks. At another time he said: "I should like to have a present of a few heads of important people, if the weather were not so warm." Such outlandish statements are said to have been in imitation of the style used by Lady Hamilton in her letters and conversations. The great sea commander was actually copying

her mannerisms and speech. The power of a woman with physical beauty and an evil mind is incalculable.

Soon Ferdinand returned, and then began a series of disgraceful trials and punishments of republicans. Hundreds were executed, and many more cast into vile dungeons or expelled from the country. Among those put to death were some of the best men of the kingdom. It is pleasant to record that Caroline was not in Naples during this period of wholesale slaughter, but not quite so easy to prove that she was not a party to the outrage, for she was not far away, and her mind is known to have been the one which controlled Lady Hamilton in whose hands Nelson was nothing but a puppet.

In reward for his valuable services, Caroline bestowed upon Nelson the Duchy of Bronte in Sicily, where he pictured himself dreaming away his days in endless bliss in the presence of his fair enchantress. He was soon called to Minorca, but actually disobeyed orders rather than part from his charmer. Then in the summer of 1800 he returned to England taking with him the Hamiltons. He lived in their house and refused to attend any receptions unless Lady Hamilton was invited. His wife finally rebelled and the result was a separation. He never saw her again. He purchased a cottage in England where he lived with Lady Hamilton.

In 1803, Sir William Hamilton, probably to the relief of the lovers, died, and Nelson was permitted to continue his relations with the widow without interference. He was still living with her in apparent devotion when he went forth to fight the Battle of Trafalgar. Again he proved himself to be a genius in the command of ships at battle, but this time he paid for victory with his life. He lived to see the battle won, and died praying his government to remember in gratitude Lady Hamilton and the daughter she had borne for him, and never allow them to come to want.

His dying request was not granted. He left Lady Hamilton with a house and an annual income of five hundred pounds,

but she had formed extravagant habits and was soon living beyond her means. In 1808 she was imprisoned for debt, and was assisted to freedom by an English alderman. She fled to Calais where she died in want in 1815.

Lady Hamilton is supposed to have ruined the reputation of one of the greatest naval commanders in the history of England, but it is not certain that she marred his efficiency. Nelson was a warrior, which, to say the least, is a brutal occupation. Nothing stimulates a male animal to fight as does the hope of winning the plaudits of the female he loves. This is elemental in animal nature, and may be readily observed in field and forest. Nelson's devotion to Lady Hamilton was founded on overwhelming love. Such a love when first gratified renders a man inefficient and stupid like the anaconda which has just swallowed a deer. But later, when the object of his affection has been digested and assimilated into his nature, it strengthens and nourishes him. Hence if a man survives without serious injury the first gratification of such a powerful emotion, he is all the more to be dreaded in a combat.

In this remarkable enchantress Nelson found his ideal, his goddess, who always stood on the prow of his ship and encouraged him to fight and win for her sake. We may go a little further and set his ruling factors in the order which they undoubtedly occupied in the control of his actions. Back of Nelson was the spirit of Lady Hamilton cheering and encouraging him like the girls of a college, applauding the efforts of their football team, and back of Lady Hamilton was her dearest friend Caroline stimulating her to urge the commander to greater endeavors. Whether or not these women were good or bad did not matter in this case. Bad women have often been determining factors in history.

If such idealistic reflections are to be given weight — which will certainly not be true among the realists — we may see how, in the final analysis, Caroline was no incon-



siderable factor in the great Battle of Trafalgar. And what a victory it was for the British, and for the world outside of the continent of Europe! Napoleon's fondest dream was to parade a victorious army down the streets of London, and hear them scream: "Vive l'Empereur!" To humiliate England was the ambition of his life, which he expressed on many occasions, one of which was when he ceded the French possessions of the Mississippi Valley to the United States. But after the Battle of Trafalgar, he not only could not invade England, but he could not even capture little Sicily and wreak final vengeance upon the stubborn queen from Vienna.

In the spring of 1800 Caroline went by way of Trieste to Vienna, probably for the purpose of securing aid from Russia. She was in Schönbrunn from 1800 till 1802. Francis II., the Emperor, was her son-in-law, having married Maria Therese who was Caroline's daughter. The Emperor of Austria was not much disturbed by the misfortunes of his mother-in-law, and gave her but little attention. The Hapsburgs were never greatly interested in any one but themselves. But in Vienna there was a grandchild of Caroline, destined to become the second wife of the great Napoleon Bonaparte. Caroline was much devoted to this six-year-old girl who became her constant companion during the visit. It was a rare opportunity to influence the tender mind of the growing princess, and it is one of the ironies of fate that what Caroline told the infant concerning the conduct of Napoleon was eventually to be lodged in his very bosom, as we shall later see. Caroline departed from Vienna in 1802, and strange to say never returned until Marie Louise was again there with the infant son of the exiled Napoleon.

One reason Caroline went to Vienna was because she was in favor with the Russian Ambassador at that court, having previously known him at Naples. She may have succeeded in securing his assistance. At any rate, we know

that Russia lent aid to Naples shortly afterward. She left Vienna in August 1802 and arrived in Naples during March of the following year.

She was much disappointed in the changes which had occurred since she left in 1798. She was accorded a hearty reception, but wrote most despairingly of the condition of her realm. She found the land impoverished by wars and revolution, and said she feared she would be held responsible for what had occurred in her absence and wished the world to know the truth. But Caroline was soon to discover that disasters could also occur in her presence. She had incurred the hatred of Napoleon by flirting with the British, and was soon to be the victim of one of the most ungallant traits of his disposition.

After the Battle of Austerlitz on the second of December, 1805, Napoleon was master of the continent, and determined to put his brother on the throne in Naples. The British who had sheltered Caroline were obliged to withdraw to Sicily. The queen was quite impatient and even ill-humored over this withdrawal, which she foolishly called a desertion. It was only with difficulty that she was gotten aboard a ship, where she petulantly refused to allow the captain to lift the anchor. She was pouting like a child and would not permit the ship to move until the French troops were entering the city. Then the captain took matters into his own hands and sailed away to Palermo.

The Queen of Sicily was now protected by the British army and navy, but she sent forth one pitiful complaint after another concerning her unpleasant lot. "I am sent into a poor land, a land without resources. The air is bad for me. The winters are cold and damp and it snows in March as if it were the middle of winter. It is a terrible injustice and I pray God to visit vengeance upon my enemies."

Caroline lived eight years after her withdrawal from Naples, but she was never her real self again, and unfortunately for her these eight years of her life have been

rehearsed more than all the others put together. The result is that she has been somewhat misunderstood. She is supposed to have been a chronic and unreasonable scold, a persistent whiner who made life a burden for all who came in contact with her. She was forever invoking the wrath of God upon her enemies who in the end comprised about all the world. Napoleon she hated from the beginning, the Emperor of Austria she soon suspected, and before long she despised the British. Most of her accusations and and suspicious were fully justified. She was mistreated by all except possibly the British.

Lady Hamilton, John Acton and Lord Nelson had completely allied her with the English diplomatically, and had she continued to cooperate with them she would have fared much better in the end. But she was a woman who must rule or ruin everything with which she was connected.

But this does not excuse her enemies. It was unmanly and ungallant for Napoleon to gloat over her fall and make light of her as he did. "I am not surprised at Caroline's complaints, but her lectures make me tremble," he once remarked jokingly. There was sarcasm in that jest, but it eventually turned to ashes of irony. Caroline's wails were being repeated in Vienna to be stored in the plastic mind of a little princess who loved her grandmother. Perhaps Napoleon recalled some of them when the princess later, quite unconsciously, led him to such ruin and despair that he sought to end his life with poison.

The Queen of Naples was now only Queen of Sicily, but she was across the Straits of Messina, where the fruits of Nelson's victory at Trafalgar placed her beyond the reach of Napoleon. Partly on this account he never ceased to covet Sicily. The matter annoyed him until he once exclaimed: "I will never make another peace without winning Sicily." The importance of the island was also perfectly understood by the British who assumed a protectorate over it.

Caroline's lot in Palermo must have been a most un-

pleasant one, and made much more so by the fact that she was never resigned to her fate. Many of us have spent winters in Palermo and found it a most delightful place. There are many sunny days and the weather is never cold — not even as cold as Naples. But what Caroline wrote of the city would not make good propaganda in securing winter tourists. For a queen, who had lived in a luxurious court, her surroundings in Palermo were rather hard. On the way from Naples, the ship had encountered a storm and her household goods were all damaged by the waves. She was obliged to reduce her corps of servants because she did not have the money to pay so many. She said she never left her house except to go to church. She was over fifty years old and complained that she could no longer read to while away the time. This statement reminds us that spectacles are one of the greatest comforts in the world to people who have passed middle age, but even at that late date they were not in very common use.

But perhaps disappointed hopes and thwarted ambitions were the greatest tortures experienced by the spirited queen. "I hoped to make a great kingdom of Naples, but now I see a Bonaparte over my heir. My son is to inherit only Sicily. In such a land we may be left without money and even without bread — two old people to be tortured by seeing our children and grandchildren in want." Again, a little later she wrote: "Now we have lost the crown of Naples, and are also in danger of losing Sicily; then there will be no place for us to go but the sea. I hope my children and grandchildren may be luckier than I have been. What hope have we for our heirs? Shall we have Malta or Sardinia, or will Napoleon put a Bonaparte there also? What has become of the power of the pope? Where is the royal family of Spain? Before many years the Bourbons will be only a memory. But since I am to be sacrificed, I will play my part as well as I can."

Ferdinand, being less ambitious, was much happier un-

der such reduced circumstances. He turned part of the royal grounds into a dairy and sold milk to the people. He also went hunting and sold game. Being busy he was not so discontented. Leopold, the son and Crown Prince, also followed in the footsteps of his father. He made butter and sold it, much to the annoyance of his mother.

Joseph Bonaparte who was placed on the throne of Naples seemed to feel as if he should apologize to the Queen for having taken her throne. His disposition was quite the reverse of that of his great brother. There would have been no further encroachments on the sensitive Queen if matters had been left to him. Napoleon sensed this softness on the part of his older brother and tried to stiffen and harden his nature. He sent him lengthy letters of instructions and warning. "You must not trust the Neapolitans. Watch your kitchen and your person, lest you be poisoned outright. Do not allow any but French servants about your house. Above all do not have anything to do with the outlaw queen of Palermo." Joseph was too mild-natured to govern such an insubordinate kingdom as Naples. He controlled the city fairly well, but the country almost disregarded his authority. The whole land was disorderly and the coast was harassed by the British from the sea. Probably fearing Joseph's weakness, Napoleon in 1808, decided to move him to the position of king of Spain, and put on the throne of Naples a stronger king. He selected Joachim Murat, his cavalry commander.

So Caroline beheld on the horizon of her troubles another and more portentous danger. Murat, who was the son of an inn-keeper, was born in France in 1771. He was trained by his parents for the priesthood, but studied law in Toulouse. After spending all his money, he enlisted in the cavalry from which he was dismissed in 1789 for insubordination. After a long illness he was enlisted in the Constitutional Guards of Louis XVI. While living in Paris he became acquainted with another young soldier of fortune

by the name of Napoleon Bonaparte. They were kindred spirits and Napoleon appointed him to command his cavalry in his first Italian campaign. Later he went with Napoleon to Egypt and led the cavalry in the Battle of the Pyramids. By this time the rising young commander had become very intimate with his master, and in 1800 married Caroline Bonaparte, Napoleon's sister. Murat always commanded the cavalry in Napoleon's campaigns, and was most essential to the success of the conqueror.

In 1804 Napoleon made Murat governor of Paris, but, no matter what position the fiery cavalry leader held, he always left it to assist Napoleon in his campaigns. It was his fearless and skillful cavalry charges which usually won victory for Napoleon. Murat was quite conscious of the value of his services and expected to be appointed to the throne of Spain. Had Napoleon been satisfied with Joseph at Naples, he probably would have gratified the desire of his cavalry leader. But the Emperor felt that Murat was needed in Naples. This appointment was the beginning of a coldness between Murat and Napoleon.

Joachim Murat soon showed that he was quite a different king from Joseph. One of his first moves was to capture Capri from the British. This island was not far from Naples, but its loss taught the British that they were now dealing with an aggressive king who, unless carefully guarded, would soon pounce upon Sicily.

Just before the Battle of Leipsic in 1813, Metternich succeeded in separating Murat from Napoleon by offering to recognize him as King of Naples. Thus was Caroline deprived of her favorite throne by having it bargained away by her son-in-law, Francis II. of Austria, to a traitor. Strange to say the emissary who arranged the details of this pact was General Neipperg who afterward stole the wife of Napoleon. A secret clause in this agreement pledged Austria to use her influence to have Ferdinand and Caroline withdraw their claim to the throne of Naples.

When Murat took the throne at Naples, Great Britain realized the necessity of strengthening the defense of Sicily. In 1810 Lord Bentinck was sent to take command of the British forces. He was much more assertive than his predecessor. He assumed more and more control of the government of the kingdom, and in consequence Caroline was more disagreeable.

There are many who think that Bentinck conceived the idea of making a king of himself, and completely dispossessing Caroline. Whether this was true or not, the queen believed it. She saw the British strengthening their forces and usurping authority even to the extent of imposing duties and requiring tradesmen to secure licenses from the Bentinck regime. She resisted every encroachment, but was forced back step by step until she was almost entirely ignored. She wrote pitiful letters to the court of Vienna, not realizing how useless they were. "I have almost forgotten my enemies because of being continually trodden under foot by those who claim to be my friends, and for whom I have done so much."

She left the palace in Palermo and resided at Girgenti and other smaller towns. She could not endure the humiliations to which she was constantly subjected.

Finally charges were brought to the British government that Caroline was communicating with Napoleon and planning to betray the British garrison at Palermo. There are many who believe this charge, and there can be no doubt that Caroline would have done such a thing, if it had been possible. The British taxes were opposed by the people, and Caroline was accused of fostering discontent in the island. This also may have been true. It seems that such accusations were not made concerning Ferdinand nor the Crown Prince who was now almost a full-grown man. Caroline is said to have declared that she preferred the yoke of Paris to the shackles imposed from London. "Any place," she said, "is better than this where I am constantly humil-

iated by the British commander." But the British had suffered enough at the hands of Napoleon, and did not propose to take any chance of losing the important post of Sicily.

Once during this time Caroline wrote to Vienna asking permission to return to the court of Vienna, but Francis II. was likely afraid of her presence, and answered that he preferred for her to remain where she was. Certainly he did not wish to have her about while his minister was selling her throne to Murat. We can hardly blame him for that.

Caroline was such an annoyance to Bentinck, that he finally bearded the lioness in her den by a long interview which took place in January 1813. "As a friend," he said, "I advise you to leave the capital immediately, and if possible the island; otherwise the most unpleasant consequences will occur to yourself. I further warn you against seeking aid from other lands."

The Queen countered his demand by offering to sell the island or exchange it for some corresponding kingdom on the continent. This was taken under advisement, and, since she manifested symptoms of reason, he counseled her to return to the court of Vienna for permanent residence. She consented to go under certain conditions, which are rather interesting.

First, the English were to have no supervision of her voyage; second, she was to be allowed to withdraw her diamonds from the bank where they had been pledged for loans; third, a liberal pension was to be supplied for her, the Crown Prince, and her attendants, during their absence from Sicily; fourth, a Sicilian frigate was to be furnished for the trip; fifth, the commander was to be of her own selection; sixth, by withdrawing she waived none of the rights of herself nor the Crown Prince to the throne of Sicily or Naples. "Under such stipulations," she said, "I will depart with displeasure and suspicion." What supreme haughtiness! But the British made due allowances for what she had undergone and gallantly conceded her demands.



That Great Britain really had no designs upon the crown of Sicily, was afterward proved at the Congress of Vienna, when she willingly consented to return both Sicily and Naples to Ferdinand.

By April all was ready for the departure, but Caroline claimed to be in ill-health and postponed the journey till June. This was unfortunate, for it brought its end into the middle of winter and caused her much hardship. The actual start was made on the eighth of June, 1813. She traveled under the name of Princess of Castellamare, and was accompanied by Crown Prince Leopold.

This was destined to be the last journey of the Queen of The Two Sicilies, and it was certainly a most arduous one. On the nineteenth of June she arrived at Zante, one of the islands on the west coast of Greece. It was the intention of Caroline to sail up the Adriatic and land at Trieste, but she was warned of the danger of meeting unfriendly ships which might be expecting her. Hence she determined to make the much longer voyage by way of Constantinople. At the Dardanelles she was held up for fifteen days waiting for permission from the Turks to pass under the guns of the fortifications. The Turks were the traditional enemies of Austria, and were in no hurry to allow her to pass. While waiting she ran short of food, but the Mohammedans would not sell to Christian dogs, and were perhaps delighted at her distress. Finally they obliged her to remove all the cannons from her frigate and deposit them with the Porte; then she was permitted to pass. On the seventeenth of December she arrived at Odessa where she disembarked for the long overland journey to Vienna. At Odessa she met a friendly reception and the Russians welcomed her with a grand ball.

One can hardly think of making a journey from Odessa to Vienna in the dead of winter without shivering. But, when we dismiss all thoughts of warm railway coaches, it makes our teeth chatter. On Christmas day she was at Podolien,

and on the seventh of January arrived at the Austrian border. The tiresome trip was completed on January nineteenth when she reached Vienna, where she was welcomed and assigned to the royal palace in Hetzendorf.

We should remember that Caroline was at this time in her sixty-second year. Not many young women of the present day would care to duplicate such a hazardous and arduous journey. In consideration of the mental depression under which she labored, this last voyage reflects the greatest courage and endurance.

Caroline was in Vienna in time to be in touch with political affairs during the downfall of Napoleon, but it is doubtful if she derived much pleasure from the news which would have afforded her rapturous joy ten years earlier. By this time she probably regarded Napoleon as a less detestable enemy than the ones she believed had completed her ruin. She looked with disgust upon the British by whom she had been expelled from her last throne, and with suspicion upon Francis II. and his prime minister, Metternich.

It was not long before Marie Louise arrived with the infant son of Napoleon. Marie Louise was Caroline's own grandchild, and the grandmother soon learned to love the little King of Rome. She spent much time with Marie Louise and tried to give her motherly advice. At this time Napoleon's wife was forming her attachment to Count Neippberg, and the affair was not in accordance with Caroline's notions of wifely duties. Grandmother urged her to go to Elba and join her husband where she belonged according to the teachings of Catholicism. "I have heretofore complained very much of Napoleon," she said. "He had done me much harm, and I was very angry, but I was younger then. Now that he is unfortunate, I will forget my wrongs at his hands. When a man is separated from his wife, God holds them together. When a woman marries, it should be for life."

Caroline did not hesitate to assert her righteous opin-

ions in other ways. After Francis II. had married a third time, some one had taken his second wife's picture from the wall and hidden it. Grandmother hunted until she found it, and then placed it right over the Emperor's writing desk. We may easily imagine what a disturbing factor she was in the house of a step-daughter-in-law.

But she was not to remain a discordant element for very long. On the morning of the eighth of September, 1814, she was found dead on the floor of her chamber in her house in Hetzendorf. She was evidently taken ill during the night, and left her bed to find the bell and ring for assistance. Before she could reach it, she fell and expired of apoplexy.

The next day she lay in state, and on the following, her heart was placed in the Augustiner Church, her intestines in St. Stephan's, and her body in the vault of the Capucine with those of the departed Hapsburgs.

We do not know how Napoleon reacted to the tidings of her death, but we do know that he took much notice of her expulsion from Palermo. He received the news of her departure while at his headquarters at Dresden. It came in a newspaper from London. He expressed surprise that the papers of Paris had not made capital out of her expulsion, to turn the sentiments of the world against England. He at once sent word to Paris that the papers should publish the details of what the English had done to the Queen of Palermo.

Maria Caroline's record of motherhood surpassed that of her renowned parent, Maria Theresa. Between the years of 1772 and 1793, she bore eighteen children. Most of them died in infancy and childhood; only four survived her. One was her son, the Crown Prince of Naples.

Soon after her death, Ferdinand was restored to the throne of Naples where he died in 1825. One can hardly help regretting that the joy of a restoration to her rights was denied the ambitious and plucky Queen

The part which Caroline played in the affairs of her day entirely eclipsed the deeds of her husband. She was much the stronger personality of the two. She inherited the perseverance and domineering character of her distinguished mother without her good sense and judgment. But Caroline's misfortunes are largely accounted for by the fact that her lot was cast into the area of disturbances created by Napoleon. His reputation was not enhanced by the ungallant and heartless manner in which he dealt with Caroline, but she was abundantly avenged as we shall soon see.

As a historical character Caroline is outranked by her sister Marie Antoinette, her granddaughter Marie Louise, and her mother Maria Theresa. She was impatient in her wrongs, but in the end showed a disposition to forgive the one who had done her the most harm. She was certainly one of the strongest characters of her period.

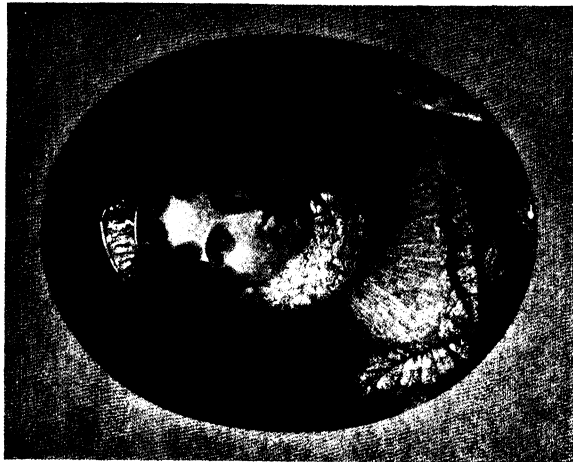
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## NAPOLEON'S WIFE

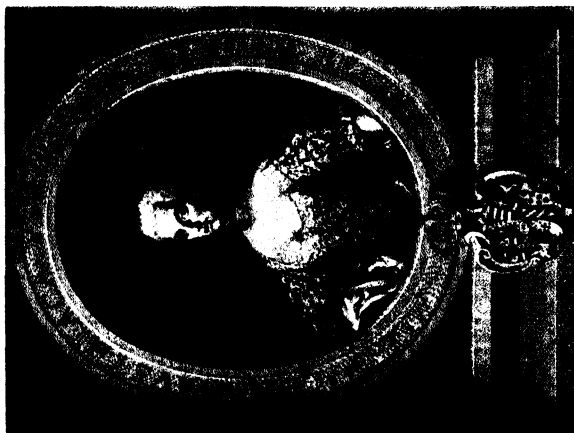
**I**F A successful general or ruler, in the prime of life and vigorous health, suddenly manifests mysterious signs of weakness, the cause of his disability sometimes — indeed very often — may be traced to a woman — *cherchez la femme*. There are many illustrations of this fact in history, but none more striking than the one we are now about to discuss, although its significance is apparently but little understood or recognized. Only by applying recent discoveries in psychology is the influence of Marie Louise upon the life of Napoleon to be explained.

In 1809 Napoleon had reached the apogee of his matchless career. He had toppled over thrones and tossed them aside as a child flings its toys about a nursery. All Europe was cringing at his feet, begging for mercy. He had conquered Spain, Italy, Austria, Prussia, and the German States, and forced Russia into an offensive and defensive alliance against her inclination. His campaigns had been almost miraculously successful. His presence on a field of battle was considered the equivalent of fifty thousand men. Even the Duke of Wellington, his bitterest foe, acknowledged that Napoleon was worth more than forty thousand soldiers in any campaign.

He had placed his relatives on the thrones previously occupied by the Bourbons, one of the most powerful dynasties of history, and had virtually compelled Francis II. of Austria to declare a dissolution of the Holy Roman Empire which had been in existence since the days of Charlemagne. He had also won for himself the title of Emperor of France, at that time the most powerful empire of the world. All



MARIE LOUISE



MARIE CAROLINE



this had been accomplished without the advantage of royal birth.

Napoleon had all the qualities necessary to insure the maintenance of his eminent position. He was the idol of a nation which had conquered the leading powers of the continent, and had won the envy, if not the admiration, of all the ruling houses of Europe. Alexander, Czar of Russia and a very shrewd observer of men, had declared him, "Great in war, great in peace, and great in alliances." Surely there was every reason to believe that the irresistible Corsican would continue his brilliant exploits.

There was but one more goal which he hoped to attain, the humiliation of England, and by the alliance with Russia he had splendid prospects of gratifying this ambition. It was for this very purpose that he had brought the Czar to his side, and he was both surprised and delighted to find a powerful ally so favorably disposed to his schemes. When he met Alexander at Tilsit, the Czar exclaimed, "Sire, I hate the British as much as you do." "In that case," replied Napoleon, "the alliance is already made." No better path to the conquest of the world had ever been spread for the feet of a warrior.

Immediately after his alliance with Russia, Napoleon added to his glory by a brilliant campaign in Spain, in which he defeated the British and sent them to their ships for shelter. His plans to humble England were progressing satisfactorily. This campaign closed with the autumn of 1808.

In the year of 1809 came the turning point of his life. He never won another campaign. Soon followed his disastrous invasion of Russia, and later his debacle after the Battle of Leipzig. Most of his critics agree that in his last campaigns his conduct was often unsound from a military standpoint, and unnatural to a man with the genius of Napoleon. On the sixth of April, 1814, he signed his abdication and retired to Elba a ruined man. Then came the brilliant flash — at which moment he was free of his



Nemesis — culminating in the Battle of Waterloo on June eighteenth, 1815, and he was forced into permanent exile.

Unquestionably Napoleon's conduct after 1809 was entirely different from what it had been before. Why was this? I respectfully suggest that the answer is to be found in a woman. It was in 1809 that he began to be abnormal in his conduct toward the fair sex. There is a plausible reason assigned for this. He desired an heir to the throne of France. But there is much else to be said in this connection. He was married to Josephine, who was six years older than himself. She was past forty-five, and the bloom of her young womanhood was beginning to fade. The change came too soon for the vigorous young Napoleon, who was still in the very prime of manhood.

Moreover Josephine was a parvenue — a parvenue — how he despised that word! It had been whispered at receptions, and along the corridors of council-chambers. Nobody intended that he should hear it, but he did, over and over again. He had heard even more. He had listened clandestinely to busybodies recounting how he was the son of a common clerk who died in bankruptcy, and how he had brought all his babbling kin to Paris, and with them had come their bakers, butchers, coachmen, and yes, even their mistresses. They were a cheap crowd, without talent or ability and they all came to leech from him who had fought his way unaided to the most exalted throne in all Europe. He was tired of being considered a parvenu. He craved an intimate connection with a legitimate royal dynasty, perhaps the Hapsburg; then he would be on an ethical basis with kings and courts — he would no longer be a parvenu.

Then too, he was a trifle weary of warfare. He had possibly reached the conclusion that there were other ways to gain dominions besides winning them by exposing himself to cannon balls and bullets. He was familiar with the softer and more comfortable method of the Hapsburgs, who usually acquired what they wished by marrying it. Why

should he, the most desirable emperor on the continent, not make use of such a pleasant device? The need of an heir gave the plan respectability in the eyes of the world. The desire was, of course, genuine and could probably be satisfied by the same grateful maneuver. He began to give out hints that he was seeking a divorce and a new wife.

Having once gotten this plan into his head, he proceeded with his usual promptness and vigor to put it into execution. Before he had even broached the subject to Josephine he had begun scheming for a new empress. Where should he seek her?

He said to his dignitaries, whom he had assembled to discuss the question: "I can wed a princess of Russia, Austria or Saxony; of one of the sovereign houses of Germany, or indeed a Frenchwoman; it only remains for me to designate the one who shall first pass under the Arc de Triomphe with me to enter Paris." It would be pleasant to flatter the national pride by marrying a Frenchwoman, but the Emperor thought powerful interests might dictate a different choice. No Hapsburg was ever more cold-blooded or calculating in arranging nuptials.

In marriage, as in battle, Napoleon believed in having two plans; so that if one failed he could fall back upon the other. He had reason to suppose that Czar Alexander would gladly donate his fifteen-year-old sister Anne to the cause of cementing an alliance between France and Russia. Then there was Marie Louise, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Francis of Austria. Three times Napoleon had fought the Austrians and had acquired considerable respect for them in battle. When one of his counselors, in speaking against an Austrian alliance, exclaimed: "Austria is no longer a great power," Napoleon interrupted him with the curt remark: "It is evident, Sir, that you were not at Wagram!" *Pourparlers* were opened with the ambassadors of both countries.

Overtures to the Czar were not received altogether favorably. Alexander replied that in family affairs his mother

Fedorovna was the supreme authority, and she was not certain of the advisability of giving Anne to Napoleon. She had asked some very pertinent questions. "Why had Napoleon decided to divorce Josephine? Since he had had no children by either Josephine nor any of his mistresses, was it certain that he was capable of becoming a father?" Fedorovna's hesitation advanced the candidacy of Marie Louise, although negotiations with Russia were not discontinued. Napoleon still wished to have his two plans in courtship as in battle. He was later to learn that a discarded plan was fraught with more evil consequences in matrimonial affairs than in military campaigns.

The decision presently turned in favor of Marie Louise of Austria, and a withdrawal of his proposal was sent to Russia. On the way it passed a message from Czar Alexander, refusing his sister Anne to Napoleon. This incident was unfortunate for Napoleon, as the Czar felt that his sister had been spurned in favor of an Austrian princess. He had not intended to give Anne to Napoleon, but did not appreciate having her jilted. This was the beginning of Napoleon's troubles with Russia and might have been avoided, if he had been in less haste. He was a bungler in playing the rôle of a Hapsburg.

Now we must tell about Marie Louise. As we have said she was the eighteen-year-old daughter of Francis II., Emperor of Austria. Metternich, prime minister of Austria, had sent on a rather favorable description of the princess. He said she was well formed, had a plump bust, small limbs, and a pleasant face. While she was plain, her figure was good, and he thought if she were well-dressed she might please the people of Paris. It was not a very glowing description, but, taken in connection with the fact that she was a Hapsburg, apparently satisfied Napoleon and his French advisers.

She was the daughter of Marie Therese who was the daughter of Marie Caroline of Naples and Palermo. Marie

Caroline was the sister of Marie Antoinette, and the time was just seventeen years after the latter had been so heartlessly guillotined in the French Revolution. Marie Louise's mother, who was dead, had always despised the French for reasons that are obvious. Hence we may say that the babe was born with a mental birthmark of hatred for France.

Marie Louise had a governess, Comtesse de Colloredo, who had suffered much at the hands of Napoleon, and she detested him. Three times, during childhood, Marie Louise had fled before the conquering hosts of Napoleon; once in 1797, again in 1805 and once more in 1809. During these exiles she had suffered much both physically and mentally. The Ogre from France had been a common subject of conversation in the family of which she was the eldest daughter.

Grandmother Caroline had visited the family when Marie Louise was a little girl. Her visit was due to the fact that she had fled from home before a French invasion of Naples. She was much devoted to her little granddaughter, and certainly stored her infant mind with poisonous dislike for the French. At that time hatred of the French was a second religion with Caroline, and she was a most diligent missionary.

Marie Louise's father, Francis II., had suffered the worst degradation at the hands of Napoleon that had ever been visited upon the proud House of Hapsburg. In addition to having his empire conquered three times, Francis II. had seen Napoleon twice established as master in the palace of Schönbrunn. The proud title of Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, which was a traditional possession of the Hapsburgs, had been abandoned on account of Napoleon's conquests and Francis had tried to save his face by declaring himself Emperor of Austria. With the Emperor's family the downfall of Napoleon was more than a wish, it was a prayer.

That all this inherited and carefully nurtured hatred had not failed to sink deeply into the heart of the princess is revealed by many of her letters to her father. In 1809 she

wrote, "We have learned with joy that Napoleon was present at a great battle and lost. May he also lose his head. Many predictions are made here about his coming end. They say he is going to die this year. I do not attach much importance to these predictions, but how happy I should be to see them come true!"

That same year the family was compelled to flee to Budapest when Napoleon captured Vienna for the third time. During the flight, the children had suffered much. The journey was made in a pouring rain and over miserable roads. On the way, Marie Louise says they were all housed in one chamber furnished with a bed, a torn sofa and four chairs; all full of bedbugs. The princess, so rudely dragged from the luxuries of Schönbrunn and the Hofburg, could compare Napoleon to nothing which expressed her feelings so well as a bedbug. When she heard that the family was to return to Vienna during negotiations with the conqueror, she said: "I only hope that he will be far from the place where Mamma and I are to stay, for I dread a visit from him and assure you that even to see him would be to me a worse torture than martyrdom."

A little later, upon hearing rumors of the separation of Napoleon from his wife, she wrote, "They talk of a separation of Napoleon from his wife; I think they even speak of me as the one to take her place, but in that they are mistaken, for Napoleon is in too much fear of a refusal, and too anxious to injure us to make such a demand."

I have dwelt at length upon the birth, growth and full development of hatred for Napoleon in the heart of Marie Louise, for it was destined to be of the greatest importance psychologically. It was assimilated into her growing soul and became as much a part of her mind as her heart and lungs were a part of her body. It was absolutely fundamental in her disposition.

But at about this time other influences asserted themselves, and they had a tendency to repress, but certainly

could not destroy, this hatred. She began to entertain alluring reflections concerning the glitter of the French crown. She was dazzled by pictures of the brilliancy of the French court. What wonderful social prestige it could bestow! What fine clothes, what jewels, what luxurious equipage! Marie Louise like all girls of her age probably was fond of building castles in the air.

Hence we are not greatly surprised to find her soon writing in a slightly modulated tone. "Since the divorce of Napoleon, I open every gazette of Frankfort with the idea of finding in it the nomination of the new wife, and I admit that this delay gives me involuntary uneasiness. I place my fate in the hands of divine Providence, which alone knows what can make us happy. But, if misfortune demands it, I am ready to sacrifice my personal happiness for the good of the state, persuaded that one only finds true felicity in the accomplishment of one's duty, even to the prejudice of one's inclinations. I do not want to think any more about it, but my mind is made up, although it will be a double and painful sacrifice." We now see that a decided change had taken place. Between the lines we may almost read that she was not objecting to a marriage with Napoleon. Perhaps pleasant thoughts of becoming Empress of France had pushed her hate into the background of her heart. This was but natural in a girl of nineteen.

Shortly after this her father gave her official news of the proposal, and she, with a due show of reluctance, bowed her consent. No doubt she excused herself on the ground that every true Hapsburg must yield to the emperor's will in marriage. This had been born and bred into the daughters of the House.

In diplomatic circles the question had been precipitately brought to a conclusion by the restless Napoleon. Having decided in favor of the Austrian princess he sent for the Austrian Ambassador and told him he was ready to espouse the Archduchess Marie Louise, and gave him but a few

hours to assent. It was brusquely intimated that any delay would be regarded as a refusal. So certain was the Ambassador that the decision would be agreeable to Francis II. that he immediately assented. By noon of the next day the contract had been drawn and signed.

Napoleon then searched the records of the Bourbons for rules of etiquette governing such a marriage, and it seems ironical that he selected the very plan used in the marriage of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. for a model. He might have spared Marie Louise the humiliation of following exactly in the footsteps of the unfortunate princess who had but a few years before gone so blithely to her martyrdom, but he did not.

But there were still difficulties to be brushed aside by the ruthless Napoleon. The Catholic Church had something to say about the divorce of Josephine — not very much, but a little; just enough to keep itself from being left out altogether. The divorce, or rather annulment of marriage to Josephine, was asked on three grounds: first, that the ceremony had not been performed by a priest of the parish, as required by the canonical laws; second, that no witnesses had been present; and third, that Napoleon had been unduly constrained to give his consent before his coronation. We may say that an annulment placed Josephine in the degraded category of a concubine.

The marriage had been solemnized by the pope, who refused to take part in Napoleon's coronation otherwise, since he claimed Josephine had been the mistress of Napoleon. Hence it appeared that undue influence had been exercised upon the Emperor, and the ecclesiastical board decided to annul the marriage of Napoleon and Josephine. Then the Archbishop of Vienna made himself a trifle conspicuous by refusing to perform the ceremony which Francis demanded in Austria. Finally all the scruples of the prelates had been removed. We say finally, but in fact the delay, on account of the objections of the church, only held

up the ceremonies for the space of about two weeks. The wedding with Archduke Charles substituting for the groom took place in the Church of St. Augustine in Vienna on the eleventh day of March, 1810.

On the twelfth, Francis II. dispatched a fatherly message to Napoleon saying: "I wish to express to Your Imperial Majesty the attachment which I have vowed to a prince who, since yesterday, is one of the most precious members of my family. At this moment, I do no more than to pray Him to receive the assurances of my unalterable friendship." Then the bride with all her buried and suppressed hatred and fresh varnish of adoration set forth in royal state to meet her lord, the Emperor of France.

That Napoleon was almost overcome with eagerness to possess himself of his German bride is proved by his conduct as she approached. For a whole week he waited at Compiègne so as to be near at hand. On the twenty-seventh of March he received a letter saying she was at Rheims. A pavilion had been arranged near Compiègne for her reception, but Napoleon set out in a coach to intercept her. It was pouring rain when he reached the first relay station, where he waited until the bridal train came in sight. No sooner had her carriage arrived than he rushed to the door, opened it, and took her into his arms. A courier was then sent ahead to announce the arrival at Compiègne for ten o'clock the same evening. Their Majesties' gilded carriage hurried past the pavilion without even halting. At nine o'clock the imperial pair was announced in Compiègne by a salute of cannon. Napoleon appeared with his bride on his arm and conducted her into the luxurious palace where he accompanied her to her room. The guests waited restlessly. All were hungry and thirsty, and delicious odors stimulated impatient tormenting appetites — how could the royal pair be so inconsiderate? After a long hour,



the chamberlain appeared and announced, "Their Majesties have retired!"

The next morning Napoleon said to some men of the court, "My dear fellows, marry German girls, they are the best wives in the world." From that night Napoleon was a different man. The little Hapsburg princess had carried the trenches and securely established herself in the citadel of his heart. She had met the enemy and he was hers. He became a model husband but a poor warrior.

Grand ceremonials were held in Paris. The Arc de Triomphe was not yet finished, but it was completed artificially in wood and canvas for the reception of the imperial bride. Bands played, soldiers marched, cannons boomed, and dignitaries strutted in a grand parade. The procession marched down the Champs-Élysées and passed the Concorde where had stood the guillotine for Marie Antoinette but seventeen years before. The church ceremony was performed in the Louvre.

Napoleon had been forced to leave Josephine for the front in Italy within forty-eight hours of his first marriage. But he was determined that nothing should tear him from the arms of Marie Louise. His entire manner and behaviour altered. His attire showed meticulous care, something entirely new for him. Instead of brusqueness, he manifested politeness and affability. He became a nice man and a gentle husband, which descriptions do not necessarily imply that he was a good statesman or an efficient warrior.

The letters which Marie Louise sent home indicated that she was charmed with her husband. She wrote, "I am as happy as it is possible to be. I find the Emperor extremely kind and affectionate." A little later she wrote, "I do not fear Napoleon, but I have begun to think he is afraid of me." Perhaps this was true, he seems to have had a sense of fear for this German princess.

His absorption in domestic bliss was soon seriously

reflected in the neglect of important affairs of state. He was needed in Spain, but continually delayed his departure on one pretext or another. No doubt he reasoned that after so many strenuous years of warfare, he was entitled to bask for a season in domestic felicity. He failed to see important messengers and allowed his dispatches to go unread. The conqueror was devoting himself entirely to his new bride.

Soon there was a trip to Belgium, really a honeymoon outing, but it was conducted with great pomp and eclat. There were thirty-five carriages and six hundred men in the guard. He was showing off for the benefit of his bride. The imperial bridegroom descended the Scheldt and entered Antwerp with a loud flourish of trumpets, delivering orders and reprimands in a bombastic manner. Marie Louise was supplied with money to give to the poor and make expensive presents to the maidens who welcomed her with flowers; nothing was denied her on this triumphant voyage.

But she did not respond to all these marks of devotion as the people expected. She had little to say, and was dumb at the very times when tactful speeches of appreciation were in order. She was bashful and embarrassed in the presence of her worshippers. Napoleon made excuses for her, saying she had but a poor command of the French language. Once she arose to make some graceful acknowledgment at his suggestion, but was immediately taken ill and had to be removed from the place.

Psychologically this is easily explained. She was anxious to say something appropriate, but the buried hatred in her heart rose and forbade her to speak. She probably did not realize this herself and wondered why the words would not come.

After the honeymoon Napoleon continued to hide himself in the palace. Important councils were kept waiting for hours, and when he arrived he did not seem interested in the discussions. Plots, of which he knew or cared but little, were being formed in foreign lands. His one desire was to

see that Marie Louise was happy. In July he was able to write to his dear father-in-law that there were new "probabilities" in the family — "In fact Marie Louise begins to be a little monstrous." August was spent in the Trianon and in the palace at St. Cloud. Much time was devoted to revising the etiquette of the royal house. He framed rules as to whose carriage should come first in a procession and who should precede when marching to dinner. Such questions appropriated the mind of the conqueror of a continent.

A great deal of care was devoted to the coming accouchement of the queen. The rooms intended for her confinement had to be all done over. Then he thought much of his son. Plans were considered for a suitable palace for the prince; it should even surpass Versailles, and excel any palace thus far seen in the entire world. That was for the future. For the present there must be a private garden for the prince, and it must be connected by an underground passage with the Tuileries. Also the queen must be entertained and amused. For the latter purpose he had light operas performed in the palace.

The son should bear the title of King of Rome which sounded like the one the proud father had forced Francis II. to abandon. No other title was sufficiently august for such a prince. He must take his station among the successors of Charlemagne and the Caesars.

On the twentieth of March, 1811, the new King of Rome was born. Everybody knew it, for cannons were fired, trumpets sounded, and crowds screamed, "Vive l'Empereur!" The shops of Paris closed and the city gave itself over to a holiday of frenzied joy.

The political results of the marriage were all unfavorable to Napoleon. The French people were not flattered by his choice of an Austrian bride. They had but recently beheaded one Austrian queen and now they were confronted with another. They would have preferred a French girl, or perhaps even a Russian. There had been too many wars between

Austria and France in recent years. Then they thought the queen was cold, and unappreciative of the honors conferred upon her when she appeared in public, and contrasted her conduct with that of Josephine who had been so gracious whenever she came in contact with the people.

Also, the unnecessary rejection of the Russian princess without waiting for a definite answer had offended Czar Alexander who soon began to make trouble for Napoleon. Even Austria was not long in showing signs of weakening in her devotion to the new alliance.

In 1812 the Russian crisis forcibly recalled Napoleon from his blissful lethargy. Russia pretended to believe that the Emperor of France would restore the Kingdom of Poland, and Austria apparently feared the same. There were other matters over which disputes arose, but certainly at the very bottom of Russia's enmity was the fancied jilting of Czar Alexander's sister Anne. How often the rocks which have wrecked empires have proved to be women!

That Marie Louise had not changed her loyalty so completely as had Marie Antoinette is suggested by a letter which she wrote her father in April, 1812. "The Emperor charges me to give you his best regards, and to assure you that, if there is war one of these days, he will take me with him to Dresden, where I shall remain a month or two, and where he hopes also to see you. You cannot conceive, my dear father, the joy which this prospect gives me." This letter is discreet, but shows unconscious devotion to father and fatherland.

But there was another letter which showed how the wife's unconscious tendencies got the better of her shallow love for her husband. It was written to her father, the Emperor of Austria, just before the outbreak of hostilities between Austria and France. In this contest, her father was doomed to be on one side and her husband on the other. She wrote her father as follows: "I received your letter three days ago; it grieved me very much because I realize

the last hope of peace is gone. I pity you inwardly, my dear Papa, for I am persuaded that this war will bring many misfortunes. Count upon me, my dear Papa, and if I can be of any service to you after the issue of events, I will render it willingly."

On the ninth of May, 1812, Napoleon left with the Empress for Dresden. There he conducted a series of fêtes before undertaking his campaign in Russia. They were met by the Emperor and Empress of Austria. Here we are told that Napoleon completely failed to win the approval of his stepmother-in-law whom he had never met before. She gave him to understand that she was opposed to allowing Austria to participate in the war with Russia.

I cannot withstand the temptation to call attention to the fact that here is another Viennese woman who was a decisive factor in the history of Europe. If this third wife of Francis II. had permitted him to engage, to the best of his ability, in the war with Russia, the subsequent history of Europe might read very differently. It is quite certain that she controlled her husband completely and that she despised Napoleon. She was settling destinies.

Napoleon, without waiting for aid from Austria, set out to conquer Russia alone. By the fourteenth of September he had captured Moscow, but the Russians set the city on fire, and the rest of the story is well known. Leaving his army to get back as best it could, Napoleon hastened to Marie Louise in Paris, where he arrived on the eighteenth of December. Practically his whole army had been sacrificed in this unwise campaign.

The loss of prestige from such a disaster was tremendous. Europe had discovered that Napoleon was not infallible. He realized this and was disgusted that Austria had not come to his assistance. He held a long conference with Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador, and at the close exclaimed, "I made a stupid blunder when I married an Austrian Archduchess."

Metternich politely answered, "Since your Majesty wishes to know my opinion, I will say frankly that Napoleon, the conqueror, made a mistake."

"Yes," replied Napoleon, "what you tell me does not surprise me. I understand today the full extent of my error. It will perhaps cost me my throne, but I will bury the world under the ruins!"

By 1813 Napoleon found himself at war with the combined forces of Austria, Russia and Prussia; all commanded by emperors. The first season ended with the destruction of his army at Leipzig in October. Some military critics say this campaign was the most unsound of any ever fought by Napoleon.

He returned to Paris and attempted to organize another army, but France was exhausted, and almost ready to repeat the scenes of the revolution. Treason was everywhere, and Napoleon exclaimed: "The whole world seems to be against me." A legislative body proceeded to set itself up as the government. But he was not like Louis XVI.; the body was promptly dispersed.

Soon the news came that the coalition forces had crossed the Rhine and were marching on Paris. With an army of fifty thousand men Napoleon set out to meet the invaders. He determined to pass to the rear of the enemy and cut the lines of communication, hoping the coalition forces would follow him. He was deceived. They continued their march to Paris. Upon seeing this he started back by forced marches to intercept them before they reached the capital. When half way between Fontainebleau and the city he heard that Paris had capitulated. His abdication was quickly demanded. At first he made it in favor of his son, but on April sixth, 1814 was compelled to sign an unconditional abdication.

About this time Marie Louise wrote to her father begging him to give her and her son a place of refuge. "I am convinced that you do not wish to give my son the island

of Elba as his only heritage. The child, who is innocent of all the faults of his father, does not deserve to share with him so sad a position."

On April eleventh, Metternich arrived in Paris and made known the terms of peace. To Marie Louise were assigned the duchies of Parma, Piacenza and Guastalla. She had fled to Orleans and on the way had been robbed of her jewels. Metternich wrote her that the best plan for the present would be for her to return to Vienna. The invitation was accepted with joy and she at once made arrangements to depart. That night Napoleon took a dose of poison, but was saved by his physician.

For a few days Marie Louise was in communication with Napoleon, but much of the correspondence was concerning money. It seems that she had control of all the money the Emperor possessed in actual cash. She sent him part of it but kept some because she said she would need it for herself and son. But Napoleon never received the money she claimed to have sent.

Then the Emperor of Austria came to Paris, and wrote to Napoleon, politely asking him to allow Marie Louise to visit in Schönbrunn before joining him at Elba. He assured Napoleon that the son would be treated as a member of the imperial family, and signed himself, "A good Father-in-law." Napoleon must have scowled when he read that signature. The Hapsburgs were always good to their families, provided it did not interfere with duties of state — even then they maintained a formal affection.

On the twenty-ninth of June, Marie Louise set out for the baths of Aix in Savoy to rest and recuperate. There she met General Count Neippberg with whom she fell madly in love. He was an Austrian officer and diplomat who had met her before in Paris and Dresden. General Neippberg was a most interesting character, a brave soldier with charming manners but an unsavory record among women. Although he was blind in one eye and

wore over it a black patch, he was a successful "heart-smasher." "Inside of six months," boasted General Neippberg, "I will be her lover and later her husband."

In but a few short months, Marie Louise had become Neippberg's mistress. Napoleon retired to Elba on the twentieth of April, 1814. On the first of May, 1817 his wife bore a daughter to Neippberg. In August 1819 a son was born and, to use a German expression, "another lay under her heart" at the time of her husband's death in 1821. There had been no divorce; being a devout Catholic, she had asked for none. The scandalous conduct of Marie Louise became the favorite gossip of Europe. Metternich was requested by France to put a stop to it, but he did nothing about it.

Immediately upon the death of Napoleon, Marie Louise made a morganatic marriage with Neippberg and bore him, in all, three children. But she almost entirely neglected Napoleon's son, who never accompanied her to Parma, but always lived at Schönbrunn under the care of his grandfather Francis II. Her first husband passed out of her life, leaving scarcely a trace upon her heart, and apparently only an unpleasant memory. She refused to receive or answer his letters. The boy, who was a disagreeable legacy from his father, was avoided as much as decency permitted. She seldom came to Schönbrunn, and wrote her son but few letters.

Such conduct on the part of Marie Louise met with the approval of her family. When Napoleon retired to Elba, it was presumed that his wife would soon join him; she was hindered from doing so by her father and his minister Metternich. But Grandmother Caroline of Naples, who had been one of the principal missionaries in planting hate in the girl's heart, urged her granddaughter to go to her husband. She said were she in Marie Louise's place, she would tear her sheets to strips and make a rope to let herself down from



a window in order to escape and join the man to whom she had been united in marriage.

Marie Louise may have entertained the plan of going to Elba after visiting her family in Schönbrunn, but the idea soon left her mind, and she apparently forgot all about it. She fell in love with Neippberg, and tried to banish her unpleasant memories of Napoleon. In a short time she was about in the same attitude toward him as during her girlhood when she had likened him to a bedbug. Her experiences in Paris were but bad dreams of which the boy was an unwelcome reminder.

The son, however, was a sort of a Banquo's ghost at Schönbrunn. The House of Hapsburg naturally suspected that he might have inherited the qualities of his father, and hardly knew whether to regard him as an asset or a menace. He was carefully watched and guarded like a prisoner. His tutors were most cautiously chosen, and his education magnified into a problem of the empire. Metternich disliked the boy and gave instructions that he should never be told of the heroic deeds of his sire, and above all should not be allowed to communicate with him by letter. The following conversation between the seven-year-old boy and his instructor Collin, illustrates how carefully the child was kept from learning anything definite of his father.

"Why do people call me the King of Rome, Collin?"

"That comes from the time of your father, my boy."

"Did Rome belong to him?"

"No, my child, Rome belongs to the pope."

"Where is my father, Collin, in Rome?"

"No, not at all."

"I believe my father is in East India."

"No, not there either."

"Is he in America?"

"Why should he be in America?" replied Collin.

"Where is he then, please tell me?"

"I cannot tell you, my boy."

"I heard he was in England and was sent away from there," volunteered the child.

"That is wrong. You hear much that is untrue."

"Yes, I also heard that he is very miserable."

"Why should he be miserable?" asked Collin.

"I do not know, but is he, Collin?"

"How can such a thing be possible or even probable?" answered the instructor.

The position of the tutor became so intolerable that he finally appealed to the Emperor. Francis II. then overruled Metternich and gave orders that the boy be given truthful and fair answers to all questions. The young Prince was soon satisfied and asked no more.

Metternich had a terror of this little child, probably because he had been so intimately acquainted with the father. A botanist, who had worked at Schönbrunn, received a package from the boy's chambermaid, and carried it to Napoleon at Helena. It contained a short letter from the maid telling of the child's condition, and, to the great delight of Napoleon, she had enclosed a lock of the boy's hair. When the botanist returned he was arrested and brought before the cabinet. He bore a parcel from Napoleon with a message for the son and an affectionate greeting to Marie Louise. Metternich brought the affair to the attention of the English government, which in turn censured the guards of Helena. Marie Louise on her part disavowed any complicity in the awful crime. What an alarm over a few hairs!

Napoleon had given his son the title of King of Rome, but the powers promptly canceled this after the conqueror had been sent into exile. It was then incumbent upon Austria to find a suitable appellation for the prince, and the cabinet became much excited over the task. "Archduke of Babenberg" was mentioned, but Metternich had a dread of reviving a memory of the dynasty which had preceded the Hapsburgs. Finally some one thought of the Duchy of Reichstadt, a place which did not exist on the map of the Austrian Empire. This

was agreeable to the powers, and accordingly the title of "Duke of Reichstadt" was conferred upon the child. It carried with it no estate and but little honor.

On the twenty-second of July 1821, when the duke was ten years old, came the news of the death of his father. The boy wept bitterly. We have no account of how the message affected Marie Louise. But a short time afterward, she referred to the subject in a letter to a friend. The death of her husband was apparently a trifling matter with her, except that it freed her to marry the man with whom she was living as a mistress. I quote from her letter to the friend: "I confess that I was impressed by his death. Although I never had any warmth of feeling for him, I cannot forget that he was the father of my son. Everyone seems to think that he used me badly, but such was not the case. He was always thoughtful of me, which is all one can expect from a political marriage. I am very sad. However, one should be glad that his troubled existence is at an end, even though I wished him many years of pleasant life — of course far removed from myself." Then the letter goes on in a light vein to say, "There are so many mosquitos here. My face is so bitten that I look like a scarecrow. I am glad no one sees me." She was apparently not much more concerned about the death of her husband than over the mosquito bites on her face.

As the boy grew to manhood, the anxiety concerning him waxed more intense in Austria. It was a strange mixture of hope and fear: hope, that he might shed luster to the House of Austria, and fear, that the empire might again feel the edge of a Napoleon's sword. Louis Philip, of the house of Orleans, was sitting unsteadily on the throne in France. The military party was casting longing eyes toward Schönbrunn, hoping to see another Napoleon emerge and lead the French to victory. Secret messengers were sent to Austria inviting the Duke of Reichstadt to come and claim the title of Emperor of France. The cordon of guards

was strengthened and the young man watched more carefully.

But minute agencies sometimes remove immense problems. We now believe the bite of an insect laid Alexander the Great low with typhus fever, and the similar fate of Suleiman the Magnificent has already been mentioned. Tubercle bacilli entered the lungs of Napoleon's son and soon stretched him on his bed in a mortal illness. He died on the twenty-second of July 1832, at the age of twenty-one. He had been confined to his bed for weeks. His mother arrived in Schönbrunn on the twenty-fourth of June, having been almost peremptorily summoned by Metternich. She spent but little time with her son. The night he died he called, "I am going, I am going — my mother, call my mother!" But before she could be brought into the room he was unconscious and did not recognize her. He was denied the blessing of a mother's presence in his last conscious moments.

On the twenty-fourth, the body lay in state and was viewed by the public. The next day there was a state funeral in Augustiner Church and the body was placed in the vaults of the Capucine Church. He died in the very same room which his father had occupied twice as master of Schönbrunn. A great problem had been solved for the state, and we may also add that a source of annoyance had been removed for Marie Louise.

Incidentally we note that Napoleon cherished the memory of Marie Louise to the very day of his death. One of his last messages was sent to her. He called one of his friends to his bedside and begged him to carry a message to his wife. He said: "Up to the last moment, I have conserved for her the most tender sentiments. Tell her that I have loved her tenderly, and that I have never ceased to love her."

On his deathbed, the Duke of Reichstadt said, "My birth and my death are the whole story of my life; I am glad my cradle will be near my sepulchre, for nothing belongs between them."

Francis II. was not in Vienna at the time of his grandson's death. He had left on a tour of inspection of the realm some months before. When he returned, preparations had been made to illuminate the city in his honor. Upon receipt of the news, he shed tears and begged his subjects not to celebrate his return under such sad circumstances.

Metternich was known to have such a dislike for the Duke of Reichstadt that he was accused of having poisoned the prince. In Germany and France this accusation was widely circulated and articles appeared in the press showing how tuberculosis might readily follow arsenical poisoning. Some pretend to believe this report to this day.

Maria Louise continued to rule as Duchess of Parma until her death in 1847. She was held in rather high esteem by her subjects and exercised her authority with sound judgment and commendable liberality.

The French people have never accorded Marie Louise the honor of having been the consort of their national idol. To them Josephine is the beloved wife of their heroic Little Corporal. Their real reason for refusing to honor Marie Louise is an unacknowledged and perhaps unconscious one. Frenchmen will not grant that their great Napoleon was the victim of a foreign princess; they are too proud for that.

But regardless of what the French believe, Marie Louise was the direct cause of Napoleon's downfall. His decline began at the exact time he first associated himself with the German princess. It was not a coincidence, for it is easy to see how his infatuation for her devoured his zeal for the empire. She lulled him to sleep just long enough for his enemies to encompass him with disaster. For Napoleon to take a vacation of one year meant his ruin, for his position was a most peculiar one. A beast of the wild could just as safely have taken a vacation lying in a highway during the open season for hunting. Alertness was the price of his safety.

No siren ever lured a bark to the rocks of Lorelei more unerringly than Marie Louise led Napoleon to his doom. Was she a Delilah shearing the locks of a Samson, or a Jael driving a spike into the temple of a Sisera? That is one of the puzzles of history. Her after life led many to assert that she was just such a character.

But this view of her conduct is unpsychological. There was a marked contrast between the training of Marie Antoinette and Marie Louise. The former went to France without inherited or cultivated hatred. Her young plastic mind was almost empty, but what little it did contain was all favorable to France. Her training, such as it was, had been begun early and was planned with a view of preparing her to be a French queen. Maria Theresa had bestowed upon her very little personal attention, but she had given the child a French name, and done what she could to surround her with French influences. Exactly the opposite was true of Marie Louise. Hatred for the French, who had guillotined her great-aunt, was an inherited tendency with her. Grandmother, stepmother, father and governess had carefully tilled and watered the plant of animosity. Her own experience in fleeing before the conqueror had stimulated its growth. Repressing influences were delayed until she was nineteen years old, and by that time her likes and dislikes were fixed. It was too late to insert anything fundamental into her soul. It was only possible to whitewash her mind with a thin coat of love for Napoleon and France.

The force of inherited tendencies and antipathies cultivated in early life is well known; it is both scriptural and proverbial. Moreover, such influences often exercise their power against the will and outside the realm of consciousness. They impel us to acts which we cannot explain, acts which are quite involuntary. Try as we will, we cannot entirely escape our unconscious early tendencies. Individuals with strong will-power may resist them to a certain degree, but it is doubtful if they can be absolutely abolished.

Napoleon was a natural psychologist in the management of kings and armies, but a very poor one in love affairs. He was rather easily overwhelmed by women. The manner in which he was swept off his feet by Josephine is an illustration of this weakness. In his marriage with her he was fortunate. He certainly loved her as well as he did Marie Louise, but, within forty-eight hours of his wedding with Josephine, she permitted, and possibly encouraged, him to go to his army in Italy. Marie Louise did nothing of the sort. If she had been voluntarily playing the rôle of a sorceress, she could not have acted it better than she did. She was taking just such a rôle involuntarily and quite unconsciously.

Napoleon surely had no intention of becoming so completely engrossed in this little German princess. Being a man of great spontaneity, and unbridled passions, he fell in love with her physically. At the beginning he thought principally of securing an heir, and connecting himself with an established dynasty. From this he stepped to infatuation and ended in a complete and ruinous obsession. He deliberately bared his breast for the sting of the serpent of hate whose poison rendered him helpless.

Marie Louise, having finished her act in 1814, walked off the stage and took up the natural course of her life. She returned to her former likes and dislikes, spurned Napoleon, and fell in love with General Neippberg, whose nationality and disposition suited her early training and inherited tendencies. Being a devout Catholic, she could not readily secure a divorce, but she was impelled by her natural love to begin illicit relations with Neippberg before the death of Napoleon. With the removal of the great commander she married her lover and raised a family, with little or no apparent emotion over her unsavory record. She had only been acting in Paris, and had left the stage for life.

Whatever the explanation may be, the fact remains that this little princess, quite unaided, accomplished something which all the armies of Europe had failed to do, and something

which she wished to see accomplished until a short time before her marriage. Her after life indicated that she returned to her former mental attitude, and was not sorry that Napoleon had been removed from the troubled arena of European affairs.

Napoleon has often been denominated the incarnate spirit of the revolution. How strange it appears that the incarnate spirit should be overcome by a scion from the same branch as the one which the revolution destroyed at the guillotine in 1793. It seems as if there is an all-powerful hand holding human destinies in its palm and dealing out fates according to the inflexible law of compensation.

Perhaps we may say that the removal of Napoleon was the greatest blessing conferred upon Europe in centuries. The conquests of the Caesars and Alexander were accompanied by a diffusion of knowledge and culture, but Napoleon conquered merely for the sake of conquest. Europe was weary of battles. The people were tired of looking through their windows into streets full of French soldiers — tired of hearing them cry, "Vive l'Empereur!" That a little princess of Vienna should render such an unexpected service so blithely, so graciously and so unconsciously, was incomprehensible, and even to this day the world scarcely realizes what she did or how she did it; and the irony of it is, that in dealing with her, Napoleon got just about what he deserved.

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## A DAUGHTER OF THE EAST

"DID you see that, mamma?"

"Yes, I saw it all, daughter."

"Did you see how he kissed my hand?"

"Yes, did he bite your finger?"

"A little. What shall I do? He wants every dance with me."

"But Stephanie is here."

"Stephanie! He hates her, poor man. They say he struck her in the face with his fist only a little while ago. I'm not afraid of her."

"But the Emperor, Marie, the Emperor! We must be cautious. Remember this is the Crown Prince."

It was at the Polish ball, the gayest fête of the carnival season of Vienna in the year 1887, and the girl was Baroness Marie Vetsera. She was not native born — not an *echte Wienerin* — but a daughter of the East. She hailed from Constantinople, the home of Theodora, Irene and Roxelana, the city of crafty women and heartless men. The Baroness may not have been born there, but she had lived there.

Her nationality was Greek. Her grandfather had been a banker, first in Paris and then in Constantinople, and starting as a penniless clerk had amassed a fortune of several million dollars, then he died. Her father was an Austrian diplomat, and about all he had done for the family was to supply the title. He also was dead, and the mother had brought her two daughters, Hannah and Marie, aged eighteen and sixteen respectively, to Vienna to break into society and marry as well as possible. They had enter-

tained lavishly, frequented the races, and finally were received into the exclusive set. They had scaled one of the steepest social declivities of Europe, and had arrived.

The marriage trap had been set for some time, baited with gold and two debutantes, one, Marie, being very beautiful. They had waited patiently and were a trifle discouraged because all big game had avoided the snare, but now they were surprised, astonished, — almost terrified — at what had walked into it. They knew all about Crown Prince Rudolph, all about Crown Princess Stephanie, and much about their domestic infelicity. Everybody in Vienna knew the whole story by heart. Not much had appeared in the papers, but the news had been published by whispered conversations, significant glances and more significant shrugs of the shoulders — it is surprising how much the Viennese can communicate by shoulder movements. Even the workmen of the streets had discussed the subject over their steins in the cheap beer-houses.

Crown Prince Rudolph was not unpopular with the masses, but it was not always easy to distinguish their admiration from their pity. He had flashes of brilliancy, and was usually good-natured. To call him a degenerate, as so often has been done, is to speak of him too harshly. He was but the natural offspring of a long line of consanguineous marriages. Nearly all his ancestors for generations had married cousins, for the purpose of hoarding titles and conserving dominions, and he likewise had been sacrificed on the altar of the empire.

Rudolph was a great traveler, and had literary and scientific ability. He was the author of a travel book entitled "Fifteen Days on the Danube" illustrated with photographs taken by himself. Later he wrote a large volume called "A Journey in the East" in which he devoted much space to observations in ornithology. Another and more ambitious effort in which he acted largely as editor was "The Austro-Hungarian Monarchy in Words and Pictures,"

a work still much consulted by those who study the history of Austria. He devoted himself to botany, and was very fond of hunting. He gathered about him the savants of the university, and conversed with them upon the most learned subjects of the day. Such conduct could hardly be considered compatible with degeneracy. On the other hand it indicated virility.

But Rudolph also had an artistic temperament. He loved beauty, especially in women. His mother, Empress Elizabeth, was a beautiful woman, and he was devoted to her with an affection which sometimes seemed almost to partake of the qualities of a lover. This love of beautiful women was the weak spot in the armor of the Crown Prince. An attractive woman, in the capacity of a wife, could have held him captive and made him her obedient slave. If possessed of ability and shrewdness, she could have made of him a great and good emperor. His future depended upon his marriage.

At the age of twenty he had been chased all over Europe at the demands of his father, Emperor Francis-Joseph, for the purpose of inspecting eligible princesses. At first he had gone to look at Princess Mathilda of Saxony, but pronounced her stout and coarse. Then he had traveled to Spain where there were several infantas, but none of them suited his fastidious taste. By that time he was weary and begged the Emperor for a vacation. But Rudolph was an only son, and Francis-Joseph was determined to perpetuate his own family on the throne. The boy was hardly allowed to catch his breath before he was hustled off to the court of Brussels to view Princess Stephanie, the daughter of King Leopold. She also did not appeal to him, but he became philosophical and concluded that perhaps she was the least of the evils with which he was threatened, and decided to end the search by proposing. The greedy old king snapped him up almost before the words were out of his mouth. He married Stephanie when he was twenty-one.

It is interesting to note how the marriage was regarded by the Emperor and Empress of Austria at that time. The opinion of each is of record. On the occasion of the betrothal, the Emperor said: "Our son's betrothal fills Our heart with joy, which is all the profounder, because this is a case not of an act of policy, but of a genuine affair of the heart. For it is in love, and in love only, that we must look for the foundation of all married happiness." Aside from the platitude, this statement was false even beyond the demands of diplomacy. It may have been necessary to hand out something agreeable for home and foreign consumption, but such an enthusiastic message was certainly not justifiable.

Why did Francis-Joseph, who really had a fatherly affection for his son, drive Rudolph into an unpromising marriage? He could not help doing so, for his psychology impelled him to it. In his veins flowed the sap of monarchism. The rose cannot shed its thorns nor the chestnut its burs. His psychology was overshadowed by the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and it was backed by the sentiments of his subjects. The royal families of Europe were quite destitute of princesses, suitable to the wishes and needs of Rudolph, when he was sent out wife-hunting. Certainly there were plenty of appropriate women in Austria, but it is doubtful if the people would have approved or even tolerated a union with an untitled girl. It would have been necessary for such a marriage to have been a morganatic one, thus cutting off the heirs from the throne.

It is difficult for Americans, who are so imbued with the spirit of Washington and Lincoln, and who applauded so loudly when Woodrow Wilson refused to treat with kings, to appreciate or even understand the mind of Francis-Joseph, because we are nourished by the bread of democracy. He believed he had been placed on the throne for two purposes: to rule the people, and to perpetuate his dynasty. The latter was quite as important to him as the former. Hence his eagerness to get the Crown Prince married to a princess.

But the Empress was not so completely engrossed with political affairs as to cause her to overlook other essential phases of the marriage. At the announcement of the betrothal she wrote her son the following pitiful letter:

"My son, My Poor Dear Son,

"It terrifies me to see that you do not understand what frightful misery there is in store for you from this marriage which you are undertaking so light-heartedly, and without the slightest feeling of love to guide you. Your father desires you to marry. It is in his capacity as ruler of a great empire that he looks upon the political aspect of such an affair. But I, dear boy, who am your mother, and nothing more than your mother, have every right to look in a different way upon so serious a question as your marriage. What I look at in my son's marriage is the kind of a life which it guarantees in his home, the amount of happiness which it will bring, the future it promises to my dear Rudy. And I cannot but conclude, after mature consideration, that Stephanie is not at all the wife for you, and can never be so."

Francis-Joseph had reasoned it all out in the usual Hapsburg manner. He thought an alliance with the Belgian House, plutocratic with the spoils of the Congo, was satisfactory. That was the "love" and "love only" which he had in mind. Elizabeth knew intuitively that he was wrong, but she had been trained to bow to the will of the Emperor. As usual the woman was right.

Elizabeth understood Rudolph far better than did his father. She had seen his love for beautiful women develop in boyhood, and she understood perfectly that much of his devotion to her was due to her beauty. The unattractiveness of Stephanie was a matter of common observation at that time. Here is one description by a contemporary. "She was tall and thin, with the pallor of some forced plant, her eyelids were red, her lips colorless, her hair flaxen, her movements clumsy and ungraceful, and her manner timid

and spiritless." When her photograph arrived in Vienna, those who knew Rudolph, shook their heads and said: "She is not the wife for him."

Poor Elizabeth realized that she was powerless to prevent this marriage, but she wished to register her objections, and let it be known to history, that it was against her wishes and judgment. Perhaps she was egged on by the politic speech which the Emperor had made in her presence to a delegation which called at the palace at the time the engagement was announced. The Emperor had said: "Our consort, Her Majesty, the Empress, is acquainted with the bride, and like Myself, is enchanted at this touching union of two loving hearts."

But the Empress, who was really making a martyr of herself in attending the wedding, was to receive another terrific shock when the Emperor, in an address to the people said: "The treasure of love and faith which We, together with her Majesty the Empress, have bequeathed to Our well-beloved children will be to them a guarantee of happiness." How these speeches must have wrung her heart!

The result of the marriage was in exact harmony with the prophetic tone of Elizabeth's letter. Rudolph found no pleasure of any kind in the companionship of his wife. He fled to his literature and philosophy while she devoted herself to social life and gowns. He went on hunting trips and staid away for weeks, and when he returned gave her little or no attention. His craving for beautiful women was satisfied outside the home.

Stephanie thought she could bring him to time by locking him out of her room. She fully expected that he would break the door, and that would be a great triumph. But he did nothing of the sort. He went out to the society of other women, justified by a plausible excuse. Elizabeth could have told her that such a ruse would not work. Stephanie went to Francis-Joseph with her grievances until

he was tired and disgusted with listening to her. Finally he told her not to bother him with her woes; Rudolph was her husband and it was her business to manage him. He begged her not to trouble him again.

The servants told tales of overhearing loud quarrels and picking up fragments of precious china from the floor. The sentries and the footmen gathered in groups and whispered their gossip. One had heard Rudolph compare Stephanie to a sack of hay with a string tied around the middle. Another had heard how Stephanie had gone to the house of one of her husband's innamoratae and caught him in the very act of making love to a hussy. Still another had overheard her threatening him with the wrath of her father, the king of Belgium. In this connection there was the delectable piece of gossip about how she had written her father asking permission to return home, but King Leopold had replied that it was her duty to remain with her husband.

There had been one child, a girl. Then it is said the doctors announced that she could not bear more children. So she could not bear him a son, and Rudolph had the excuse which had served Napoleon so well when he wished to put Josephine aside for a new wife.

All this had occurred before the evening of the Polish ball mentioned at the outset, but it all had a bearing upon the series of events now to begin. The Crown Prince had had so many affairs with women that he had become quasi-senile. He was stale on femininity in general. He was ripe and mellow; ready to be plucked and devoured alive by the right sort of an adventuress.

Now Rudolph had met the girl who was different. She had large fathomless dark eyes, billowy black hair, a graceful willowy figure, a dusky complexion, and she was always elegantly gowned. She had the emphatic sexual appeal, the lack of restraint, the reckless profligacy, so characteristic of women of the Orient; all gilded by contact with Viennese

society. Marie was not inexperienced with men. She had already had an affair in Cairo, and perhaps others elsewhere — women of the East begin these very early in life. She had in her composition the material for a first-class affinity or a renowned mistress. A century earlier she might have been a Madame Pompadour or a Madame du Barry. A path was now laid for the feet of the Crown Prince, and it was lined with thorns capable of piercing the thick hide of even such an experienced connoisseur of women.

It is claimed that the Vetseras held a council immediately after the Crown Prince met Marie. Nobody knows what was said, but, judging from what followed, we may assume that she was told to go the limit. She returned to the Crown Prince and danced with him continuously for the remainder of the evening. So the illicit affair was begun fairly and squarely in front of Stephanie's eyes. From that time forward Marie Vetsera was the bone of contention in the imperial household.

The more we search the literature and talk with the "old-timers" about Vienna, the more tales of reckless adventure we find involving Rudolph and Marie. She intrigued the favorite niece of the Empress into acting the part of a go-between in arranging dates and meetings, and later the niece wrote a book giving her version of the whole affair. It had an immense sale, although it was not allowed in Vienna until after the war. It is remarkable how much interest the public still manifests in this tragedy which occurred forty years ago. Only a little while ago a Viennese newspaper published a new account of it, and the issues had a heavy sale.

There is the story of how Marie defied Stephanie at a brilliant spectacular ball given by the German Ambassador. The imperial families were there in their royal decorations, and Marie came blazing with diamonds and gorgeously gowned. She was talking intimately with Rudolph when Stephanie approached and pushed herself between them without recognizing Marie. The Baroness planted herself directly in front of the Archduchess and looked her squarely in the



face. There was still no recognition. Then Marie, with the haughtiness of a Roxelana, threw her head defiantly backward, stamped her right foot two or three times with all her might, turned on her left heel and walked away. It was a public insult to the Crown Princess, and presaged a social downfall for the spirited adventuress. Marie's mother, crimson with shame, dragged her from the ball-room, hurried her home, and locked her in her room.

Then there was the adventure at the famous Staatsoper — what a delectable place to display temper! The opera house in Vienna is the home of romance just as surely as Olympus was ever the abode of the gods. It is the one spot which the visitor never forgets; the very *chef d'oeuvre* of classic romanticism. Marie *en décolleté* and festooned with diamonds took a station in a box opposite the royal one. Presently the Archduke and Archduchess arrived, received their little round of applause, seated themselves and proceeded with the next task performed by most Viennese after entering a theater — inspecting the audience with glasses. When Rudolph's binoculars swept to the point in the circle occupied by Marie, they paused suddenly and the flaming beauty rose and executed a graceful curtsy. After that she devoted the evening to an audacious flirtation with his Imperial Highness. The parquet buzzed with excitement and the eyes of the audience vibrated continually between the two boxes. The stage was much neglected. The occasion was a triumph for Marie, and Rudolph was not in the least embarrassed, but it was quite different with Stephanie. She blushed with confusion and hid her face behind her fan. We may easily imagine how thoroughly this incident was advertised in the social circles of the capital.

In spite of Rudolph's wide experience with adventuresses, he fell madly in love with Marie, and brazenly showed it on many occasions. He conceived the idea of divorcing Stephanie and marrying his enchantress. He sent a message by a trusted bearer to the pope asking for an annulment of his marriage.

Had he been a Napoleon he might have hoped reasonably for a favorable reply, but the only response Pope Leo XIII. made to the request was to send the letter to the Archbishop of Vienna, who in turn brought it and handed it to the Emperor. That brought on a crisis. The Emperor was already exasperated with his son's conduct, for it had assumed diplomatic proportions.

When any man is in love, many consider him abnormal, but when a married man is in love with an adventuress there is no doubt about it; he is downright sick. Many of Rudolph's friends had observed that he was acting strangely. The Crown Prince of Germany, afterward William II., was one of them. He had noticed Rudolph's aberrations and had written a solicitous letter to the Emperor.

At about the same time, the German Ambassador had given a dinner to which Rudolph and Stephanie were invited, and he had foolishly included Marie Vetsera. Rudolph was given the seat of honor next to the Ambassador's wife, but he utterly neglected her to hold a conversation across the table with Marie. So there were now diplomatic complaints, added to those of Stephanie, and the Emperor became desperate. He determined to put a stop to the disgraceful affair, but went about it in a manner most humiliating to Rudolph.

The Emperor called the Archduke into his study. When Rudolph arrived, he found present the Archbishop of Vienna, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Minister of the Trade Council. The letter to the pope was spread on the table before them. No one knows exactly what took place at that meeting, but the voice of the Emperor and Crown Prince could be heard in loud discussion through the doors. It is known that the meeting closed with Rudolph promising to abandon his affinity. He left the room pale, trembling and reeling like a drunken man. The seeds of a tragedy had been sown.

The Crown Prince went to his apartment and dispatched

a letter by his trusted carrier to Marie. It undoubtedly notified her that their illicit relations must cease.

On the afternoon following the stormy interview in the Emperor's study, a most significant conversation occurred between Marie Vetsera and her confidante, Countess Larisch. Marie spoke of the letter from Rudolph, and his promise to his father. For some time she had noted a weakening in the Crown Prince's devotion, and, in view of his unsavory record among women, she was harassed by the thought that another enchantress would soon take her place in the affections of Rudolph. Marie was in a dangerous frame of mind, and vowed she would not suffer herself to be displaced; Rudolph should never make love to another woman as he had to her.

In her book, Countess Marie Larisch acknowledges that on the following morning she was tricked into taking Marie Vetsera to the apartments of the Crown Prince in the Hofburg. The description of their entrance is most vivid. They passed through a little iron doorway in the wall of the palace where they found Loschek, Rudolph's faithful valet, waiting for them. They ascended a dark stairway guided by the valet. Once there was a whir of wings, and something lit on the Countess' head. She screamed with terror, but Marie reached up and removed the source of alarm which proved to be a crow. Marie called the bird by its pet name and assured the Countess that it was not dangerous.

Presently they emerged on the roof of the Hofburg, and accompanied by the crow soon entered the gunroom. Then a door opened to a gilded parlor and they were welcomed by Rudolph. In a few minutes the Crown Prince said he wished to have a private interview with Marie and they went into the next room and locked the door. After ten minutes he returned alone.

"Where is Marie?" asked the Countess.

"She is not here," he answered.

"But I must go to her immediately."

"You cannot, for she is not in the Hofburg."

There was a dramatic scene during which Rudolph drew a revolver and threatened to kill the Countess. Before he had finished with her, she not only consented to leave without finding Marie but also agreed to carry a false report to the Vetseras, saying that Marie had run away while the Countess was in a shop.

From this time forward the conduct of Marie Vetsera is an unsolved mystery. We know that in some manner she went from the Hofburg to the hunting lodge at Mayerling. There is one account which is most interesting, and it has appeared a few times in print. It is also substantiated by a tradition among certain people of Vienna who love to rehearse the story of the great tragedy.

According to this account, a tall lady heavily veiled was driven from the Hofburg to the Südbahnhof (Southern Railway Station). She called attention to herself by stopping at a cutler's shop in Wiedner Hauptstrasse where she purchased a razor. She asked the cutler to strop it and see that it was very sharp. This attracted still more attention. The very idea of a beautiful girl purchasing a razor rouses curiosity. It carries with it thoughts of a romance or tragedy. One can conceive of a woman using such an article, but it is more suggestive of a present to a male friend, or — and this is the most compelling premonition — an impending tragedy. A girl is not likely to select a razor as a weapon of suicide or murder. It is more apt to be for vengeance, some sort of a wild Oriental mutilation in retribution for real or imaginary wrongs. The veiled lady offered no explanation.

At the Südbahnhof she purchased a ticket for Baden. At Baden she left the train, entered one of the few cabs present, and directed the driver to take her to Mayerling, famous as the seat of the hunting lodge of the Crown Prince. But before arriving at Mayerling, the cab was overtaken by another driven by Bratfish, one of Rudolph's faith-

ful hirelings. The woman left her cab and entered the one driven by Bratfish.

But this is not the story which Bratfish later told. According to his statement, he had been engaged by Rudolph to wait in the Augustinerstrasse in front of the door through which the Countess and Marie had entered the Hofburg. Presently Marie appeared and entered his cab telling him to drive her to an inn in the outskirts of Vienna. Upon arriving there she instructed him to drive back and forth until the Crown Prince appeared. In the course of an hour Rudolph arrived, entered the cab with Marie and told Bratfish to drive to Mayerling. During the journey Rudolph called to Bratfish: "Don't drive too fast. We wish to arrive after dark."

When Bratfish reached the hunting lodge, Rudolph had him drive a little farther. Marie then left the cab alone and was met by Loschek, Rudolph's chamberlain, and conducted into the lodge through the rear entrance. Then after a short time Rudolph left the carriage and entered through the front door.

There are perhaps half a dozen more stories of what Marie did after leaving the Countess in the Hofburg, but these are the more popular versions.

Several people were at the hunting lodge that evening, but there is no agreement as to what took place. Philip of Coburg, Count Hoyos, Loschek and many servants were present. Some say the evening was spent in drinking and playing cards, but that Marie was not with the men who did not even know that she was in the lodge. Others say that the Crown Prince wished to retire early, but upon leaving the table was too drunk to get up the stairs, and that Marie appeared and helped him. The testimony upon one point is overwhelming; the men were all drunk.

The next morning Rudolph did not appear for breakfast, and Count Hoyos sent a servant to call him. The servant returned with the statement that there was no re-

sponse to his raps on the door of Rudolph's bedroom. Count Hoyos then went himself to the door and called: "Imperial Highness! It is already late."

There was no answer. Hoyos repeated his call and rapped louder and louder on the door. Then he tried to open it. It was locked. A servant came running up the steps and said to Count Hoyos in a whisper: "Excuse me, Count, but I must tell you something."

"What is it?"

"Come away. I am afraid of losing my position."

"Stop making excuses and tell me the truth, if you know anything," demanded the Count.

"His Highness, Crown Prince Rudolph, is not alone," whispered the servant with some hesitation.

"Not alone? Who — is with — His Highness?"

The servant led the Count farther from the door before answering. "A woman came here yesterday and I took her to another room. But she did not sleep in her bed. I brought refreshments to His Highness' room for two last night. I have seen her room and the bed is untouched."

Count Hoyos then summoned the other guests and spoke to them in suppressed tones. "Gentlemen, give me your oath that not a word will be spoken of this affair!" They gave him their promises. He related what had been done and said. Then he demanded that they promise not to divulge anything which they were about to discover. All gave him their solemn vows, and the men shook hands.

"Something has happened," said the Count. "We must break into the room."

The men put their shoulders to the door and pushed with all their might. The lock broke and the door flew open. They beheld a ghastly scene.

What did they behold?

That question has never been answered satisfactorily. If we knew what was found in Rudolph's chamber on that memorable morning, we could solve the Mystery of Mayer-

ling. But it was never intended that we should know. Every detail was carefully concealed. All who knew anything were spirited away by the Emperor's faithful servants or sworn to eternal silence which nearly all have held unbroken. Francis-Joseph, when asked what report should be given out, is said to have exclaimed: "Anything but the truth, nothing can be worse."

The next day the newspapers of Vienna carried a news report stating that the Crown Prince had died at Mayerling of heart trouble. From day to day this report was changed, until no one knew what to believe. It was only too apparent that all official accounts were false.

The description which seemed to have official sanction was the one which was later given much publicity by an anonymous writer who was evidently a warm friend of the Crown Prince and the Empress. It is to be found fully stated in "The Martyrdom of an Empress," a book which had a wide circulation and was long ago translated into English. We quote this description.

"On the lounge near the window lay the body of Marie Vetsera, still dressed in her dark brown serge gown, but with all the violets of her two bouquets scattered about her. Half leaning against her shoulder, half on the floor, lay the Crown Prince, his hunting coat drenched in blood, and his lifeless hand still grasping a heavy cavalry revolver. Crazed with grief and amazement, the men bent over Rudolph to see whether life was quite extinct. One look at the shattered skull, however, sufficed to show them that all hope had fled. Prince von Coburg, stepping back in dismay, trod upon something which he mechanically picked up. It was an empty bottle of brown crystal, which was labeled "Strychnia."

"Before starting for Vienna, where the Prince was sending him to carry the news to the unfortunate parents of the dead man, Count Hoyos decided it would be best to enter the death-room once more in order to make certain that

the Crown Prince had not left behind him some letter or writing of some kind which would throw light upon the situation. This second examination of the premises brought about the discovery of four letters lying upon the table which stood at the head of the bed, addressed respectively to the Emperor, the Empress, Divisional Superintendent Szoegenyi, and the Duke of Braganza, a very dear friend of Rudolph's, beside which lay a crumpled piece of paper, whereon were written, in Marie Vetsera's hand the following words:

"Dear Mother, I am going to die for Rudolph; we love each other too deeply to endure existence apart from each other, and the cruel fate which nothing can alter has made it impossible that we should ever belong to each other. He has had to give his father his word of honor that he will never see me again. There are circumstances which prevent our union, circumstances which I can discuss least of all with you. I am happier to die than live. Forgive me.

"Your unhappy Marie."

Rudolph's letter to the Duke of Braganza was as follows:

"Dear Friend, I must die. In honor I can do nothing else. The blessings of God be with you.

"Rudolph."

The letter to the Divisional Superintendent contained only directions concerning some papers of the Crown Prince. The letters to the Emperor and Empress were not given out.

This account, which makes both Marie and Rudolph suicides, has never been accepted by the public. It was always believed that if it were true there would have been no occasion for so much secrecy, as was maintained at such great cost and exertion. The public insisted that the truth was less complimentary to Crown Prince Rudolf.

Also, the letters just quoted, which if actually found would have great significance, were never seen except by



those who were sworn to secrecy. Many believe no such letters were written or found in the chamber at Mayerling. The only letter positively known to have been written by either party to the tragedy, concerning suicide, was one written by Marie Vetsera to Countess Larisch, and it is of no definite service in solving the mystery. It may have been written before Baroness Vetsera went to Mayerling. The letter to Countess Marie Larisch, which she says she did not receive until three weeks after the tragedy, was as follows:

“Dear Marie,

“Forgive me all the trouble that I have caused you. I sincerely thank you for all that you have done for me. If your life is too hard, and I fear it may be after what we have done, follow us. It is the best you can do.

“Your Marie.”

The authenticity of this letter, which was said to have been found on a table in the death chamber, has been questioned by some.

Presently a few of those, who were in a position to know the facts, were being quoted as telling an entirely different story. This was especially true of the physicians who held the autopsies, and who were men of undoubted integrity. They were not so easily silenced. One of them made the following statement, quoted from “My Past” by Marie Larisch:

“There was blood everywhere. It stained the bedclothes, the pillows, and was spattered on the walls. It stood in pools on the bed, and had run through to the floor. Rudolph lay on his side on the floor, a revolver still in his hand. The covers bulged and they threw them back to find Marie lifeless with a bullet hole in her head. Rudolph’s head was completely shattered.”

It is also claimed that Rudolph’s body was mutilated in some manner not appropriate to be published. This mutilation recalls the razor bought at the cutler’s.

Not long ago I had the pleasure of serving as an amateur guide for a renowned criminal lawyer, while he was visiting the city of Constantinople. One evening I told him the story of Crown Prince Rudolf and Marie Vetsera. When I had finished, I asked him to give me an expert opinion of what took place that night at Mayerling. He very promptly sketched an outline of what he considered the natural solution of the problem, taking into account the dispositions of those involved and the events leading up to the tragedy.

"Rudolph had promised to discard Marie whom he probably knew to be on the way to motherhood. He communicated this to her in the letter sent immediately after the meeting in the Emperor's study. It is likely that he was glad of an opportunity to get rid of her, but felt under obligations to make some provision for her care which would at the same time avoid a public disgrace. Hence he induced a go-between to bring her to his apartment in the Hofburg. There she persuaded him to have one more rendezvous at Mayerling, where they may have met before. She understood perfectly that the meeting was to be a final test of her power over him.

"She meant to appeal to his sense of justice, his pity and his love, hoping to sway him to alter his mind and break his promise to the Emperor. While she hoped to succeed, she was not certain that she would, and planned what she would do in the event of a failure. That was why she came with the well-sharpened razor.

"The momentous occasion arrived and she plead with Rudolph for hours. He may have yielded at times, but with the break of day rallied his courage and told her the worst. He must abide by the Emperor's decision. He was already half drunk, so she plied him with liquor until he was unconscious and completely anaesthetized. Then with a single stroke she was avenged!

"The pain woke him and he soon realized what had occurred. He was frenzied with anger, and there was a struggle

during which the walls were spattered with blood. His pistol crashed with a terrific roar, but the guests below were stupid from liquor and did not hear it. Her lifeless body appalled him and he covered it with the bedclothes. After a little reflection and hesitation he put the muzzle into his mouth and pulled the trigger."

That was the explanation of a man who was in the habit of solving just such problems. Strange to say, about the same time, the "Wiener Montagspost" published a series of articles on "The Mystery at Mayerling," by Ferdinand Gorup, who was President of the Police in Vienna at the time of the tragedy. I give a free translation from the closing chapter of this series.

"All was still in the chamber of the Crown Prince in the lonely hunting lodge. Suddenly Rudolph rose with a fearful shriek. A smarting pain had stung him. Something awful had happened. Marie had made the threats, previously given to Countess Larisch, good. But in what an infernal manner! With infamous hatred she had forever ruined his life!

"We hesitate to say what a sea of thought flowed through the mind of the Crown Prince at that moment. He, the Crown Prince, about to take the throne and stand conspicuously before the people, must hide himself. A hell was presented in which he saw endless shame. Before him was the woman whom he had loved from the depths of his heart, the perpetrator of the shameful deed. Instinctively he reached for his revolver, and, driven by scorn and pain, laid her low with a bullet.

"Then the Crown Prince was convulsed with horror. He was in awful pain and longed to end all. He turned the revolver upon himself and sank to the floor. Marie Vetsera, the dreadful woman, had brought Rudolph's promise to his father to naught."

This morbid account is, I find, believed by many who are in position to form a correct opinion. It would do justice to a Maupassant or Balzac. I doubt if the minds of either

ever conceived a more detestable plot. The tragic end was but the ripened fruit of a loveless marriage, into which a thoughtless youth had been hastened and held by a mature parent for purposes of state.

There was a heartrending scene at the Hofburg, the morning after the tragedy. When Count Hoyos arrived to break the news, the first person he encountered was the Empress. She read a message of horror in his troubled countenance. With the intuition of a clever woman, she knew there had been a tragedy and that her only son was involved. She received the news with dry eyes and absolutely without movement, giving the impression that she had suddenly turned to marble. Her only response was: "I must tell the Emperor."

Francis-Joseph was much more emotional. He held his face between his hands and sobbed so loudly that he was heard in adjacent rooms. He clung to the Empress as a child in grief clings to its mother. If he had wronged his son, he was paying in full measures of sorrow.

The bells tolled and the city went into mourning for the departed Crown Prince, but perhaps only a few wept for the Baroness. There was a regal funeral and Rudolph's body was laid to rest in the Capucine Church.

Strange to say the accounts differ widely as to what disposition was made of the body of Baroness Vetsera. Countess Larisch says she was dressed and taken from Mayerling by her uncles at night, and with profound secrecy. There is a harrowing tale of how she was conveyed in a carriage sitting erect between the uncles. A cane was run down the back of her dress to make the body sit erect. She was buried in the cemetery of Heiligenkreuz without religious ceremonies. Her body was put into a rough box, as if it were the carcass of a hound, and hurried into the grave.

But Ferdinand Gorup in his account says this is untrue. He claims to have been present at the burial, and says the rites of the Catholic Church were carried out at the grave.

He denies all charges of haste and roughness in connection with the burial.

Another story says that Marie Vetsera was clandestinely shipped to Venice, followed by her family. This account states that her mother was induced to send back a report that Marie had died there of some sudden illness. All the Vetseras immediately disappeared from Vienna and did not return until after the fall of the dynasty.

The Tragedy at Mayerling assumed almost the proportions of a crisis for the House of Hapsburg. It was the worst of its kind ever visited upon the dynasty during its long and eventful reign. In spite of all attempts at suppression, the story was published far and wide, and did much to bring the Hapsburgs into disrepute. It certainly weakened the monarchy at home, although the dynasty continued in power twenty-eight years longer.

The editor of the Wiener Montagspost in commenting on the political significance of the Tragedy at Mayerling said: "The echo of the shot that shattered the skull of Rudolph of Hapsburg set the first stone in motion which broke the foundations of the monarchy."

It was after this tragedy that terms of the worst opprobrium began to be applied to the Hapsburgs in the foreign press. One publication of the time contrasts the dynasty with the university where men rose to distinction by talent, honest toil and natural living.

The personal popularity of Francis-Joseph based on years of faithful service to the nation, together with pity for him in his many sorrows, were props which kept the tottering throne from falling sooner than it did. Also the habit of obedience to monarchs was so firmly fixed in the minds of the people that only a revolution could jar them from their devotion to the dynasty. When the awakening came Vienna went so far as to erase the names of the Hapsburgs from some of the streets, and substitute others commemorating the founding of the republic.

## A BEAUTIFUL QUEEN OF SORROW

ONE of the most interesting pastimes in the study of history is to note the ironies of fate. We might almost believe that the gods delight to speak in irony and sarcasm. In the good old days, when kings and queens were mean enough to command attention, it was remarkable how frequently their punishments came masked in delusive similarities. Marie Louise, on the way to France where she innocently ruined Napoleon, the so-called spirit of the revolution, was sent along the very road previously traveled by her grandaunt, Marie Antoinette, when on her way to a revolutionary guillotine. What an ironical similarity! Crown Prince Rudolph, an expert in intrigues with women, was driven to murder and suicide by an adventuress still in her teens. How striking! But upon no potentate did fate shower more ironies than upon the venerable Francis-Joseph, one of the best emperors of the great House of Hapsburg.

Three stars would be needed to perform an allegory of the life of Francis-Joseph: a kind-hearted, well-disposed but very busy emperor with strong monarchical power; an ambitious jealous woman who rules his house and sways him to acts of injustice in his own family; and an innocent young girl to be the victim of such injustices. But, in addition, there should be a swarm of satyrs to appear in the closing scene and represent the ironies of fate arriving to torture him with stinging retributions for the wrongs which sprang more from weakness and thoughtlessness than bad intentions. It will be easy for the reader to identify all these characters as we proceed with our story of Empress Elizabeth.

In speaking of the life of Francis-Joseph in this manner, we are referring only to his domestic and personal affairs, and not to his political misfortunes for which we do not hold him entirely responsible, although, as we have seen, the disgraces of his house contributed to the downfall of his dynasty. No one who is familiar with the history of Austria is likely to attribute the fall of the monarchy to either negligence or incompetence on the part of its last great emperor; but for many of the domestic troubles, which caused Francis-Joseph so much grief, he was himself accountable, and they probably brought him more sorrow than the losses of territory sustained during his long reign. After all, what occurs in a man's home is of more importance to him than all else combined. His wife usually makes his life a pleasure or torment.

In the fastnesses of the Bavarian Alps, not far from Munich, nestles the little Lake Starnberg, and by the lake stands the Castle of Possenhofen. In 1853, there lived in this castle Duke Maximilian-Joseph with his wife, four daughters, three sons, and only Heaven knows how many dogs. We mention the dogs because no historian ever writes of the Duke without calling attention to his four-footed friends. They were always in his study, usually sleeping on the soft-cushioned chairs and sofas, or stretched comfortably on the hearth. Maximilian contended that dogs have souls and are wiser than most men. He thought any visitor who failed to win favor with his hounds was not to be trusted.

He also had a fondness for horses and was an expert rider. Next to his love for his pets came his devotion to his zither which he played for the entertainment of his family and neighbors. His favorite sport was riding with his hounds on long hunting trips over his mountainous estate. He was the head of the ducal line of Wittelsbachs, the ruling house of Bavaria, and related to the Hapsburgs of Austria-Hungary, but he almost never visited the gay courts of his relatives, simply because he was not interested in them.

The disposition of the father was shared by all his family, excepting his wife, Ludovica, who would have preferred the life of a royal court. His daughters were good riders and usually accompanied him on his hunts. They could shoot, swim, row, and climb the mountains like Swiss guides. While the daughters never forgot their royal birth they met the Bavarian peasants on a common level, lived close to nature, close to the soil and in intimate contact with the common people of the mountains. They played with the peasant children, and, when occasion demanded defended themselves with their fists and fingernails. They were harum-scarum tomboys.

But as they approached maturity, one of the daughters, Helene, tamed down beautifully. She became attentive to her lessons and took kindly to the instructions of her governess. Her combativeness for other children subsided and she obeyed her mother without complaint. Word went forth among the relatives that Helene would be a splendid mother and never cause trouble for a husband. Another girl, Elizabeth, developed in the opposite direction. She despised such household duties as knitting and mending, and was forever listening to the call of the woods. She became the best rider, best hunter and most accomplished all-round sport in the whole family. In speaking of her, relatives often shook their heads and said, "There's a spittfire for some man to conquer."

In 1853, Helene, the oldest of the girls, was twenty-one, and Elizabeth was fifteen. It was time to find a husband for the eldest in order to get her out of the way of the others who were coming right along. Then entered royal tradition. They must marry according to their station.

In this same year of 1853, there lived in Vienna a fine young ruler who was Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary and Bohemia, and had forty or more other august titles. He had ascended his throne at the age of eighteen, when his predecessor, Ferdinand I., was forced to abdicate under



the stress of a revolution. At that time the boy was not next in line for succession, being preceded by his father, Archduke Francis Charles, an old man who had not proven himself to be of much force — at least he was not strong enough to assert his rights. But the real reason for skipping Francis Charles was that his wife, Archduchess Sophia, who was commander-in-chief of the family, preferred to have her son Francis-Joseph take the throne. As I have said, women were frequently disposing factors in Austrian history.

It is customary at this point for historians to impugn the motives of Archduchess Sophia, by saying that she thought her husband too old to last long as emperor, so she wished to have her young son crowned before he was mature enough to hinder her from establishing herself as the power behind the throne. This may be omitted, since she has enough to answer for of which we are more certain. But Sophia became Dowager Empress, and proceeded to make herself exactly what the historians say she aspired to be. By right of her position, she was empowered, according to the indisputable traditions of the Hapsburgs, to arrange the marriage of her son. She cast her eyes over the royal families of Europe and fixed them on Helene, the eldest daughter of Duke Maximilian of Possenhofen by Lake Starnberg. The princess was twenty-one, and naturally knew nothing of the etiquette of the Austrian court. She also had the reputation of not being too assertive. Being a robust country girl, she would be likely to bear the Emperor sons, and not intrude herself into affairs of court. So Helene exactly met the requirements of the occasion, according to the judgment of the Dowager Archduchess.

Francis-Joseph, the twenty-three-year-old Emperor, was quite indifferent on the subject of marriage. He had already strung a few feminine hearts to his belt and was perfectly satisfied to remain a bachelor and continue his conquests, but he honored the traditions of the dynasty. So he went obediently with his mother to Possenhofen, much pleased

at having an opportunity to inspect his uncle's stables and kennels, and not rebellious at his duty of proposing to his cousin Helene. They arrived in Possenhofen in the glad month of May 1853.

The young Emperor met Helene, but did not propose immediately; not that he was displeased with her, but he thought there was no need for hurry. A day or two after arriving he was walking in the park, when suddenly a dog bounded out of a thicket, ran between his legs, and almost tripped him. It sprang to his face and licked his cheek in the violent enthusiasm of its greeting.

"Come here, come here, Spot!" screamed a childish female voice, as the bushes parted revealing a young girl in short dresses. She reminded Francis-Joseph of a spring flower as she stood blushing in his august presence.

"And pray who are you, pretty maid?" he asked, thinking her to be the daughter of one of the keepers of the grounds.

"I'm glad Spot likes you, for it shows how good you are. Father always puts people in his bad books if the dogs don't like them," she said, disregarding his question.

"He is very wise, but may I have the pleasure of knowing the name of your father?"

"You know my father. I'm Helene's sister."

"Helene's sister?"

"Yes, Your Majesty." With this she made a low graceful curtsy.

Francis-Joseph was embarrassed, not on account of what he had said, but on account of what he had been about to say to this attractive girl whose station he had misjudged. He had been too busy with affairs of state to keep track of the families of his relatives, and did not even know about Helene's sisters.

"Why have I not met you?" he asked.

She blushed crimson as she replied "Because I'm too young to appear in your august presence."

"How old are you?"

"I'm fifteen, almost sixteen."

"I hope to meet you this evening at dinner. What did you say your name is?"

"Lisbeth, Your Majesty."

"Oh yes, Elizabeth, of course it is. Tell the Duke that I wish to see you at the table this evening."

"Excuse me, Your Majesty, but I dare not come to a banquet; my father would be angry."

"But you must come. I wish to meet you." He looked significantly at her short frock. "Put on a long dress and come to the dining room. We will show your father that he cannot hide such a beautiful princess."

"But everyone will be angry with me. I will be scolded and sent back to my room."

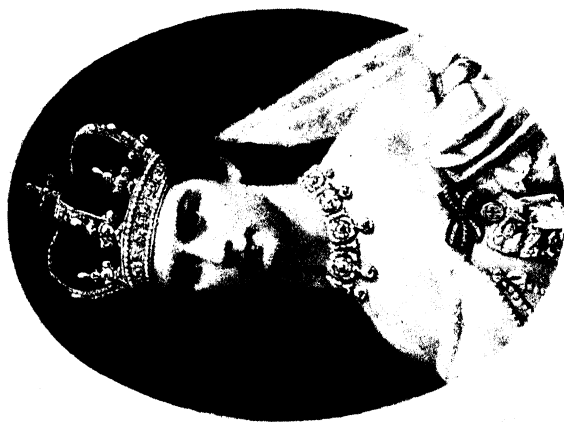
"Never mind; I will be there. I will do something at that time."

"Very well, Your Majesty."

That settled the question for Elizabeth. She was obeying the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. What did her father or mother amount to in comparison with him?

She went directly to her room and put on all the finery she could assemble from her wardrobe. Her governess was appalled, and tried to stop her foolishness, but truthful Elizabeth related what had occurred in the park, and went right on with her toilet. When she had finished, she marched boldly by the governess, and appeared at the dining room where she stood confidently expecting the Emperor to exercise his imperial authority according to his promise.

Francis-Joseph was at hand and, giving her his arm, escorted her to the table. It was one of those ominously silent moments when the softest tread of a kitten could have been heard. Certainly the Dowager Archduchess was outraged at such a piece of impudence on the part of her son whom she thought she had so well in hand. Surely Duke Maximilian was horrified, and Helene must have been indignant at the little upstart.



EMPERESS ELIZABETH



FANNY ELSSLER



When the dinner was over, the Duke maneuvered to have a private interview with the Emperor, and clearly showed bad humor. But the Emperor, quite unabashed, brought on a climax by saying, "Uncle, I have the honor to ask you for the hand of your daughter."

"You mean Helene, of course."

"No, I mean Elizabeth."

"Elizabeth! No, it cannot be. She is too young."

"Then I will wait until she is older."

"But it would be an insult to my daughter Helene."

"Why? I have not asked for Helene's hand."

"But she is the eldest daughter. She must marry first."

"So you will not give me Elizabeth."

"No, I will not."

"Then I will not marry. I shall return at once to Vienna."

The next morning, to the dismay of the Empress Dowager and Duke Maximilian, the Emperor left Possenhofen. He was in love, and, when love opens the door, trouble walks in. The Dowager had been defied. Francis-Joseph for the first and only time in his life spurned the will of his mother, and broke the sacred traditions of the dynasty. He let it be known that he was the Emperor, and that his wish was final in the choice of a wife. Too bad he did not continue in this attitude.

Matters drifted along for three months during which some mental adjustments evidently took place. The Dowager Empress may have reasoned that the little slip of a girl would be just as easy to conquer as the older and more mature Helene. At least it was necessary to undertake the task, since her son was so uncompromisingly stubborn. Duke Maximilian may have decided to reconcile himself to the unexpected decision of the imperial wooer, rather than lose the opportunity for a daughter of his family to enter the House of Hapsburg.

At any rate in August, when the Hapsburgs and the Wittelsbachs went to church at Ischl, the Dowager Empress

was seen to walk behind Elizabeth as they entered. At the end of the service Francis-Joseph led the girl of his choice to the altar and said, "My father, this is my future consort; give us your blessing." It was all settled; Elizabeth was to become Empress of Austria.

On April twentieth, 1854, Elizabeth set out on her way to Vienna. Perhaps no writer of fairy tales ever conjured a more delightful journey for a princess than the one actually taken by this sixteen-year-old Bavarian maid. Parting with her peasant playmates brought showers of tears, but they soon passed when she set forth to find the base of her rainbow of promise. What an indescribable voyage it must have been; down stream all the way on the blue Danube and through the legend laden Alps!

Gliding among overhanging crags topped with grizzly castles, silent reminders of the knightly crusaders; floating through quaint medieval villages with Gothic spires standing guard over mossy cathedrals and tumbled-down monasteries; looking upon hillsides mantled with green vineyards and dotted with tile-roofed houses; shooting angry rapids, and then loafing across placid pools; attended by a solicitous father, older sister and brother; the kiss of an emperor waiting at the end of the voyage; romance, fairyism, knight-errantry: such was Elizabeth's approach to her nuptials. What more could the heart of a young girl desire?

Marie Antoinette and Marie Louise went to France in coaches drawn by six and eight horses and escorted by liveried outriders, but they must have been bruised by being jolted against the walls of their carriages, and had their clothes spoiled by mud and dust. Elizabeth went comfortably in her floating palace driven by two merrily chugging sidewheels.

At Linz there was a flourish of trumpets as Francis-Joseph, the Emperor, appeared to welcome his bride to her new empire. There were speeches, songs, and cries of "Welcome to our Empress!" Above the din she heard a

voice proclaiming: "Friendly as our plains, stable as our hills, such are the feelings of the Austrian Nation for its Emperor's bride." A committee of courtiers draped her cabin in purple velvet, and loaded the deck from prow to stern with flowers. Then her Prince Charming left, hurrying on by train, to receive her again at Vienna.

At Nussdorf, a suburb of Vienna, the gay capital outdid itself in extending a royal greeting. Much water has rolled down the Danube since then, but there are still a few persons living who were present on that occasion, and can relate the grandeur of the reception. But Elizabeth noticed one untoward incident. She thought it did not amount to much, and was not sure that it was of any consequence at all; it merely surprised her. The Dowager Archduchess greeted her with a kiss which was cold and formal. She wondered why her mother-in-law's lips were so chilly and her manner so reserved when everyone else was bubbling over with warm enthusiasm. Elizabeth spoke to her father about it; he said it was nothing. But there must have been something important back of that kiss for it got into history.

After landing she was driven in the imperial coach to the Theresianum for the night. The next day she was quietly taken to Schönbrunn from where she was driven in state to the Hofburg, the imperial palace. At that time the walls of the city were still standing and the formal entrance was at Kärntnertor. As she passed through the gate, cannons thundered, bells rang in all the churches, and the crowd screamed, "Long live our Emperor's bride!"

Elizabeth was very alert and active in acknowledging the honor conferred by this hearty welcome. She was constantly waving her hands and bowing to the crowds. It was no effort for her to do this, because her love for the Emperor involuntarily included his subjects. Everyone pronounced her beautiful and gracious, and she heard herself called "The Rose of Bavaria."



The wedding ceremony was performed in Augustiner Church. Representatives from nearly all the crowned heads of Europe were present and there were delegates from the Near East; from Smyrna, Saloniki and Alexandria. The church was heavily decorated with flags and flowers, as were also the Hofburg and all the streets and windows of the city.

Then came the celebration, gladdened by executive clemencies to prisoners and lavish presents to the poor, during which the city gave itself over to feasting and revelry. There was nothing about the reception or wedding to detract from the complete happiness of the girl-queen — except the one cold formal kiss of the Dowager Archduchess; Elizabeth could not quite dismiss that from her mind.

We have dwelt at length upon the early life and marriage of Elizabeth, because it is our only opportunity to put joy into her story. When the wedding was over her serious duties began, and she lacked training in the etiquette of the most punctilious court in Europe. The important duty of supplying instruction was assigned to, or perhaps voluntarily assumed by, the Dowager Archduchess Sophia, the mother of Francis-Joseph. She soon let it be clearly understood that she had relinquished none of her prerogatives as the first lady of the court.

Francis-Joseph was in love with his bride. That was the reason he gave for wishing to have her carefully trained in the etiquette of the court. He supposed Elizabeth would gratefully submit to this, for she was only a rural girl from the Bavarian woods. She had many little habits which must be broken before she could take complete, or even partial charge of the imperial household. She must stop drinking beer in the presence of ladies of the court. She must not ride a horse through the streets like a Bavarian tomboy. There were many other sins, both of omission and commission, of which Elizabeth must be delivered, and her imperfections were brought to her attention by

her mother-in-law who was always confirmed by her husband.

Once the mother-in-law felt constrained to take Elizabeth to task, in the presence of guests, for removing her gloves at a reception.

"Why should this not be allowed?" queried Elizabeth.

"Because it is contrary to the etiquette of the court."

"Then we will change the etiquette," announced the Empress.

The courtiers smiled and whispered behind her back, "What do you think of that? The little Bavarian goose thinks she can reform the etiquette of the Hapsburgs. How absurd!"

Soon she was in trouble with the servants of the household, because she insisted upon wearing a new pair of shoes for more than one day. The custom of the court was for the queen to wear her shoes but once, and then they were sold for a high price and the money distributed to the servants. This silly notion of the new Empress reduced the incomes of the attendants and made her unpopular. Those injured appealed to the Dowager Archduchess, and she in turn took the matter to the Emperor who thought it best to leave the question to be decided by his mother.

One time the Empress wished to speak to her husband who was in his study. She walked through the anteroom and thoughtlessly tried to enter his office, but was halted by the guards.

"But I am the Empress," she said, thinking they did not know her.

"We know you are the Empress," they replied, "but the etiquette of the court requires that you be announced before entering the study of the Emperor." She was compelled to wait, while the guards smiled at her ignorance.

That evening the Archduchess lectured the Empress on the subject of obedience to the etiquette of the court. Elizabeth appealed to her husband who decided in favor of the

Dowager Archduchess, and the new queen was politely told to conform to the rules of the court. All this took place in the presence of several members of the official family. Etiquette, etiquette, was continuously drummed into the ears of the young Empress, and the irksome lessons were given daily by the Dowager Archduchess. Francis-Joseph loved the Empress, but he regarded his mother as an oracle, and the etiquette of the court as scripture.

The Empress had inherited her father's fondness for horses, and loved to mount a spirited steed and gallop across the country or through the streets of the city, as she had done at Possenhofen and Munich. But the Dowager Archduchess told her that would never do in Vienna. She must be properly attended when riding and, moreover, she should sit on her horse according to the etiquette of the court.

Elizabeth adored her husband and wished to have him alone occasionally at mealtimes. The Dowager Archduchess understood this, and made use of the knowledge as a petty club to break the spirit of the proud girl. Surely, as mother of the Emperor, she was entitled to be present at all meals. She did not say so, but always managed to be there.

Elizabeth had an entirely erroneous idea of why she had been added to the royal family. She supposed she was to be a wife in the same sense that her mother had been a wife to Duke Maximilian at Possenhofen. She hoped to be her husband's companion, a woman in whom he would confide. They would have their little spats, and then enjoy the thrill of making up, just like other married people. She expected to study his problems and give him the benefit of her counsel; always in affairs of the house, and occasionally in matters of state. Of course she would have his fidelity.

Gradually it dawned upon her that she had made a mistake. She was there to perpetuate the dynasty, and that was about all. She must bear children, especially sons. This was not distasteful, but it shocked her to think that her function

was so purely physical. It was such a sultanik way of regarding a wife.

The idea haunted her, and one day she appealed to her mother who was the sister of the Dowager Archduchess, but this channel of comfort had been shrewdly closed by the prudent mother-in-law, who had already instructed her sister what to say for Elizabeth's good.

"What are you thinking about?" said her mother. "You have every thing your heart can wish. Look how I have had to skimp and deny myself all my life in order to make ends meet. Look at your clothes and your luxurious surroundings. What do you care if sister Sophia rules the court? You must remember she is the Emperor's mother and caused him to be placed on the throne instead of his father, Francis Charles."

Elizabeth tried to explain the ill-will under which she constantly struggled; how she had been humiliated, and how she was disgusted with the silly rules of the court. But Sophia had also prepared the mother for all this and the interview was entirely unsatisfactory to the daughter.

Soon came troubles of another sort. The young Empress was expecting a baby, when a dashing Italian countess appeared in the exclusive society of Vienna. The countess was introduced to Francis-Joseph and received so much attention that the gossips soon regarded her as the Emperor's favorite. Within a short time some cruel energetic tongue carried the scandal to the secluded Empress. It was the first news of the sort she had ever received and it made her ill.

Then just before her daughter was born, the same tattler came with the delicious message that the Dowager Archduchess had a new maid of honor.

"I knew she was seeking one, and I am glad she has found her," replied the Empress.

"Yes, but have you heard who she is? All Vienna is talking about her, Your Majesty."

"No, who is she?"

"The famous Italian countess!"

"What! That adventuress?"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

The Empress fainted. Her condition became so critical that fears were entertained for her life. But she gradually recovered.

On March fifth, 1855, she gave birth to a daughter and the baby was named Sophia, in honor of the good kind mother-in-law. Elizabeth was greatly disappointed that the child was not a son. She remembered how Napoleon divorced Josephine because he wished an heir. She had hoped that the birth of a son would place her in more favour with the Emperor, and the disappointment was severe.

At this time Hungary was in conflict with Austria. The unpleasant condition had lasted for years. There had been repeated wars and the Hungarians were held in the empire only by force of arms. Now it is a well known principle of human nature that, when one of two discordant factions takes a dislike to something, the other is quite likely to admire it. Empress Elizabeth was unpopular in Vienna, and that was sufficient to start a wave of popularity for her in Budapest. But there were other reasons why the people of the Lower Danube loved her. She bore the same name as the wife of the sainted king who had been the idol of the Hungarians ever since he brought the famous crown of St. Stephan back from Rome in the year, 1000 A. D. This was a coincidence, but a fortunate one for Elizabeth.

She was quick to note the kind disposition of the Hungarians, and cultivated it in every way possible. She learned their language so well that she could speak it without a foreign accent. This was considered a great achievement, because the language is one of the most difficult in the world to master. The fact that she could speak to the Hungarians in their own tongue added much to her prestige at Budapest. The popularity which Elizabeth so early acquired in Hungary was destined to last until her death.

But we do Francis-Joseph a great injustice, if we pre-

sume that he willfully assigned his young wife to such a life of humiliation. He was very busy with important duties of state. The Austrian Empire at that time was anything but a happy family. It covered an immense territory inhabited by polyglot races. There was a perennial threat of trouble with Hungary; Bohemia always carried a chip on her shoulder; Italy was striving to get out of the Empire and establish a union of the Italian races; Poland was biding her time to get even with her destroyers; and a little later came Bosnia and Herzegovina, spoiling the Catholic harmony by screaming for Allah and the Prophet. Even Austria, the kernel of the Empire, was clamoring to rob the Emperor of more power by strengthening the constitution. Francis-Joseph had dedicated his life to the task of uniting all these jangling nationalities into a homogeneous empire. It was a tremendous undertaking, and taxed his ability and patience to the limit.

Foreign complications were also numerous and most trying. The German states were threatening to form a union under Prussia, and thus deprive Austria of the leadership of the German races; France was intriguing in Italy; Poland was still a bone of contention; and Russia and Turkey were glowering at each other across the eastern borders of the Austrian Empire.

There were likewise important municipal affairs in Vienna demanding his attention. The city had outgrown the limits of its walls, and there was agitation in favor of tearing down the fortifications to make room for expansion. In a little while the walls were torn down, and then the government was confronted with the important problem of how to dispose of the wide Glacis which circled the old city. Public edifices were under construction, and improvements of all sorts being made. Vienna was a vast jumble of mortar and brick being converted into stately architecture, amid a confusion of questions demanding settlement by some one in power.

As the highest authority of the Empire, Francis-Joseph was responsible for all such public affairs. Naturally he

delegated much to appointees, but in the final analysis was obliged to exercise supervision. He worked faithfully for the welfare of his empire, doing more hours of hard work per day than most of his subjects.

A man thus beset with public cares is apt to be impatient over quarrels among the women of his household. He is likely to dispose of domestic problems by making some general arrangement instead of taking up each disturbance and disposing of it individually. Archduchess Sophia had convinced Francis-Joseph that Elizabeth was incompetent to run his court according to the traditions of the House. The mother had managed it before the arrival of the new Empress, and it was very easy for him to relieve himself of worry by giving her full sway. Then naturally he must back her up in her disputes, very many of which involved the Empress.

Since there was so much discord at home, he gradually returned more or less to the habits of his bachelorhood. He was tired of sitting on a hornet's nest in the Hofburg, so he went some place else for comfort. The mother saw this and out of dislike for Elizabeth may have encouraged it.

On July twelfth, 1856, Elizabeth gave birth to another daughter. She was greatly depressed over this, and again feared a divorce because she had not provided an heir to the throne. There was a taint of madness in her family. She was a cousin to Ludwig, the Mad King of Bavaria, and insanity was very common among the Wittelsbachs. In her loneliness she developed a dread of insanity, and was never able to free her mind of this horror. Many think that in later life her worst fears were realized.

On August twenty-first, 1858, she became the mother of a son, who was named Rudolph in honor of the first great Hapsburg. Now it was the Emperor's turn to go wild. Rushing to the cradle he bestowed upon the infant the Order of the Golden Fleece; then drove through the streets of Vienna lavishly scattering money to the crowds.

Elizabeth suddenly became popular, even her mother-in-law seemed reconciled. This is not strange, for it was for the purpose of providing a son that the Dowager Archduchess had taken the Emperor to Possenhofen in 1853. Elizabeth sensed this and, after the birth of her son, is reported to have said, "Nobody seems to have wanted me hitherto, not even my little girl, who is kept away from me. But I will never allow my boy to be taken from me, to grow up among strangers; he shall cling to me and we shall make each other happy."

But she was uneasy, and did not rest until she obtained an order from the Emperor giving her full charge of the education of her son. This order was a little later the subject of a spirited quarrel between the Empress and her mother-in-law. The substance of what was said in this wrangle has been variously reported, but the termination of the dispute is not in doubt.

The Dowager Archduchess appeared before the Empress and demanded to discuss a very important matter with her daughter-in-law. Elizabeth knew what was coming but was not alarmed, for the Emperor had given the order concerning the education of Rudolph, and she had no intention of releasing the child.

"I have come to discuss the education of the Archduke," began the Dowager Archduchess.

"Yes, I have an order from the Emperor giving me charge of the education of my son."

"I have just been speaking of this very matter with the Emperor," replied the Archduchess, "and we have concluded that it is unwise for you to exercise this authority."

"Why, he is my son is he not?"

"No, he belongs to the empire. He is the heir to the throne. He must be trained in the traditions of the court."

"But the Emperor will not revoke his order, and I shall not yield."

"He has already revoked it and you must yield."



"Why was the order revoked?"

"Because you are incompetent, and because your ideas are entirely too liberal."

"I know you hate me, and that you have more influence with the Emperor than I have, but I plead with you as one mother with another to leave me my child. He is all I have, and my heart is set upon keeping him always with me."

The quarrel was a long one but it ended in a complete victory for the Dowager Archduchess. Francis-Joseph yielded to the demands of his mother, and the little Archduke was taken away from Elizabeth to be placed in a distant wing of the palace under the care of the mother-in-law. Elizabeth had nothing to say concerning the education of Rudolph until about twelve years later.

Empress Elizabeth now abandoned all hope of getting along with her mother-in-law, and left Vienna to become a traveler. The Dowager Archduchess then became more influential than ever. Some claim that at this period she even swayed the Emperor in matters of great moment politically. One decision for which she was often considered responsible was in connection with Mexico. That country had become involved in disputes with European powers over indebtedness. Through the influence of the Dowager Archduchess her son Maximilian was induced to accept the crown of the distant realm, but the outcome of the adventure was that he was executed by the Mexicans in 1867, and the shock of the news of his execution was finally the cause of the Dowager Archduchess' death which occurred in 1872. There seemed to be retribution in this unfortunate affair, for Maximilian was married to Charlotte, a daughter of the King of the Belgians, and she had been one of the clique at the court which had openly opposed Elizabeth.

Empress Elizabeth went to Madeira to recuperate from an ailment of the lungs. She was there four months, at the end of which period she returned much improved. But her improvement was not permanent, and it was clear that she

must leave Vienna again. This time she went to Corfu where she found the climate more beneficial than that of Madeira. She grew to love Corfu and eventually built an immense palace there, which she called Achilleion. It is claimed that this palace cost over fifteen million dollars, and today it is one of the principal show-places of the island. She returned to it often in after years, and it was regarded as her favorite residence.

During the years, from the time she was separated from the Crown Prince in 1858 until the decline of the Archduchess which began in 1866, Elizabeth spent but little time in Vienna. Apparently she sometimes returned with the intention of taking up residence, but the hostility of the Dowager Archduchess was more than she could endure.

During the calamitous war with Prussia in 1866, she returned and devoted most of her time to relief work for the injured soldiers. She was no longer interested in the intrigues of the court. Then came the death of the Dowager Archduchess and all was changed.

During the last years of the mother-in-law's life, the way was clear for Elizabeth to take her proper station at the palace, but she had no inclination for court life with all its shams and deceptions. However, she felt a sense of duty and sympathy when she thought of the Emperor who was depressed over the unfortunate outcome of his wars with France and Prussia. At this time there was also a terrible anxiety over the disaster which threatened Maximilian in Mexico, and concerning Crown Prince Rudolph who was in poor health and needed the care of his mother.

For these reasons Elizabeth settled down to reside in Vienna. She had great influence in Hungary, as has already been mentioned. This influence was now to be turned into a heavy asset for Francis-Joseph and his empire; an asset which temporarily unified the states of Hungary and Austria.

The reign of Francis-Joseph had been marked at its very beginning by a terrible rebellion in Hungary led by

Kossuth; a rebellion which Austria had been unable to put down until she received help from Russia. The success of a Hungarian rebellion would have meant a complete dissolution of the Austrian Empire, and it was always threatened until affection for Elizabeth coaxed the Hungarians safely back to the fold of the Hapsburgs. Hungary even hinted that better treatment of Elizabeth was the price of its return to loyalty. The intimation came couched in diplomatic language, but was none the less definite, and clearly understood. One expression of this sentiment was uttered by Franz Deak, a Hungarian patriot in 1865, when he said to the Emperor, "As peace and goodwill are to reign in your states, may your Majesty seek and obtain reconciliation in the midst of your own family."

By this time the Archduchess Sophia was mainly engaged in worrying over her son Maximilian in Mexico. She was frantically scheming to save his life, if possible, by having forces dispatched from Europe, and made no resistance to the establishment of better relations between Francis-Joseph and Elizabeth. The reconciliation probably occurred on account of pressure from Hungary on one side and the relinquishment of opposition on the part of the Dowager Archduchess on the other.

Early in 1867, a deputation from Hungary came to Vienna to propose a coronation of the Emperor as King of Hungary, but the same delegation went to the Empress with the request that she also be crowned with the Emperor. Elizabeth was delighted and showed it by replying immediately, "I will joyfully fulfill the wish expressed by the Hungarian people." This must have been one of the happiest moments of Elizabeth's life. We almost imagine we hear her saying in private to Francis-Joseph, "I told you all the time that I could help you if you would only allow me the honor. Now, I've done something for you that your mother could not do."

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of this

reconciliation with Hungary. It came at a time when the fortunes of the empire were in the greatest need of support. Francis-Joseph had lost his Italian provinces, and been displaced from leadership of the German states by their union with Prussia which was hostile to Austria. The coronation was regarded abroad as a great triumph for Francis-Joseph. The London Times said: "It implies a reconciliation not only of the Magyars with the Empire, but of all Hungary with all Austria, and all Austria with Germany."

The coronation at Budapest was the one bright spot in the long bleak life of Francis-Joseph; the single political triumph of his reign. How singular that he should owe it to the woman who could not be trusted to run his court nor educate his children!

Her graciousness at this coronation further increased Elizabeth's popularity in Hungary. As the royal pair were leaving the cathedral, an old man, who had come from one of the remotest corners of the kingdom and climbed some steps to get a fleeting glimpse of his queen as she passed, fell from his perch. The queen immediately ran to his assistance. There was an instantaneous roar from the immense throng as it cheered her and exclaimed: "Good Queen of Hungary, *Eljen Erzsébet!*"

As a token of their affection, the Hungarians presented their Queen with a palace not far from Budapest. It was called Gödöllő, and became the favorite residence of the Empress. She returned time and time again to this palace to bask in the affection of the Hungarian people. She said she loved every tree and flower in the grounds of Gödöllő. "When I arrive and when I leave, I go to an old tree which I love and we gaze at each other in silence. The old tree understands my thoughts, and I confide to it all that has happened to me in the interval that we have been absent one from the other."

As another mark of the affection with which Elizabeth regarded Hungary, she went to Budapest for her last

confinement, when Marie Valerie was born on April twenty-second, 1868. Many have asserted that this daughter was the favorite child of the Empress. She was the only one whose education Elizabeth was allowed to supervise, and it may be said that Valerie reflected as good training as any of the others.

At this period of Elizabeth's life she might have made herself very popular in Vienna, but she could not, or would not, rise to the occasion. One of the principal uses the Viennese had for an Empress was to have her appear in parades and show herself at the public functions so very dear to the hearts of the people. Among the leading annual processions of Vienna are those occurring on Good Friday and Easter. The Roman Catholic Church imposed upon the Emperor and Empress the duty of appearing in these parades. Generally before the Easter parades it would be given out from the Hofburg that the Empress was ill, and the announcement came so regularly that the people understood that it was an excuse on the part of their Empress.

Now the Viennese people would readily have forgiven their queen for a romantic adventure with a popular prince or duke, but that she declined to appear in a parade was quite another, and more serious affair; they were displeased.

The Empress fully realized her shortcoming, but she was no longer the young girl who flung kisses to the crowds which greeted her at her wedding procession. She was a sad, disappointed woman, who preferred to get away into a corner and recount her troubles. She wished to be of service to her country, but could not bring herself to join in its festivities.

Here are some of her rather pitiful wails, uttered at about that time: "The common people do not know what to make of me. I do not fit their pre-conceived notions, and they do not like me to dispel their illusions. In this way I am thrown back entirely upon myself. Neither am I in touch with the higher classes, who do not care to seek me in my

solitude." Another time she said: "It is just as necessary for people to speak ill of one another, as it is for a cypress tree to mourn."

During the time from the coronation at Budapest till the marriage of the Crown Prince in 1881, the Empress spent more of her time in Vienna than at any other period, except at the beginning of her married life. Her first voluntary exile was precipitated by the removal of her son from her care, at the dictation of her mother-in-law. Her return for residence occurred upon the removal of the mother-in-law from dominance at the court, on account of grief over the misfortunes of her son Maximilian in Mexico. But early in the eighties there was another event destined to convert the queen into a still more hopeless wanderer. This was the marriage of Rudolph. The story has been told in another chapter, but we may add here that the Empress never recovered from the shock of seeing her son sacrificed in marriage on the altar of tradition by his father, and she surely never forgave the way the Emperor made it appear to the public that she was pleased with the marriage.

Empress Elizabeth disliked Stephanie, and found it very difficult to treat her with motherly consideration. However, we may be sure that Elizabeth never encouraged Rudolph in his affairs with other women. Archduchess Sophia has often been charged with encouraging Francis-Joseph in illicit relations with women, and the charge has been made that she even tried to get certain men to lead Elizabeth astray. If the charges were true, Elizabeth never followed the example of her mother-in-law in these respects; at least there is no account of it in history.

Elizabeth absented herself from the court during much of the time from the marriage of Rudolph in 1881 until his death in 1889. After his death she never stayed in Vienna except for short periods. She became an imperial tramp, going from one place to another in search of one thing after another. She had her royal yacht, the *Miramare*, on

which she spent much time. She also made prolonged visits in Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, Egypt, Greece, Ireland, England, Switzerland and many other countries. She studied the languages and customs of many of these lands, and often mingled incognito with the people. Her title seemed to annoy her and she preferred to travel as a common citizen or tourist. She went luxuriously and gave away large sums for charity, and for anything which suited her fancy.

The statement is often made that she never smiled after the death of Rudolph, but I find this hard to reconcile with some of the things she said and did. She was on the very borderland of madness, but it was not a madness which made her entirely miserable. I quote some of her sayings, many of which were uttered after the death of her son.

"The goal of our journey is attractive, especially as we must travel to reach it, but if I knew I could never leave a place I am in, it would be hell to me. The thought that I shall soon leave my temporary house touches me, and makes me love it more."

Elizabeth was very fond of the sea, and loved to be on her yacht in a storm. "The sea is my father confessor. It restores my youth, for it removes from me all that is not myself. The ocean is like a mighty mother, on whose breast one can forget everything else." Again she said: "I am a stormy petrel; I have my sails removed that I may not lose one glimpse of the angry billows, and every time a fresh wave breaks on the deck, I long to shout for joy." Once in a terrific storm the captain of her yacht insisted that she go to her cabin lest she be washed from the deck. She begged him to lash her to one of the masts, so she could watch the angry waves. She seemed to have a longing to be in a storm at sea.

She loved to visit with the people in such countries as Egypt. She learned the Arab language and was able to converse freely with the natives. In speaking of her travels in the interior of Algeria, she said: "There are many people

who do not like to travel in those countries, but I love the East, and precisely in its present picturesque condition. I do not see the dirt, and am only conscious of the inhabitants, who are a source of real pleasure to me. I feel quite at home in Cairo, in a crowd of porters and donkeys. I am far less oppressed than at a court ball."

Once in Egypt she was walking along the streets of a small village, when she was attracted by the cries of a woman in one of the hovels. She pushed the door open and beheld a terrible sight. A man had a woman by the hair and was dragging her over the floor, beating her with a whip. Elizabeth ran to the man, snatched the whip from his hand and began scolding him. Soon to her surprise the woman came shaking her fists and threatening the Empress for abusing her husband. Elizabeth immediately handed the whip back to the man and said: "Beat her, old man, she deserves it for her devotion to you." That does not sound like the speech of an insane woman.

She loved the surprising situations which sometimes arose from traveling in disguise. Once she was desirous of entering an old castle. The owner was standing before it and she mistook him for a guide. He conducted her through the castle, and during the visit the conversation turned to royalty. The man said he hoped to have the honor of seeing the Empress of Austria some time, since she traveled a great deal. The Empress smiled and said: "Such a thing may happen as a sight of the Empress without being aware of it." At the end of the visit she offered him a gold coin for having guided her through the castle. The man was offended and said: "You do not appear to know me." "Do not be offended," replied the Empress. "As you did not know me, I may be pardoned for not knowing you."

Here is another experience which she must have enjoyed. Once she entered a Spanish restaurant, and the waiter came to her explaining that it was too late for a meal.



"But I am hungry," replied the Empress, "you must bring me something."

"There is just one thing left, Signora, the very best of all, but it is rather dear."

"What will the dish cost?" she asked.

"Eighty centesima, Signora, I am sorry the price is so high." She laughed merrily at this statement which was made very earnestly.

"You need not laugh, Signora, many think it too high, but if you wish I will serve you a half portion."

She ate a full portion, and, when she settled, surprised the waiter by giving him a tip of five times the price of the meal. Watching his astonishment was a real enjoyment to her.

But there was one time when her conduct seemed like that of a mad woman. It was on the occasion of the death of her cousin, Ludwig, the Mad King of Bavaria. Ludwig was known to be insane, and was in charge of his physician. One evening he went for a walk alone with this physician along the shores of a lake. The bodies of both men were found in the shallow water. The king probably seized his physician, carried him out into the edge of the lake and held his head under water until he was drowned, and after that the Mad King drowned himself. Such was the opinion of those who found the bodies.

Empress Elizabeth was in the neighborhood, and heard of the death. She immediately went to the Burg where the body of the king lay, and asked to be left alone with the corpse for a while as he was her cousin. An hour passed and she did not reappear. The attendants opened the door and found her lying unconscious on the floor by the bier. It was some time before they could bring her back to consciousness. Then she rose in horror and exclaimed: "Take him away, take him away! He is not dead. He sat up just now and told me that he was only pretending to be dead! He is only pretending to be dead, so they won't torture him any longer!"

This speech seemed very strange. Ludwig had been betrothed to a sister of the Empress, Archduchess Sophie, and had broken the betrothal because he claimed he had discovered that his betrothed was unfaithful. He had thrown an expensive bust of her out of the window just to hear it crash on the pavement. There had been a dreadful scandal over it, and Duke Maximilian, the father of the Empress and Sophie, had never forgiven King Ludwig. The conduct of the Empress before Ludwig's bier can hardly be explained on any other supposition than temporary insanity.

Empress Elizabeth had several times expressed a hope that she might die some sort of a violent sudden death. She often said she thought it would be beautiful to be lost in a storm at sea. She had no fear of assassins, although she was always apprehensive of Italians. She once said that Francis-Joseph still spoke Italian fairly well, which was all that was left of his heritage in Italy, and added that she thought that was too much. She spoke Italian early in life, but tried to forget it after the loss of the Italian provinces.

In literature she was especially fond of Heine, a German poet, who had written much that was unfavorable to the German crown. She once started a movement to erect a monument for him in a German town, and this promptly brought her into trouble with Bismarck. It was after the formation of the Triple Alliance of Austria, Germany and Italy. Bismarck took the matter up with Francis-Joseph, and the Emperor had to call a halt to his wife's endeavors in that direction. Elizabeth had her little revenge by having a famous sculptor chisel a statue of Heine, which she placed in the grounds of her palace at Corfu. The Prussians did not resent this and Elizabeth continued to be friendly with the Hohenzollerns. Emperor William II. once remarked that Elizabeth was the most intellectual woman he had ever met.

Elizabeth is always considered to have been the most beautiful woman that ever graced the throne of Austria. Particular mention is made of her wonderful hair. She

never allowed herself to become fat. She rode a great deal and took exercise regularly in various gymnasiums. In dress her tastes were simple, but she spent much money on her clothes. In later years she had a habit of hiding her face behind a fan when she appeared on the streets in Vienna, and this was the source of much annoyance to the people who wished to have a view of their beautiful Empress.

Empress Elizabeth once said: "There is a moment in the life of each one of us when the spirit dies, and it by no means follows, that this need be the time of physical death." She was alluding to her own experience when she heard of the death of the Crown Prince at Mayerling. The messenger who broke the news to her said she seemed to turn to stone, and listened without tears or the least demonstration. This was when the spirit died in Elizabeth according to her own belief. She lived physically for nine years longer.

On account of ill health, Elizabeth spent much of the summer of 1898 in the mountain resorts of Switzerland. Several weeks were pleasantly passed at Mt. de Caux, before going incognito to Geneva, one of her favorite cities. At Mt. de Caux occurred the celebrated incident of the raven and the pear.

Ravens, which are more common than robins in Vienna, were well-recognized birds of ill-omen for the House of Hapsburg. Impending disasters to the dynasty, and personal misfortunes of members of the imperial family, were supposed to be known in advance by the ravens, and were usually foretold by some unusual behavior on the part of these dreary messengers of ill luck. Elizabeth and her courier were sitting on a mossy stone by a lake, when a vendor of fruit appeared and sold the Empress a pear. She peeled and divided it, handing a half to her companion, when, just as she was about to eat her portion, a raven swooped down and struck the fruit from her hand with its wings. The courier was much alarmed, and begged Elizabeth not to

undertake the journey to Geneva upon which she had planned to set forth the next day.

"My dear friend," replied the Empress, "I fear nothing. I am a fatalist. What is to be will be."

The next day Elizabeth went to Geneva as she had planned.

There she remained in her favorite hotel, the Beau Rivage, from the last of August until the tenth of September. Those few days were unusually happy ones for the Empress, and the incident of the raven had been almost forgotten, when with awful suddenness the prophesy of the black messenger was fulfilled.

The Empress left her hotel, accompanied by Countess Sztaray, to take the boat back to Mt. de Caux. They were traveling incognito and unattended by secret guards. The two women walked rapidly toward the quay, the Countess slightly in advance. An Italian was sitting on a bench at the wharf, and, as they passed, he sprang to his feet and apparently stumbled accidentally against the Empress, knocking her down. She rose unassisted and did not seem to be hurt. The two women went aboard and the boat left the quay. In a little while the Empress turned pale and the Countess asked: "Is Your Majesty ill?"

"I do not know," replied the Empress.

"Will Your Majesty take my arm?"

"No, thank you. Am I pale?"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

Then Elizabeth fainted. The Countess unfastened her clothing and found blood. The Empress noticed the excited behavior of the Countess and asked: "What has happened?" Those were the last words of Empress Elizabeth.

Countess Sztaray called the captain and told him the injured woman was the Empress of Austria. He hurriedly brought the boat back to the quay. Members of the crew and passengers carried the unconscious woman on a stretcher to a near-by hotel, but before they got her into bed she died. It is more than likely that Elizabeth never knew what

had happened to her. Her wish for a sudden violent death had been granted.

When the Italian, who was an anarchist, stumbled against her, he stabbed her with an instrument made by sharpening a file to resemble a shoemaker's awl. It penetrated her heart. The cause of her death was quickly determined by physicians who were hastily summoned, but did not arrive until after she died. That Elizabeth was murdered by a villain armed with a shoemaker's awl, and her husband almost done to death in 1852 by an assassin using a shoemaker's knife, formed a strange coincidence.

Elizabeth's assassin, whose name was Luigi Luccheni, was promptly arrested, tried and convicted. He said he came to Geneva to kill the Duke of Orleans, but the Duke was not there, and, the Empress of Austria being at hand, he decided to kill her instead. As capital punishment was forbidden in Switzerland, he was sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Even from the standpoint of an anarchist, the cruel murder of this harmless woman, whose life had little or no political significance, was absolutely purposeless. The very thought of such a heartless deed fills our hearts with sympathetic sorrow. It was an impressive climax to the sad life of one of the most appealing women who ever graced the House of Hapsburg.

Francis-Joseph received the news of the death of his consort with the exclamation so often quoted: "No one knows how great is the loss I have suffered. Not one blow in the world is to be spared me." He himself did not realize how truly he had spoken.

Elizabeth had often expressed a desire to be buried at Achilleion. She wished to lie by the sea she loved, but her request was not granted. Her coffin was placed in the vaults of the Capucine Church in Vienna, by the side of Rudolph's where it was later joined by the sarcophagus of Francis-Joseph.

But after her death, Elizabeth was accorded a tribute which she surely would have appreciated, had she but known it was in store for her. In a secluded corner of the delightful Volksgarten, the dearest park in all Vienna to the common people, sits the marble statue of a beautiful lady looking across a limpid pool dotted with water lilies. Ivy-mantled screens protect her from the heat of summer and shelter her from the wintry blasts. Children come to this spot every day, and quietly listen while their parents tell them the story of the life of the most lamented Empress of Austria. Dimpled little hands often place flowers at the foot of the statue, and sympathetic faces look into the still eyes of the snow-white marble image of Empress Elizabeth. The dearest fact about this monument is that it was erected by funds raised from the people of Vienna by popular subscription.

Elizabeth left a large estate which she had disposed of by a will made at Budapest in 1896. Valued in dollars her property mounted into millions. She left her palace at Lainz to her daughter Valerie, and the one at Corfu to Gisela. She also left substantial remembrances to many of her relatives and friends.

The tale of the great and well-disposed emperor, the evil genius, and the innocent girl, is finished; but the story of the furies which returned laden with tormenting ironies is yet to be told.

The fates dealt harshly with Francis-Joseph. He came to the throne as absolute ruler of an immense territory embracing the best portion of central Europe. He ended his reign as a bureaucrat, his powers shorn by constitution and legislation. Little by little his territory slipped away until at his death almost all of it was on the verge of taking wings and departing. But, since this is largely a review of the domestic affairs of his reign, such subjects are irrelevant.

But there is something else which does belong in this

story, and that is the destruction of the traditions of the House of Hapsburg, which were to Francis-Joseph almost a second Bible. He always insisted upon obedience to them, at least on the part of others. The most important tradition of the House related to marriage. The parents always had the right to dispose of their children in marriage. Under no circumstances were the children to break over the walls of custom and marry for love. The punishment for such an act was exclusion of the heirs from the privileges of the crown. It was an unwise rule, and entirely contrary to the laws of common sense and physiology, but from the days of Rudolph I., it had served the House well in extending dominions and cementing alliances.

Francis-Joseph broke this tradition at Possenhofen, when he refused to marry the docile Helene and chose the spirited Elizabeth. This was done under the impulse of a sudden love, something he never tolerated in others. Having committed such a rash act, he seemed to be alarmed at its possible consequences, and allowed his Empress to be chased out of the palace by a woman who convinced him that she alone could preserve the traditions of the dynasty. She must take charge of the court and the education of his heir because the Empress was not capable nor willing to preserve the traditions.

He made no greater mistake during his entire reign, and none which caused him more sorrow. Empress Elizabeth would have brought the court more into harmony with liberal ideas toward which he was forced inch by inch as the years passed. Had her wishes been respected, she would have saved him the awful mistake in the marriage of his son, the Crown Prince; a mistake which resulted in so much disgrace that it almost overthrew the throne.

Francis-Joseph made a wide departure in his marriage, but soon hurried back to his old idols, and there is irony in the way his single transgression returned to haunt him in his old age. His eldest living daughter, Gisela, through

her marriage with the Duke of Bavaria, had given him a favorite grandchild, Elizabeth. She was eighteen years old when she appeared timidly before her grandfather and begged for a private interview.

"What great secret have you to tell me now," he asked.

"It is very serious, grandpa."

"Well, I am listening."

"Grandfather, I am in love, and am loved in return."

"But you are only eighteen, Elizabeth. I have intended to arrange your marriage when you are old enough."

"Yes, but I am two years older than grandmother was when she married you, grandfather."

He winced, and then answered, "You must not speak of that, my child. Tell me the name of your Prince Charming."

"He is not a prince, grandfather."

"Not a prince? Come, come, this will never do."

"No, he is Baron von Seefried, a lieutenant in the Bavarian Cavalry."

"You are mad. I cannot permit it."

"And that is not all. He is a Protestant."

"A Protestant Baron! It is unthinkable. It is impossible!"

He began to walk up and down the room in his excitement. Elizabeth burst into tears.

Tears were a torture to him, for he had already seen too many. He stopped before his favorite grandchild, and spoke kindly but firmly.

"Come, don't cry, my darling. You have done very wrong, very wrong; but we shall have the matter remedied at once. Say no more. I will arrange a suitable marriage for you without delay."

"But grandfather, I must tell you something more." She came close to him and said very emphatically, "It is too late for me to marry anyone else. I have given my promise and shall not break it."

Francis-Joseph had been defied, but began planning to obviate the humiliation with which he was threatened. He



would find an archduke and have Elizabeth married promptly. He would save the House of Hapsburg the disgrace of having a Protestant lieutenant thrown into the august circle.

Empress Elizabeth, the grandmother, was still alive and happened to be in the Hofburg. The Emperor appealed to her to use her influence with her namesake, but the Empress only made matters worse by taking her granddaughter's part. She even went so far as to remind the Emperor of the awful consequences of forcing Rudolph into a loveless marriage. It was a sad day for Francis-Joseph; a fury had arrived and deposited a stinging torment in his heart. He was compelled to yield to the granddaughter who married her lieutenant, and lived with him happily.

Then there was Stephanie, the widow of the Crown Prince. The Emperor had been very busy in planning a new and appropriate marriage for her. But she was stubborn, and asserted that once was enough for a woman to be sent to the marriage block to please ambitious emperors. She fell in love with a chamberlain, Count Lonyay. Francis-Joseph objected and again reminded her of his plans. Having rendered the imperial decision he thought the matter settled. But she kept coming, and finally threatened to quit coming. Again he was compelled to haul down the Banner of Traditions and negotiate a surrender. He capitulated as gracefully as possible, but was deeply humiliated. In this case he later even went so far as to assist Stephanie and her husband. Having been forced to give in twice the old General of the Traditions was no longer feared as before.

Next came Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the Heir-Apparent to the throne, who had fallen in love with a woman who was a Czech, Countess Chotek. Now Francis-Joseph had had his heart set upon marrying Ferdinand to Stephanie who had just slipped out of the noose of the Hapsburg traditions. Francis Ferdinand had always resisted the Emperor's efforts in this direction, and now that Stephanie was disposed of, he also assaulted the Guardian of the

Traditions. The Emperor lost again but managed to save his face by making the marriage morganatic.

So it went, one after another of his family breaking the traditions of the House and incidentally the old Emperor's heart. He had lost much of his territory, most of his power, and worst of all his Traditions! There was little left for him but to resign himself to a cheerless old age, living like a bachelor in the Hofburg. He could not run a court with lieutenants, chamberlains and Czechs.

But the worst irony of all is yet to be mentioned. This is the one which gave him the nickname of "Herr Schratt," by which he was often denominated among the bourgeois.

Frau Kathi Schratt came into his life about 1885, and in a most peculiar manner. Empress Elizabeth's heart had been bruised many times, but it was completely crushed twice; once when her son was taken away from her, and again when she saw Rudolph forced into a loveless marriage against her wish. She had no desire to remain in permanent residence at the Hofburg. It was called to her attention that it was not right to leave the Emperor with no woman to comfort him in the Hofburg, and the Empress was impressed with the justice of this suggestion. Upon mature reflection, and after discussing the subject with some of her friends, particularly her niece who is responsible for this story, she concluded that he was entitled to have some amiable attractive woman to take such a part, during her own absence. She cast her eyes about, and discovered an actress at the Burg Theater who she thought would answer all requirements. So the woman to whom he had vowed his fidelity, actually selected a companion for the Emperor, rather than be vexed with the duties herself.

The arrangement was a success. The Emperor seemed to be perfectly satisfied and his subjects made no objection. Frau Kathi Schratt has been no Madame Pompadour, nor Madame Du Barry. She never interfered in any way with the court nor in politics. She merely acted the part of a

comforter for the aged ruler. But what an irony it was that a great Emperor noted for his conquests of women, should actually reach the helpless stage where he willingly permitted his wife to select a companion to take her place, simply because she wished to be excused. It is difficult to find a parallel to this in history.

Yet in spite of all that has been said, we assert that Francis-Joseph was not a man of bad intentions, nor wanting in ability. Under his reign Vienna became the most magnificent city in Europe. An array of architecture, scarcely equaled elsewhere, took its place on the Ringstrasse. Vast improvements of the city were carried out in other lines and Vienna became justly famed for its science and learning. This proud distinction it still enjoys, but only on account of the institutions which were established and first brought to a high state of perfection during the reign of Francis-Joseph.

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## THE LAST EMPRESS

**T**HE Austrian Empire, almost synonymous with the Hapsburg Dynasty, was destined to live longest in the heart of a woman, where it probably still survives as her fondest hope. Not only did Zita outlive Carl, but she also dominated him to a marked degree during his life, and it was probably for his own welfare that she did. When he acted under her influence, he made plausible mistakes, but when he occasionally defied her he committed atrocious blunders. Zita was very good, and perhaps wiser than her husband, but unfortunately for herself and Carl, did not possess the cleverness of a Maria Theresa, nor the ability to win subjects as did the one great Queen of Austria.

When the throne tottered and fell in 1918, it might have been saved by a powerful magnetic ruler, unless it had been actually destroyed by foreign powers. The habit of fealty to a monarch, which has not yet entirely disappeared from among the Viennese, was so firmly fixed in the minds and hearts of the people that only the mistakes of a weak ruler, together with demands from abroad, enabled the Socialists to organize a republic and turn the population away from the established form of government which had seen the empire through so many perils.

The part played by Carl and Zita in the closing scenes of the dynasty is more than interesting; it is spell-binding, but their performances were so eclipsed by the tragedies of the World War that they have never received the attention which would have been accorded them under other circumstances.

Zita was born May 19, 1892, in Schloss Pianore in the province of Lucca, Italy. Her parents were Duke Robert of Parma and Maria Antonia. The baby was named in honor of a saint who had lived in the same town in the early part of the thirteenth century. Zita was a pretty child living in pretty surroundings. Her home was on the picturesque terraces of the Italian Riviera, and from her flower gardens she could see the blue waters of the Mediterranean. But with the formation of the Italian union, the Duke of Parma had been deprived of much of his income, and the Schloss had fallen somewhat into disrepair. Its interior suggested labor and economy rather than ease and luxury.

Zita was very popular with the common people, many of whom declare: "She was the most beautiful child that anyone could imagine." When she was three years old she was astonishingly smart in conversation. She learned to do needle-work and was very proud of her handiwork, and later made herself popular by preparing Christmas trees with her own hands and singing Christmas songs with the children. By nature she was charitable, and one of her principal delights was to bestow gifts on the poor of the village.

When she was ten years old she said "lebewohl" to her dolls, flowers and playmates and went away to a convent in Bavaria where she remained until her father's death six years later. There she learned to play the organ, and completed her study of music. In 1908 she was transferred to a Benedictine convent on the Isle of Wight. Thus Zita received a fair education and a most pious training in Catholicism.

In 1908 she was invited to visit her aunt Maria Annunziata in Franzensbad where she met Archduke Charles, who was attracted to her from the very first. She seems to have been approved by the Hapsburgs, and in a little while was visiting Carl's parents in a hunting lodge at Steyrmarch. Next we hear of her at a ball in the Augarten in Vienna where all present were delighted by her youthful beauty and charming manners. Some one spoke of her to Charles who exclaimed,

"Oh, the princess has pleased me very much for some time." His parents were also pleased, and on June 14, 1911, the engagement was announced.

By this time Francis-Joseph's devotion to traditions had received so many hard blows that he was glad of an opportunity to approve a marriage which was appropriate from a consideration of titles, without giving too much weight to political alliances. The wedding occurred on October 21, 1911, in the Schloss Schwartzau. Franzis-Joseph, August of Saxony, and Francis-Ferdinand were all present at the ceremony.

The Emperor made one of his usual felicitous wedding speeches which in this instance was probably quite genuine. "The happy marriage which we are celebrating fills my heart with the highest joy," he began, and continued for some time in the same strain.

Carl, who had not been of the greatest importance at birth, had steadily progressed and was destined to grow further in prominence. He was the son of Otto, a man of easy morals and a brother of Francis-Ferdinand, the Heir-Apparent. Francis-Ferdinand had become Heir-Apparent through the death of Crown Prince Rudolph, but had limited his line by a morganatic marriage with Countess Chotek. According to the rules of succession Otto stood next to Francis-Ferdinand, and Otto's eldest son had a fair chance of inheriting the crown. Carl's father died in 1906, thus advancing the son to within two steps of the crown. Then the murder of Francis-Ferdinand in 1914 made Carl the Heir-Apparent to the throne occupied by an emperor who was eighty-four years old.

From the very day of their wedding, Carl and Zita were comrades. They spent a honeymoon at Brandeis on the Elbe where they were welcomed with flowers and pretty speeches from the inhabitants. According to the Emperor's idea the army was one of the most important features of the government and he wished the future ruler to be well

versed in matters of war. On the first day of March, Carl, accompanied by his bride went to join his regiment in Galicia. In military terms Carl was only a "Rittmeister" which, when translated into English, is "Captain of the Horse." He was supposed to live and conduct himself before his army according to this rather unimportant station. Zita cheerfully complied with the rules and lived in the quarters of a captain. "Where one Rittmeister lived another can live," she said, when she saw her plain home. While she acknowledged her station, she also emphasized her distinction in a most feminine manner by having printed on her cards: "Rittmeister Charles Francis-Joseph and Archduchess Zita." She wished it understood that her husband was a captain and something else in addition.

But for the time being she was quite willing to play the part of a captain's wife. She associated freely with the officers and their wives, meeting them on a common social plane. One day she was at an inn some distance from headquarters when she fell into conversation with the proprietress. The woman told her that her son was also in the same regiment to which Zita's husband was attached, and asked Zita to please take five crowns and give them to the boy who was a common soldier.

"Certainly I will," replied Zita, "if you wish to trust me with so much money."

The woman scrutinized the Archduchess carefully and then added, "I will also trust you to carry his washing, which is worth still more."

When the Archduchess presented the money and laundry together with his mother's greetings to the soldier, he was dumbfounded that a queen should condescend to such a menial task. Zita was delighted with this little incident which was related among the soldiers and added to her personal popularity.

Zita must have found pleasure in the ordinary things of nature, for we are told that she accumulated a small

menagerie, in which were dogs, cats, several wild birds and a roebuck. She always fed them with her own hands and would not eat until the wants of her pets had been supplied. This love of nature continued to be manifested by the Empress in after life. She was always happy in the woods and fields.

In October, 1912, Carl was promoted to Major of the Infantry and moved to Vienna. His Austrian admirers say he was "through and through an officer." He was punctual and took part in all the arduous drills with the other officers. One of his comrades said: "We were never once made to feel that we were associating with royalty." The friends Carl knew during his service in the army were of the greatest comfort to him in later life. They made up a small nucleus upon which he felt that he could really depend, and unquestionably Zita was of much assistance in binding them to her husband.

Upon returning to Vienna, Carl and Zita established a residence in the historic palace of Hetzendorf which had seen such renowned characters as Maria Theresa, Caroline and Marie Louise. During the winter the pair sometimes lived in Schönbrunn, and in summers often went to Reichenau where Carl's grandfather Ludwig lived. Zita was very fond of out-of-door life, and when she lived in the country knew every path in the vicinity.

On the twentieth of November, 1912, she gave birth to her first child, a boy, who received the name of Francis-Joseph Otto. There was the usual celebration in Vienna, for the boy was in direct line for the crown. Her friends say that Zita was the best of mothers, and took delight in caring for the infant with her own hands. She never resigned his training entirely to hirelings. Then on January third, 1914, a daughter was born in the palace of Hetzendorf, and named Adelhaide. On February eighth, 1915, Robert Carl Ludwig was born in Schönbrunn, and so her record of motherhood continued until she had eight children.



The oldest son, Otto, was soon a favorite with the aged Francis-Joseph, and the old Emperor looked forward to the visits of the little boy who was accustomed to come to his granduncle every day. The art shops of Vienna contain many pictures of little Otto with the Emperor.

On June twenty-eighth, 1914, the crash came from Sarajevo. Archduke Francis-Ferdinand and his wife were assassinated and the murder loosed the avalanche which almost buried civilization. The eyes of the empire were at once riveted on Carl who in the natural course of events must certainly soon become emperor, and the Heir-Apparent immediately hurried to Ischl where Francis-Joseph was spending the summer. Together they went to Vienna and then Carl hastened to the field, where he had recently been appointed Commander of the Hussars. But he did not remain with the army constantly for he was frequently sent on important diplomatic errands by the Emperor; several times visiting William II. of Germany.

In July, 1915, he was made Major-General, and Francis-Joseph sent him to inspect all fronts in order that he might acquire an intimate knowledge of the entire army. During the first months of the war he was with the army at Przemyśl, and is said to have exposed himself to much personal danger in different battles. He was popular with the army, perhaps more on account of the manner in which he fraternized with the men than for distinction in command.

Francis-Joseph never succeeded in fully transferring the affection he had for Rudolph to any heir-apparent. He never liked Francis-Ferdinand but acquired more affection for Carl. On many occasions he expressed himself as completely satisfied with the young man who was to become his successor. As the impairments of age bore more and more heavily upon him he transferred some of the burdens of state to the shoulders of the Heir-Apparent.

The Emperor died November twenty-first, 1916, at which time the ravages of war were beginning to be severely felt

in Vienna, but there was still hope of ultimate success. At the funeral Carl and Zita leading the four-year-old Otto walked in the procession from Stephansdom to the Capucine. It was a memorable sight and some splendid pictures of the procession are still to be seen in the art shops of the city. Carl was dressed in military uniform and Zita was completely enveloped in deep mourning, while the little prince carried his hat in his hand, facing the crowd with an innocent but very intelligent countenance. The pictures convey the impression that the affairs of state were passing into excellent hands.

Carl and Zita immediately took charge of the empire in Vienna, and on the thirtieth of December were crowned in Budapest. The transference of authority was made without untoward incident. The Hungarians showed zeal and loyalty at the coronation. "I love the Fatherland," exclaimed Carl, and "We love our new king," was echoed from the enthusiastic crowd. Carl immediately went on a tour of inspection of the fronts and was everywhere well received by the army. His watchword was, "Be true to God, the Kaiser and the Fatherland."

But Carl very early began to assert himself in a way which brought his conduct into discussion. He dismissed the advisers who had served his predecessor and substituted others of his own choosing. To use the words of Lincoln, he began "trading horses in the middle of the stream." He thought he knew how to run the government and wished to have ministers who were more in harmony with his ideas.

The pinch of famine was soon felt in Vienna, for Austria had three fronts to defend, and not much food could be spared from the fourth which was held by Germany. Roumania and the distant United States were added to the allies, and Carl was panic stricken by the overwhelming forces arrayed against the Central powers. The Emperor of Germany perceived his weakness and did what he could to brace up his ally.

Carl went to conferences with William II. fully determined to ask Germany to join him in suing for peace, but, after coming under the influence of the northern Kaiser, left vowing to remain true to the end. We have no means of knowing what was said at these conferences, but German writers have reported one little conversation in the following words:

"We have stood together thus far, Carl. Let us continue until we have achieved victory. Keep cool and hold your nerves, and all will be well."

"Very well, William, I will remain true to the end."

But no sooner had Carl returned to Schönbrunn and listened to Zita than he began to appeal for a separate peace through his wife's brother, Sixtus. Sixtus was French in his inclinations, and with Zita planned to open negotiations for a separate peace with France. He visited Paris and his efforts soon became known to the Kaiser of Germany who never again trusted his ally to the south. Zita perhaps sensed the coming disaster intuitively and desired to make peace in time to save the throne if possible. Carl, who now began to show his weakness, was vacillating between two powerful influences, his wife and the Emperor of Germany. He resented some of the remarks of the northern Kaiser who had intimated that the Austrians could never win a victory without the assistance of the Germans. If he could only win a campaign on the Italian front without the assistance of the Germans, it would place him in a better position to ask for a separate peace. The result of this fond desire was a disastrous drive on the Piave. Then in rapid succession came the fall of Bulgaria, Turkey, and the disaffection of Bohemia and Hungary. William II. fled to Holland, and Austria lay broken and helpless. There was no more hope of a favorable separate peace. Perhaps worst of all for Carl and Zita came the ominous news that the American President had given out the ultimatum that no peace would be made with kings.

It was not Carl and Zita alone who heard this voice from

over the seas. The people also heard it, as it was intended that they should, and in a little while Vienna was a seething pot of revolution. The Socialists were ready and eager to organize a republic before the city went red with communism. In this emergency Zita kept her head better than Carl.

"Shall I abdicate, Zita?"

"Never, Carl. You must not think of abdicating. Never should a ruler abdicate. He may quit the throne, but not abdicate. To resign is allowable, but you must see that the right to the crown is preserved for my son Otto. You must remember that there are others yet to come whose rights are not yours to cast away. Abdicate? Never! never! never!"

Zita had her way. Carl did not abdicate the throne of Austria or Hungary. He merely withdrew temporarily from the government. The republic was organized and declared the throne to be forever abolished, but this did not remove it in the fullest legal sense. Carl and Zita still believed themselves to be the rightful rulers of the empire and later made efforts to reassert their rights in Hungary.

The sentiment in favor of a republic was very strong in Vienna at that time, but many claim that the cause of the dynasty was not absolutely hopeless. The Christian Socialists and the Great German Party were not convinced of the wisdom of abandoning the monarchy. If Carl had had the courage of Zita, the matter would not have been decided so promptly, unless the change had been made imperative by foreign powers. The radical Socialists had both courage and leadership and went right along with their enterprise, while their opponents were without an efficient head.

It is said that one of the counselors of the king advised him to go to the caserne, put himself at the head of his troops and march through the streets of Vienna establishing order at the point of the bayonet. To this, Carl replied that the price was too high; he would not plunge the land into civil strife to save the crown for himself. All he asked was the right to remove himself temporarily from the government

and wait until a suitable occasion occurred for the reinstatement of the dynasty.

As the shadows were falling over Schönbrunn on the evening of November eleventh, 1918, an automobile left the palace bearing Carl and Zita with their children. Its destination was the castle of Eckartsau on the Danube.

"What about the grounds?" asked the gardener.

"You are to continue to care for them," replied Carl.

"Who is to pay me?" was the next question.

"Remain true to your master, and you shall have your reward," answered Carl as the auto moved away.

Carl and Zita did not know then that a new order of things was removing them from Schönbrunn forever. Austria became a republic the next day, and in a few days Hungary had also formed a new government. The Austrian Monarchy which had stood for six hundred and fifty years passed into history. Carl and Zita were no longer rulers, but embarrassing problems for the new state.

Life at Eckartsau was not rigorous for Carl and Zita, and they may have experienced a sense of relief after struggling with war for two years. Their quarters were comfortable, and they had many friends who called to visit and encourage them. News from the city was to the effect that the new government was having many difficulties, and they probably thought the people would soon be disgusted with the republic and appeal for the return of the Emperor. But it was not long before they were informed that they were not wanted in the country where they might at any moment become troublesome factors. Foreign powers had something to say on the subject and soon the decree was passed that they should be removed to Switzerland. They protested, but the morning of the twenty-third of March found them in charge of a British officer boarding a train for Switzerland.

"We hope to see you again in the home-town," called the crowd as they departed.

"What sort of a revolution in this?" asked the British officer. "The people are telling their king good-bye as if he were going on a vacation instead of into exile."

The next morning Their Majesties heard the train guards calling "Buchs!" They were passing into a foreign land and among foreign people who lived under a republican government. There was to be no more *Gemütlichkeit*, no more "Küß die Hand" and "Grüß Gott." They were to conform to the terms of an exile, to be told where to go and when to come, and obey or suffer the stern penalties of another and different government. It is doubtful if Carl and Zita fully comprehended all this, but they were destined to learn the truth by bitter experience.

In Switzerland they found at their disposal another castle known as Wartegg where they were assigned until still another and better home could be gotten ready for them. In a few weeks they were transferred to the Villa Prangins where they were to remain indefinitely.

The Villa was a beautiful one located in the hills overlooking Lake Geneva. It had plenty of room and splendid gardens. The climate was delightful and the sanitary surroundings good enough for a health resort. Carl and Zita could have been reasonably happy there for a time, but they were not. They immediately busied themselves with political plots, and had callers and office hours devoted to interviewing political adherents who came and went almost at will. They corresponded with various leaders in cipher and began arranging all sorts of intrigues to regain the crown of Hungary. Some of Carl's schemes were quite ridiculous and astonished even his most enthusiastic friends. Several of his visionary plots may have been chilled to death by dashes of cold water from Zita, who was more sensible, and seemed to have a better judgment of what had taken place in the old empire.

As Provisional President in Hungary, had been established Nicholas Horthy whom Carl regarded as favorably inclined to

a return of the monarchy. He thought all that was necessary to effect a restoration was to appear before Horthy and demand the government. Some of Carl's friends had told him that it would be easy to regain the crown in Budapest which had gone through a revolution at the hands of the Soviets. Many German writers claim that Zita did not fully share her husband's opinion concerning the ease with which the crown of Hungary could be regained, but Carl was determined to go, and he went. He did not ask the consent of the Swiss government before departing, nor did he pay any attention to passports and visas. By aeroplane he glided across boundaries looking down with disdain at frontiers.

Landing in Vienna he assumed the name of Graf Thomas Erdödy, an influential Hungarian. It is claimed that he visited the inner Stadt and walked about the streets without being recognized. Then he left for Budapest by automobile, and passed the border without difficulty, as Erdödy was a man of means and political power. Presently he arrived in Budapest, went to the office of the Provisional Governor and demanded the right to assume the powers of a king. Horthy was astounded, but in diplomatic language refused to surrender his authority, and ended with demanding that Carl return to Prangins. There was nothing to do but comply with the demand, and Carl sadly re-entered his auto and returned toward Vienna. He had only a light overcoat and was chilled before reaching Szombathely where he stopped with a friend for the night.

The next day Carl was sick and could not leave his bed. His presence in Hungary had been noised abroad and all Europe was excited over the adventure. Some thought he was making an excuse of his illness to remain in Hungary. England sent a physician from Vienna to examine him and the doctor reported that Carl was able to travel. Then a Hungarian professor came at the request of Horthy and very sympathetically offered to accompany the king back to Prangins. Arriving at Buchs, Carl found the frontier officers unfriendly.

Switzerland was not sure that she wished to offer him an asylum after his having left the country without permission. Before he was allowed to proceed he was given certain conditions to which he was required to pledge his consent. He must not visit the larger cities of Zürich, Basle or Bern; he must obtain permission forty-eight hours before leaving the country; and he must not carry on political plots while in a friendly land.

The time of his absence had been one of agonizing terror for Zita. All sorts of rumors had been published in the papers, and she had read them with terrible anxiety. When she heard he was returning, she rode all night in an automobile to the frontier to greet him. Having clasped him in her arms, she made him promise never to leave her again.

The complete failure of the king's flight to Budapest should have taught Carl and Zita a lesson, for it produced unfavorable reactions toward them from almost the entire world. Switzerland, as already mentioned, exacted earnest promises of better behaviour, but this was by no means the only protesting voice raised against such misconduct. England, France, Italy and distant America all spoke in unison against a restoration of the Hapsburg Dynasty, while, the Little Entente, especially Czechoslovakia, and Austria, screamed their objections. Even the Vatican announced that it was in no way involved in the intrigue and did not approve of it.

Switzerland clearly showed that she regarded the king as a covenant-breaker whose word of honor was not to be accepted. A cordon of detectives were assigned to Prangins, and every visitor found himself followed to and from the castle by secret officials. Carl and Zita were no longer guests of the nation; they were suspects, almost imprisoned outlaws.

Had Carl and Zita but appreciated their position and been content to remain in Prangins, they might have continued there in comfortable retirement; as did William II. of Germany at Doorn. But not a month had passed after



Carl's return, before they were again plotting to escape and return to Budapest. We might also name several Hungarian and Austrian royalists who lent their aid to the intrigues; all in plain violation of the king's solemn promises. Two or three of them have published detailed accounts of their parts in the plots.

Carl returned to Prangins on the seventh of April, and during the same month is authentically reported to have said to one of his friends: "I intend to make another trip to Budapest. Hungary cannot prosper so long as there is one party for and another against the king. If you knew what I saw and heard there, you would understand that it is my duty to free the land of civil strife. I was told that such is my duty. It would be a pleasant one, for I am homesick. But you must allow me to be the first to announce my intentions." In support of their fond desires the King and Queen carefully noted all newspaper reports of the utterances of sympathizers throughout Europe and attached to them the importance they wished rather than what they merited.

So Carl and Zita, with the assistance of numerous accomplices, secretly and very carefully planned another expedition to Hungary. Troops favorable to the King and Queen were to be secretly assembled in the region of Oedenburg, near the boundary of Hungary, and a pledge of the support of certain regiments of the garrison at Budapest was to be obtained. The King and Queen — Zita was to be there in person — were to fly to Oedenberg. The march on Budapest was to get under way without the presence of the Majesties being known, but upon reaching Budapest, the King was to draw his sword and lead the triumphant invaders to a spectacular victory, and assume the crown. A powerful aeroplane for the use of the King and Queen had been engaged, and the services of an expert German pilot by the name of Zimmermann secured for the flight. October twentieth was the day set for the

departure — "Der Tag." It came and Carl and Zita flew away for a glorious conquest.

They landed in a stubble-field and soon found their way to the headquarters of their army which was already on the march. For a little while the expedition progressed satisfactorily, but soon the King and Queen were in communication with the Horthy government, and an armistice declared for arranging terms. This was fatal, for the voice of the world was soon ringing in the ears of Horthy, warning him not to yield to the Hapsburgs. If he had any intention of surrendering it soon vanished with the promise of aid from abroad. The provisional forces rallied to the standards of the governor, and one by one the leaders who had sworn fealty to the King deserted his cause and joined the defensive forces. When a final battle was to be fought a few miles from Budapest, the remainder of the king's soldiers either ran away or joined the enemy.

Carl and Zita came just behind their army in a special railway train. They had left the coach and erected an altar where they were saying mass for the success of their cause, when a messenger arrived, saying:

"Where is His Majesty? I must speak to Him at once!"

He was led to Carl and Zita.

"Majesty," he gasped, "all is lost! Your soldiers are fleeing. All is lost!"

Carl gazed up in a tree at some doves.

"What! All is lost? Have we been praying to the pigeons?"

Zita looked at him in reproof "That is blasphemy, Carl. We must bear with patience what God sends."

In a little while they were led away to the castle of a friend, Graf Esterhazy. As they entered the castle, Carl's general left him with a low bow saying; "I love my King, and I love my Queen." Then he hurried to the station and telegraphed an offer of his services to Horthy. In a little while agents of the Horthy government arrived and demanded

admission. They were admitted and the King and Queen were put under arrest.

The stern realities of what had occurred did not dawn on the imperial prisoners immediately. They expected to be retained in Hungary or returned to Switzerland, but such hopes soon vanished. Switzerland was through and finished with Carl and Zita. She refused to offer them asylum after they had broken their promises, and proceeded to order the family and all their friends out of the country. The Little Entente loudly demanded that the pair be sent into exile to some distant island where they could not foment further disturbances in the Succession States. In a little while word was received that the Allies had considered the question and a British boat had been assigned for the task of removing them from Hungary. Carl and Zita were apparently astonished at this decision and protested loudly at what they called the injustice of such a decree. They had never abdicated and could not be removed from their own country without their consent, but no one listened to their pleas.

On the night of the thirty-first of October, there was a rap at their door.

"Are you ready to depart?" said a stern voice.

"Depart to where?" they asked.

"To the railway station."

"Where are we going?"

"I do not know," was the reply.

Carl and Zita looked at each other in despair. "Yes, we are ready."

They hastily packed their scanty belongings and were driven away in the darkness. Soon they were aboard a train, going they knew not where. But they quickly realized it was not back to their comfortable castle on the banks of Lake Geneva, where they had left their children.

On November the second, they stood arm in arm on the deck of the Glowworm, floating down the Danube, away from their beloved Budapest, away from Vienna, and away

from their children. They were exiles with an unknown destination, without money, the necessities of life, and probably almost without hope.

In a few days they were transferred from the Glowworm to another British ship, the Cardiff, still sailing without a known destination. They passed through the Bosphorus, by the Golden Horn, through the Sea of Marmora, through the Dardanelles and into the classical Aegean Sea without halting. Then came the long voyage through the Mediterranean and finally on the seventeenth of November the Cardiff cast anchor at Gibraltar; but it was not for long. Soon they were again on their way and on the nineteenth came in sight of Funchal, Madeira.

When Napoleon went into exile to St. Helena, he carried with him approximately twenty thousand pounds in sterling, but when Carl and Zita landed at Funchal, Madeira, they were practically penniless. At Carl's own cost he had taken with him two friends, Graf and Gräfin Hunyady. Aside from them they were accompanied by no friends nor attendants. They had left behind a family of seven children in Prangins, one being a babe two or three months old. The Hunyadys left them in December.

The reason the destination had not been revealed to Carl and Zita before the arrival at Gibraltar was that it was not known even to the captain of the ship. The powers had experienced considerable difficulty in finding a nation willing to offer an asylum for the exiles. Only Portugal had offered them a home and the offer had been gladly accepted by the powers.

In Funchal, Carl and Zita found themselves objects of charity. A dependence of the hotel had been assigned them for residence, and they were supposed to eat at the hotel and settle for their meals. The menus were expensive — too expensive for Carl's slim purse. Since coffee was not included in the menu he deprived himself of even the luxury of that beverage and drank water.

But there was the family left at Prangins, and the Swiss government had served notice that an early departure was desired. What was to be done about the children? Carl concluded that Zita should return to Switzerland and bring the children, so that the family could be together. A rich citizen of the island had offered a villa in the mountains for their use, as soon as it could be repaired and made habitable. His offer was thankfully accepted.

Zita returned to Switzerland to bring the children, but when she arrived she found the second son, Robert, ill, and before long an operation was necessary. This detained her and made it impossible for the family to leave the country from which it had been requested to depart. The operation was performed on the twelfth of January, but Robert's recovery was slow, and it was February before Zita departed with six children, leaving him behind in the care of relatives. She went by train through France and Spain, and the only attention she received on the trip was from King Alfonso in Madrid. From Gibraltar she went by boat to Funchal, arriving the latter part of February.

Passengers on the ship who witnessed the reunion of the family were deeply touched. It was a bright sunny day as Carl hastened on board the ship and affectionately greeted his children whom he had not seen since the day he left Prangins on the fateful trip to Budapest. The family soon left the ship and went to the villa where Carl had made the surroundings as comfortable as possible.

The villa had no adequate arrangements for heating, and the weather was cold and rainy. Carl who was afflicted with catarrh was quite miserable. Only green wood was available for the improvised stoves, and there were no bath and no artificial equipment for heating water. It could only be warmed in the sun when there was clear weather, which was seldom that spring according to accounts. The house was so damp that the rooms were always musty and mouldy, and at no time did the children have enough food to satisfy



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THEDESE VDOMEC



their appetites completely. The only hope which cheered Carl and Zita was that the Entente or some friends would take pity upon them and provide means of living. This finally occurred, but it came too late for Carl.

On the fourteenth of March one of the children fell sick, and Zita, with the assistance of a local physician who was kind enough to offer his services, nursed the infant as best she could. A little later Carl became ill, and poor Zita went from one bed to the other caring for the two patients day and night. The child improved, but Carl grew steadily worse. She hoped from day to day to receive a message from Austria or Hungary bringing means enabling her to provide better care for the sick, but it did not arrive.

The closing scene of Carl's life occurred during the night of April 1st, 1921. It is pathetically narrated by a German writer in the following conversation:

"I am dying, Zita. I know it. I feel it. I am sorry to part from you and the children. I wish to live for your sakes, but God's will be done. I hope my death will break the bands which bind you to this dreadful island. Leave Madeira with the children as soon as possible, Zita. You will always think of my death here. Promise me that you will leave Madeira, Zita."

Zita could not answer between her sobs, so he continued: "I think your brother can help you most, Zita. My mother has little time to think of others."

"I shall not need help, Carl. I am strong enough to bear my sorrows and my burdens. I will teach my children to honor their father, and the memory of their father will give me strength."

"Poor Zita," he said, "you deserved a better fate."

"No other, Carl. If I had the choice and knew in advance all that has happened to us, I would make the same decision again. We had many good times together."

"So would I," he replied. "Once more I say you must



leave Madeira, Zita. The Spanish House will shelter you. King Alfonso is related to both of us, and he is kind. In France you will also find many friends who will help you, Zita. Try to secure for our children some of their rights. Do what you can to win for Otto the Crown of Hungary."

"I do not care for it without Austria, Carl."

"Perhaps you are right, Zita."

Then Carl said "I am tired. I want to go home, I am so tired."

Those were his last words. Zita sobbed violently. Her wails may be regarded as the dying sobs of the Hapsburg Dynasty, but perhaps not the end of her hopes and desires. The latter survived the anguish of that moment as was later revealed.

The news of Carl's death was received without very much emotion in Vienna. The city was already almost overwhelmed with other troubles, and the death of a former ruler in a distant land was an unpleasant reminder of the fact that no arrangements had been made for the care of his family. The people were ready to honor him with memorial services in all the churches and in the various departments of the state, but were not disposed to grapple with some of the problems incidental to his death. Johann Schober was prime minister, and was doing his utmost to secure some assistance from the League of Nations in order to end the intolerable inflation which was driving hundreds to the verge of suicide. The attention of the city was fixed upon Schober and Geneva, and was not easily diverted.

But many messages of condolence and sympathy went forth from Vienna and Budapest to Funchal. On the seventh of April the papers published what was regarded as a general response to such messages, sent by Zita to Count Apponyi of Budapest. The wording of the response was much discussed because it revealed the fact that the idea of a restoration still lived in her mind. It was as follows;

"Dear Graf Apponyi:

"From all parts of our land I have received many letters expressing sympathy for myself in my bereavement. The departed King up to His very last breath declared His love for His people. I, with The Young King, send thanks to all those who remained true to their ruler. We are united with them in grief and think of them in unbroken love, although far away. "Zita."

The manner in which Zita included "The Young King" in this message is very suggestive of her state of mind. And before long came other suggestions of the same character.

The question of bringing Carl's body back to Vienna was immediately raised. If this could have been done quietly, perhaps no one would have debated the proposal for a moment. But Vienna was in a state of high tension, and even the royalists feared a demonstration. Zita's message, just quoted, was made the occasion for a demonstration in Vienna and Budapest. Twenty-one persons were arrested in Vienna before order was restored. The level-headed men, who had charge of the affairs of Austria at that time, decided that the body should not be returned until later. Hence, Carl was interred in a church in Funchal where his body remains to this day.

The problem of caring for the family was still urgent. King Alfonso of Spain took the matter up with the pope, and finally Spain offered the exiles asylum. On the thirteenth of May, Zita with her children left Funchal for Madrid, arriving on the fifteenth. They were assigned to the castle of El Pardo near Madrid where they remained for a month. While there a second significant event occurred.

At Carl's death, Zita had seven children, three sons and four daughters; all living. The birth of an eighth was expected during the month of May. It was an established rule in Austria that no son, not born on Austrian soil, should become emperor. In order to render the unborn child eligible to the crown, Zita had soil from Austria shipped to the

castle and placed under her bed so that the babe would be born on native ground. Under such circumstances, Elizabeth Charlotte was born on the thirty-first of May, 1922, at El Pardo.

Shortly after this, Zita and her family were installed in a castle called "Uribarren" near the little town of Lequeitio on the Spanish coast not far from San Sabastian. There they are still living. The location is a beautiful one on the shores of the Bay of Biscay. The climate is mild and healthful and the surroundings delightful.

Undoubtedly the hope of a restoration still lives in the mind and heart of Zita, and also in the hearts of a few loyal friends in Vienna and many in Budapest. But the vast majority of the Viennese consider such a restoration in Austria as an absolute impossibility. If the Republic of Austria should not survive, the most likely change is a union with Germany. Matters in Hungary are different. The Hungarians wish to unite with no one, and the sentiment for a restoration is much more marked. That young Otto may some day wear the Crown of St. Stephan is by no means an impossibility.

Probably every reader would like to know how the family fares with regard to support. It is living in comfort, but not in royal luxury. At one time there was danger of the castle being sold, and the family being compelled to move. But a rich Spaniard bought the palace and has given Zita the privilege of occupying it without charge as long as she lives. Considerable help is received from friends in Hungary and there is some income from certain properties of the House of Hapsburg.

Many think the private property of the Hapsburgs should be restored. If that were done, Zita would be one of the wealthiest women of Europe. It would require pages to list the properties of the Hapsburgs in Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, Italy and other parts of the continent. The family owned private property in almost every large city of those lands.

Then there are the jewels, works of art, furniture, tapestries, silverware, and innumerable other articles which it is claimed were bought with private funds. Practically all of these have been confiscated by the various new states. Possibly some of them will be returned some day.

Carl left life insurance to the face value of more than a million dollars which was entirely wiped out by inflation. He also had many bonds in safe-keeping which were nullified in the same manner. Such losses were unavoidable, and similar ones were sustained by thousands of others. No one, not familiar with financial affairs in Vienna, can begin to appreciate the grief and sorrow following the destruction of currency through inflation.

On the first day of April, 1928, a monument to Kaiser Carl was unveiled in Michaelskirche which stands just in front of the east entrance to the Hofburg. It is the form of a cross beneath which is written: "Er suchte den Frieden und fand ihn in Gott." (He sought peace and found it in God.) This touching inscription is at present the final one for the House of Hapsburg.

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## WOMEN WHO ROSE FROM THE SOIL

**WE** BEGIN this chapter with the broad statement that, under the reign of the Hapsburgs, not one untitled woman attained the rank of a star of the first magnitude in the vast dome of the world's history. Certainly the Viennese may take exception to this statement, for there were several women, especially dancers and actresses, who were enshrined in the hearts of the natives. But their renown was usually rather sharply limited to the Viennese, or at most to the Germans.

The same was to a less extent true of the men. Vienna had but few men of letters who became well known to the world at large. There was Franz Grillparzer who perhaps headed the list of authors, but he is hardly to be compared with Shakespeare, Goethe or Schiller, at least not in the estimation of the world. There were no painters who ranked with Michelangelo, Rubens or Van Dyck. However, in recent years the names of a few men of the University, such as Freud, have become familiar to the general readers of all lands. In music, Vienna had a brilliant galaxy of stars, but most of them were of foreign birth.

The pages of history in Vienna were nearly all reserved for the aristocracy, a term which was too nearly synonymous with royalty. The Hapsburgs were prolific, and filled the high places of the city with sons and daughters who occupied public attention somewhat to the exclusion of others. Their circle was the restricted one into which aspirants for fame had to gain admission in some manner. If a pretty girl had an affair with a prince, she leaped into eminence. If a girl

"vamped" a Crown Prince she was the cynosure of all eyes, and a morganatic marriage lifted a woman entirely out of the common class.

The condition of Austria under the Hapsburgs was but a relaxation of the royal worship which existed in the most ancient times. In Egypt the kings were recognized as gods, and became the rightful custodians of all power and wisdom. The Greeks and Romans proved that kings were but men and not gods. Of all the renowned savants of the School of Athens, not one was a prince nor a king. Then came the dark ages when civilization almost perished from the face of the earth. When learning revived under the Renaissance, kings emerged with divine rights instead of divine birth, and assumed a correspondingly weakened control of power and wisdom. Such prerogatives were preserved a little longer under the Austrian Empire than under the other great powers of Europe, because the dynasty had a clearer title to divine rights.

The founder of the Hapsburg dynasty was elected by delegates assembled by the pope, and his election was approved by the same holy authority. The pope, being the representative of Christ on earth, invested the House with unusual prerogatives. The milk of divine rights was served a little warmer, fresher and richer to the Hapsburgs than to the other dynasties of Europe.

In spite of such handicaps there were a few Viennese women who almost got into the A-class of the world's celebrities. While they do not have the historical values of the ones already discussed, they are none the less interesting. In the hearts of the Viennese they are dearer than Marie Louise, Caroline or Marie Antoinette. If one talks to an *echten Wiener* about Maria Theresa or Empress Elizabeth, he shows an academic interest, but at the mention of Fanny Elssler or Josephine Gallmeyer an entirely different expression comes over his face. "Ah, die Elssler! die Gallmeyer! Now you are talking women!"

## THE GREAT FANNY

Fanny Elssler was not really a woman, she was a fairy, who danced her way into the hearts of the Viennese. In fact, she was the most distinguished member of a little flock of fairies. She sprang from the soil, or rather from mortar. Her mother was just such a woman as the tourists see today mixing mortar and carrying it to the masons. I can look out of my window and see one now. She is stirring cement with a heavy hoe, while two stalwart men stand idly by watching her. She has the masculine stride and the sturdy movements of a bearer of burdens. One cannot by any stretch of the imagination picture her dancing in a ballet. But it is not so difficult to conceive of her becoming the mother of one of the gauzy butterflies who pirouette about the stage at the Staatsoper. She is a larva and in a single generation may metamorphose into a butterfly.

Fanny was the youngest of six children. One of her brothers became a priest, but all the others took to music and dancing. She was born in 1810, and came into girlhood as Vienna was recovering from the stunning blows delivered by Napoleon. Her birth occurred in the same year that Marie Louise married Napoleon.

At the age of seven she was already dancing on the stage of the renowned theater which stood at Kärtnertor. A famous French chorus-director came to the city to put on entertainments for the Congress of Vienna which met in 1814 to reform the map of Europe after the Napoleonic wars. He remained at the Kärtnertor Theater, and his attention was soon attracted to the Elssler sisters. When Fanny was twelve he was starring her. Then came an Italian director who carried her off to dance at the Scala in Milan.

At seventeen she returned to Vienna and became the belle of the town. It was time for Fanny to make a rich conquest, and she was not long in doing so. Frederick von Gentz came, saw and was conquered. He was rolling in

banknotes, and had political influence, being a warm friend and assistant to Metternich who was running the empire. Gentz loved money, power, society, and above all, women. He fell, and fell hard, for Fanny. His infatuation was so conspicuous that he became a subject of jest among his friends of the aristocracy. But this had no effect upon Gentz. He was all for Fanny, regardless of Emperor, Metternich and the public.

And Fanny was apparently all for Gentz, especially for his money. The poor fellow was sixty-five years old, near-sighted and senile, but he had himself rejuvenated according to the popular method of Gastein. The cure and his contact with the youthful Fanny made his flickering flame of manhood burn brilliantly for two years. Then it was all consumed and he died. That meant the end of luxury for Fanny. No more flowers, no more expensive gowns, no more fine apartments and no more jewels, until — until she made another conquest.

Gentz was dead and her mother was dead. Fanny shied from the graves and went to Berlin to open a campaign in a new realm. This time it was she who fell. She became infatuated with a dancing-master by the name of Stuhlmüller, and bore him two children, but this was only an incident in Fanny's young life. She was soon in London, dancing her way into the cool hearts and tight purses of the English aristocracy.

Next we hear of her in Paris where she became the rage of the night life. There she found a rival, the celebrated Taglioni, but managed to get her share of the headlines, and certainly more than a few francs. It was in Paris that she did a little publicity stunt which would do credit to a modern Hollywood star. She gave out that the Duke of Reichstadt, the son of Napoleon, had been her lover, and, because she would not abandon her career for him, he pined away and died. His death had just occurred, and her statement was the sensation of the day. So firmly was it believed that a



celebrated diplomat gazed at her through his opera glasses and sighed, "I see in her only the grave of Napoleon's son."

In 1840, the thirty-year-old Fanny was seeking new worlds to conquer, so she sailed away to America to try her luck with congressmen and senators. On the way over she managed to have her picture taken "lashed to the mast while the waves dashed over the deck." Upon arrival she had it reproduced in the New York papers for purposes of publicity. Her debut in America was a great success. We read in the German literature that she appeared before congress and was presented to the president. She danced two hundred nights within a period of two years and accumulated enough dollars to last her for the rest of her life. Then she returned in triumph to gay Vienna.

She closed her career with a grand final tour of Europe, and that was the end. We mean the end of her dancing. Having a nice family of a boy and a girl, and not burdened with the care of a husband, she concluded to settle down. She stopped dancing, except that she always did a few turns for the Rothschilds when she came to cash her coupons. She finished her career at thirty-five and had thirty years left to enjoy the fruits of her rich harvests.

What splendid years they must have been! What a wealth of experiences she had to relate! How often she recounted the time she danced at the Scala, and how the Italians stood on their chairs and screamed "*Ev viva la prima ballerina del mondo!*" How she must have enjoyed Grillparzer's eulogy when he said, "Please do not abandon your holy art."

Her children turned out satisfactorily. The daughter made a good marriage, and the son became an officer in the Kaiser's army. She had given them good educations, and the last years of her life were spent in doing motherly deeds for her children and grandchildren.

Vienna loved Fanny for her physical beauty, her majesty and poise; so did all the world. But Vienna analyzed her

into elements and discussed them individually. Her hair, her nose, her cheeks, neck, breasts, arms and legs were all said to have been perfect. When she appeared on the stage, she stood for a moment like a statue. There she was, a tall dignified slender woman of noble bearing, perfect poise and certainly "not without passion." There was a dead silence in the theater, the hush which precedes a storm.

Then suddenly all the elements enumerated went into simultaneous action. Her head tossed, her nostrils dilated, her cheeks flushed, her neck swayed, breasts quivered, arms weaved, and legs twirled and kicked. The audience immediately came to life; the building shook with applause and men rose to their feet screaming "Braves Kind!" The Viennese loved their Empress, but Fanny — Fanny danced away with their hearts!

And why should they not love Fanny Elssler? She did nothing but give them pleasure. She sent no innocent men and women to the axeman's block, and no rivals into exile. She levied no taxes and snatched no boys from mother's arms to be murdered in useless battles. All she did was to bring joy to a world that had too many sorrows.

Even Frederick Gentz had no ground for complaint, for she enabled him to end his life in a flare of rejuvenated bliss. Those who paid her money got real value for their gold, and she added a little now and then for full measure. The wizened misers of the Rothschild's bank had a few moments of free entertainment when she came with her coupons and did a few steps of her favorite dances for them. It gave them a good day without any charge. Vienna was right in crowning Fanny Elssler Queen of Hearts for a generation.

### THE MYSTERIOUS TÄNZERIN

It was in the halcyon days of Maria Theresa, a period of clever women and dissolute men, that a new and mysterious danseuse appeared at the theaters of Vienna. She

had a bewitching face, nimble legs, and with it all the reputation of being a foreigner. Nothing, aside from an invasion of the Turk or a new war with Frederick the Great, could have set the town so completely agog. According to the story of a German writer, all the "fops" and "swells" gave their mustaches a tighter twist, got out their best suits and made ready for the fray. But it was not the young "Kerle" alone who were struck by lightning; old greybeards also felt the spark and came pegging to the theater with their canes.

But just as the contest was waxing warm and exciting, something most unexpected happened. An Englishman appeared on the scene and walked away with the prize. How was that? What right had he to shoulder into the game?

The "fans" of the footlights were confronted with a new and knotty problem, and the first step in the solution was to determine who the lady was and from whence she came. The identity of the Englishman was well known; he was the Earl of Burlington. The name given by the danseuse was Eva Maria Violet, but no one knew whether it was real or assumed.

Every move made by the Earl and Eva Maria was observed, pondered and carefully appraised. Once the couple was apparently surprised by the Earl's wife who, strange to say, greeted the enchantress cordially and carried her away to the Burlington apartment. What could that mean? Many theories were proposed by the echten Wiener to explain such puzzling conduct.

One was that Eva Maria was the fruit of an adventure between the Earl and a woman of Florence — an adventure which had occurred when he was on a trip through Italy during his youth. Certainly it must have been before his marriage, for otherwise the behaviour of the wife was inexplicable. By carefully checking dates, this theory was found to be plausible.

Then someone came forward with the assertion that Eva had been born in Vienna, and gave the date and exact location of her birth. It had occurred on the twenty-ninth of February, 1724. The only way to treat this statement was to doubt it, and that was the manner in which it was received.

Now there was one man in Vienna who looked on every pretty woman he saw, very much as a fox looks upon a fat lamb. That man was Emperor Francis of Lorraine, the husband of Maria Theresa. Also one of the greatest conundrums of history has been the manner in which the great Queen treated the affinities of her wayward companion. She bestowed especial honor and attention upon the charming Eva Maria.

It was clear that the inexperienced girl had no chance whatever of saving herself from the dangerous blandishments of the "Gay Lothario of the Hofburg," and to remove her from his influence required strategy. A friend dressed her in boy's clothing and smuggled her out of the city. That ended the excitement in Vienna, but not the story of Eva Maria.

She appeared next in London, where she took the "Old Town of the Mud-flats" on the Thames by storm. Her beauty and agile feet again attracted all the men of the aristocracy and her youthful innocence won the sympathy of the women. She was soon enjoying a theatrical and social triumph.

At this time the lion of the stage in London was David Garrick of Drury Lane, who was lord of the Drury Lane Theater, where he was the best actor, the most popular playwright, manager and paymaster. In spite of all his duties he had a lively eye for charming women, especially actresses, and could not miss seeing Eva Maria, the entrancing Fräulein who had just arrived bringing with her a breath of the gay atmosphere of the Kaiserstadt on the Donau.

He also must have heard much of her, for if he read the papers he knew how Lord Walpole had pronounced her "the most beautiful and perfect dancer in the whole world." Half a dozen other lords had agreed, so there was no doubt about it. David Garrick began to give her special attention.

The result was that "Peg" Woffington elevated her nose and delivered her ultimatum to Garrick with whom she had been a favorite. She walked right out of his heart, but the door was left ajar and Eva Maria came in and made herself at home. There she remained in spite of the protests of many of his advisers. One day Eva and Garrick were friends, the next engaged, and before long married. Thus the mysterious Tänzerin became one of the leaders of society in London.

Samuel Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith and all the literati of the city wrote charming eulogies of Eva Maria Garrick. She was received by King George II., and figured often in the society columns of the leading newspapers. She had an especially intimate standing with the family of the Earl of Burlington, and this gave the old story of his adventure in Florence additional weight. But Vienna stoutly maintained that she was a Viennese, and continued to assert that she was born nowhere but in a house on the "Tiefer Graben."

David Garrick had plenty of money, so he took his wife for a tour of the continent, where they visited France and Italy, and one time came as near to Vienna as Munich. Viennese society was burning with joy at the prospect of again welcoming a long-lost child to its bosom, and staging a few stupendous fêtes in her honor, and no one was more eager to receive her than Emperor Francis of Lorraine who was still "strong for the ladies." But at Munich, for some unaccountable reason, Garrick and his wife turned their backs to the outstretched arms of Vienna and returned to London.

The Garricks continued in social triumph at London until 1779, when the great actor died, and the wife retired

to seclusion, but she lived on and on to witness the great French Revolution. She must have turned her eyes sympathetically toward Vienna when she read of its being ground into the dust under the heel of Napoleon. She must have followed Caroline through her trials at Naples and Palermo, and regarded Napoleon's union with Marie Louise with a sense of disgust. She was still alive when Napoleon was sent to Elba and to Helena, and continued to live after the news of his death sent a wave of relief over Europe.

Eva Maria Garrick's death came in 1822 while she was visiting Drury Lane Theater, where she fell to the floor and died instantly. According to the best accounts of her birth she must have been ninety-eight years old.

How strangely the life of this Tänzerin contrasts with those of most of the women of the House of Hapsburg! How much more joy she received in her cup and how much more she dispensed to the world! But in history she was an unimportant factor, because she never waged wars nor drenched a land in innocent blood.

### A QUEEN OF COMEDY

When the Viennese speak of comedy, they involuntarily mention Therese Krones, a name which is a symbol — a Wahrzeichen — of the art. There was only one real Therese Krones, but she had many imitators who used the stage-name. In Vienna we learn that the latter were counterfeits, who could never quite pass for genuine among those who actually knew comediennes. With the memory of Therese Krones is always associated the name of Ferdinand Raimund and his "Der Bauer als Millionär." The Viennese are sure it is not to our credit that we are ignorant of Raimund in whose honor they built a splendid theater and erected a marble statue representing the great actor sitting comfortably in the front yard. "And Therese Krones! You never heard of her? Ach, there must be some mistake!"

Therese Krones was born in Freudenthal in 1801. The place is unimportant. She could not help being born outside of Vienna. The main point to remember is that she came to Vienna just about as early as possible. She came first to Leopoldstadt, then a suburb of Vienna, with her father who was a tramp actor. He arrived in 1810 and solicited the good will of the public for a show in which he and his nine-year-old daughter were to be the stars. The good will was so slender that Herr Krones found it necessary to move on after two or three performances.

But in 1821 Therese returned to Leopoldstadt without the father and secured an engagement. In a little while she was playing with Raimund, and they became the talk of the town. Raimund was only an actor at first, but soon blossomed into a writer of plays, and one of his first productions was "Der Bauer als Millionär," which was a travesty on the lower classes of Austria. The lines of this play were not too much trammelled by modesty nor refinement, and Raimund and Therese enriched them by frequent interpolations at which the censors winked — winked because they wished more of the same sort.

The two stars twinkled so alluringly from Leopoldstadt that they drew patronage from Vienna. The authorities of Vienna were not so generous in their censorship as were those of Leopoldstadt, and this was very agreeable to Therese and Raimund. They made their dialect a little broader, and their interpolations still racier, for the benefit of their patrons from the metropolis. They were no guardians of the public morals, and were merely staging the life of the people. They were artists, and in the name of art anything was permissible.

Eventually Therese Krones was invited to take a sea voyage at the expense of a theater of Vienna. This voyage consisted in getting on board a boat at Leopoldstadt and floating across the Danube to Vienna where she disembarked to try her luck in the metropolis. Her fame had preceded her and



JOSEPHINE GALLMEYER



KATHI SCHRATT





she scored a triumph. Vienna went wild over her, and her houses were always sold out far in advance. She became a headliner even as far away as Munich, where a critic wrote, "Therese Krones does not even try to play, she just allows herself to play."

On the strength of her popularity she began writing comedies, but in this line she was not much of a success. Her plays were never popular except when she played them herself. She had no literary ability nor training, and was only a performer. On the stage or off, she was always mimicking just for fun. She was the inspiration of every party she attended, and she went to many.

Therese had the reputation of being wild, and meant to deserve it. Where there was laughter, wine, song and risqué stories, one was quite likely to find her the center of attraction. She had plenty of money, countless friends and many lovers. Jewels, gowns and flowers were all hers without the asking.

But the sun which was shining so brightly for Therese Krones was bound to set sooner or later, and for her it went down with startling suddenness. On the thirteenth of February 1827, a rich professor of Vienna was found murdered in his dwelling, and a few days later a foreigner by the name of Jarozynski was arrested for the crime. At the time of his arrest he was dining with Therese Krones and another actress by the name of Jäger. This was rather bad for Therese, but matters were made worse when she told her story at the trial. She said: "One Sunday as I was going to church, I met Jarozynski who began talking to me. He wished to visit me in my house, and I gave him permission. He came the next day and told me he was a Graf from Warsau. One day Fräulein Jäger and myself were invited to dine with him and a Major Lebreux. While we were at the table he told me that he was leaving town the next day. We spoke of the murder, and Major Lebreux said traces had been found of the murderer and that his arrest was expected. I said

'I hope so; I myself would like to see him hung.' The Graf did not take part in the conversation, and soon began to walk back and forth across the room. I noticed that he was much disturbed and asked him why it was. He said he was very sad at leaving for Warsaw. Presently the door opened and a lot of men came into the room and arrested the Graf. I fainted and, when I came to, the room was empty."

"But how did it happen that you received a man's shirt and some money from him?" asked the judge.

"That was true," she answered, "and it happened in this manner. Raimund had given me a part in which I must appear in the clothes of a man. I told Jarozynski about it and he made me a present of a pretty shirt. He also asked me to engage him a good seat for the show, and gave me the money to pay for it."

"Did Jarozynsky seem to have plenty of money?" continued the judge.

Nothing could have been franker than Therese's answer to this question. "Yes. On the day of the Protestant ball he came to me at six o'clock in the evening, just as I was going to my hair-dresser, and I begged him to excuse me as I had no time. I saw he was wearing a diamond ring, and asked him about it. He replied that he had bought it. Later in the evening I was with him, and he showed me a large roll of currency. 'I have money,' he said, and put some of it into my pocket."

There was nothing in this testimony to incriminate Therese Kroner. The judge did not even ask her if she had received some of the money; he took that for granted but she acknowledged it. Jarozynski was convicted and sentenced to jail for life, but Therese blithely returned to play at the theater.

Her public was the victim of a strange psychology. It had encouraged her to be wild; the wilder she had been the better it had liked her. But her popularity was compatible with only certain forms of rashness, and murder was not one of them. To the public she was contaminated, innocent

perhaps, but under suspicion. The same people, who had cheered her until they were hoarse, turned upon her and hissed her off the stage, and did not stop until they had chased her out of town. She went back to her first love at Leopoldstadt, but was curtly refused a place on the stage. She was ruined.

Therese died in poverty a few years afterward. A search of her room revealed only a few gulden, a bronze bracelet and a ring from which three diamonds had been taken and replaced by glass. It was some years before the public recovered from its fit of injustice, and then it restored her memory to the same affection in which she had been held during her days of triumph.

But this did not occur until after something else very shocking had happened. One day the message came to Vienna from a neighboring town that Raimund had committed suicide in a fit of melancholy. This probably started a wave of penitence, which swept over the city and washed out the suspicion which had stained the memory of the two stars. They were restored to their former place in the heart of the public.

Thus it happened that Raimund has a marble statue in front of a fine theater, and Therese Krones is enshrined in the hearts of the Viennese. Others have tried to put on Therese's mantle by assuming her name, but have never succeeded in wearing it to suit the public. Therese Krones is still considered the greatest comedienne of all.

### "ARME PEPI"

From the frozen lines of Meyer's Lexikon, which in the German language occupies somewhat the same position as the Encyclopedia Britannica in English, we glean the following facts:

Josephine Gallmeyer, born in Leipsic, February, 27, 1838; died in Vienna, February, 2, 1884. Began her theatrical career in Brünn without much success. In 1859, was a guestplayer at Hermannstadt, and in 1860 at Temesvar.

Came to Vienna in 1862, where she had her first success in "Goldonkel." Later was successful in "Paris Life" and "The Princess from Trapezunt." In 1874, made a failure in the Strampfer Theater. After that time she was only a guestplayer. Went to America in 1883, but met with little success. Wrote an autobiography under the title, "Recollections of Josephine Gallmeyer."

That does not read like the record of a celebrity, but Josephine was one unless the people of Vienna are mistaken. The Lexikon gives only the skeleton of her biography, without its flesh and blood. Nothing is said of the rosy cheeks, the intellectual forehead, the perfect nose, and the eyes which looked into souls and sorted out their emotions one by one. Her actions, which held audiences spell-bound like children watching the antics of moving toys, are not there. Also, the Lexikon does not tell us that every well-beloved German woman by the name of Josephine is familiarly called "Pepi." Above all, no mention is made of her temper, which electrified her until she snapped sparks like a Leyden jar, stinging everyone who came near her when she was annoyed. The temper! That never should have been omitted, for it was the principal thing — "Die Hauptsache." Her temper followed her to her grave where it flashed in a hot blaze of irony to scorch the consciences of her critics.

"To live in hearts we live behind is not to die." That being true, Josephine Gallmeyer still lives in Vienna, where the people are still talking about "Arme Pepi," and "Die Liesel."

Why did this woman, who apparently had but indifferent success on the stage, win such a coveted place in the hearts of the people? The answer is rather difficult to find. She had an amazing talent for mimicry, and mimicked all with whom she came in contact, individually and collectively. Hers was the same sort of humor which has been so often featured in the American negro minstrel

show. It convulsed her audience with laughter, but had a stinging bite for some one in the house, or someone who was pretty sure to hear of it.

The human heart is prone to cruelty. It loves to see something tortured. The gladiatorial contest, the modern bull-fight, the fox-chase, and the prize-fight are all expressions of this psychology. The slap-stick features of the recent movie-scenes are based upon the same principle. The best jokes usually hold up to ridicule or scorn some individual or race, but generally the ones who are noted for making jokes are unable to endure them when they themselves are the victims. This explains much concerning "Die Gallmeyer."

Josephine had her audiences roaring with laughter when she mimicked the farmers, the judges, the merchants and the street venders, but it was dangerous to mimic the theater managers. Also it was dangerous to make fun of anyone who had means of influential access to managers. Such outbursts were likely to be reflected upon herself when she sought engagements.

Again, she was such a success in this special field that it made her a failure in more serious endeavors. This annoyed her. She tried to escape from comedy by taking a more serious part in "Frau Desvarennnes," and was hissed and laughed off the stage. She never succeeded in living down this failure, and became only a guestplayer. Soon she was dropped altogether.

For years she sought a regular engagement in the Kärntnertor Theater, but could never get a part which she would accept. In 1883 she went to America. Her failure there is easily explained. Her English was bad, and she did not know the peculiarities of the American people. She could not mimic them, and, when she pilloried her native population, no one knew what she was talking about. Her audience laughed, but the joke was on her, and that made her furious. It was quite different with Fanny Elssler, who

needed no knowledge of language nor customs to sell her dancing for dollars.

Josephine Gallmeyer achieved her first success in Vienna in 1862, and it lasted until 1872. She had five years of discouraging struggle to achieve recognition, ten years of glory, and twelve bitter years of disappointment in trying to come back. "Arme Pepi!"

Perhaps the most dramatic event in any life is its end. This was emphatically true with Josephine. She died in a hospital leaving a will which she had ordered read within two hours of her death. In it she took her last fling of defiance at the Viennese. She wanted no funeral display of affection on the part of those who had refused to recognize her futile struggles to regain her place on the stage. She would not be hauled to the grave by a massive hearse drawn by horses draped in mourning, and would have no wreathes of flowers with ironical inscriptions. Her plain coffin should be borne by four men led by a priest, and put in the ground without a word. There should be no mourners to stand patronizingly about sighing "Arme Pepi!" To make sure of the absence of mourners, she directed that her burial take place at six o'clock in the morning, when it was dark in Vienna at the season of her death which was midwinter.

But her last requests were not granted. Upon reading the will, it was at once decided that the hour was impossible. Pallbearers could not be routed out of their beds so early in the morning during the carnival season which was in full swing in February. That was out of question. As for the crowd, no one could arrest people for coming to a funeral, and there was also no law against flowers. Certainly no one could be put in jail for shedding a few tears, and sighing "Arme Pepi!"

The four pallbearers and the priest she could have, and welcome to them. The result of it all was that a thousand people came to the burial. There were flowers, and sighs, and tears. But there was also something else which Josephine

never could have predicted, and that was a reaction in favor of the neglected actress. They forgave her for having made fun of the farmers, the butchers, the magistrates and all the rest. They clasped her memory to their hearts and regretted every day they had neglected her, just as a man regrets wrongs done to a departed friend. But what was there to do? Nothing, but cherish her name, shed their tears and sigh "Arme Pepi!"

Some one found a letter she had written to the manager asking for a place on the stage, and some one else found his answer in which he had written her that, if she wished to take the part of an old woman, possibly he could make room for her. They computed that at that time she was only forty years old. All at once it occurred to them that the manager had been very inconsiderate, and he received several reproofs from the angry population.

He was very sorry. So was every one. After reflecting, they thought of something to do. Josephine should be given a monument in Centralfriedhof. What if she had said she did not want it? She should have it anyhow. So they chiseled one out of marble and marked it with letters of gold.

Thus Josephine Gallmeyer completely recovered her popularity by the way she played her last act. Her last flash of irony burned so deeply that it melted the very heart of Vienna, which has never ceased to flow with pity and love for "Arme Pepi."

### "THE GNÄDIGE FRAU"

Unquestionably the best known actress of Vienna, at least among the foreigners, is Kathi Schratt, although she is of slight professional, political or historical importance. Not much has been written about her in German, and what has appeared in English is rather misleading. At the present time she is living at her villa on Gloriettegasse, and is much respected by the Viennese who do not appreciate the



unsavory way in which she is regarded by foreigners. We will first give her biography as it appears in the standard German works, and then tell how she became famous.

Kathi Schratt was born in Baden on September eleventh, 1855. She early manifested a fondness for the stage, and was trained as an actress by Strakosch, a most celebrated actor, elocutionist and teacher. She made her first appearance on the stage in Berlin in 1872. In 1873 she came to the Wiener Theater where she began playing comedy. In 1874 she made a trip to St. Petersburg where she is said to have appeared before the Czar of Russia. In 1880 she was back at the Wiener Theater where she was starring in comedy. She made a trip to America in 1883, but there is no record of where she performed or how she was received. It was in 1884 that she first came to the Burgtheater which the Emperor was accustomed to attend. She was married to a man by the name of Kiss and bore him a son. Her husband died early and his name is seldom mentioned in connection with hers.

She was well received at the Burgtheater, and soon won an appointment for life. We are told this appointment was made purely on her merits as an actress, although there is a rumor that she was recommended by Empress Elizabeth. After securing her life membership at the Burgtheater, she put aside comedy and always appeared in classic rôles. She also became popular as a salon reader and entertainer, in which capacity she was renowned among the aristocracy and at the imperial court. After 1900 she seldom appeared at the Burgtheater, but continued to perform in salons. Now, for several years she has been living a retired life in her luxurious villa near Schönbrunn where she has a little court of admiring friends who are very fond of her society.

But no reader would be satisfied to have us stop with this dry account of her life, for Kathi Schratt is one of the most interesting women of Viennese history. Almost everyone

has heard the name and certainly wishes to know all about her. Stories of war and politics soon die, but a spicy romance lives forever.

From 1884 to 1898, there were two women whose names were on the tongues of all who frequented the court of Vienna: one was called "The Empress," and the other "The Gnädige Frau." Of course, almost every married German lady may be addressed as "Gnädige Frau," but this was a very special and influential one, and all knew who was meant by "The Gnädige Frau." The title was uttered with bated breath, and not without a bit of anxiety, for she was a most unusual and exalted personage. "The Empress" was Elizabeth, of course; and "The Gnädige Frau" was just as surely Kathi Schratt.

The name of Kathi Schratt became linked with that of Francis-Joseph about the year 1884, but in what manner we are not quite certain. The romantic event is enveloped in almost as much mystery as is the Tragedy of Mayerling. If the reader prefers to believe that the fifty-four-year-old Emperor went to the theater and fell in love with Kathi from his box, it is easy to find rumors and printed accounts to support the belief. Under another chapter we have given what seems to be the most probable origin of the attachment. Those, who are in a position to know, assert that Kathi Schratt was introduced to Francis-Joseph by the Empress, because she thought he needed a pleasant woman to comfort him during her own prolonged absences from Vienna. This apparently insignificant detail is of importance in estimating the character of the Emperor, for it frees him of blame, and the stigma of unfaithfulness to his wife in his later years.

It is quite possible that the arrangement proved more agreeable to the Emperor than Elizabeth had anticipated. This is not difficult to understand, for in the veins of Francis-Joseph flowed a tincture of the blood of Francis of Lorraine who could play Leander to half a dozen women at the same

time. The youthful passion which Francis-Joseph certainly had for the beautiful Elizabeth had been mauled and mutilated into insensibility by the many ghostly disagreements and misunderstandings which had risen between them. They respected each other and maintained the formal relation of husband and wife. He paid her bills which were enormous, and she conserved a deep interest in his welfare; that was about all. This left abundant room for another woman who could comfort him by her presence in the flesh rather than an absent spirit. This place was taken by "The Gnädige Frau."

It is rather easy to excuse each of the three for this most unusual relationship. Francis-Joseph was a faithful servant of the empire. He rose at four o'clock in the morning and went immediately to his desk. He lived simply, always sitting on hard chairs and eating the plainest of foods. The welfare of his subjects was his uppermost care. Of troubles and disappointments he had had more than his share, and certainly many of them were not of his own making. Elizabeth had practically abandoned him for causes which it was too late to remove. Divorce and remarriage were not to be considered on account of political and ecclesiastical considerations. Nobody would have profited by forcing the Emperor into a lonely cheerless old age. Such a life would certainly have been reflected in his efficiency as a ruler. He was entitled to the comforts of a pleasant home life.

Elizabeth could not forgive nor forget all the real or imaginary wrongs which had been visited upon her by her mother-in-law without interference on the part of her husband. She was mentally unstable and could not bring herself to undertake the tasks of wifehood. She had tried and failed; so she gave up in despair and undertook to comfort herself with an extravagant life in other lands. Apparently she was not jealous of Frau Schratt, for we are told that the two women always kissed when they met.

Kathi Schratt probably regarded a summons to serve

the Emperor as an imperative duty to the state, especially since she had been called by no less a personage than the Empress. She assumed the task and discharged it with a dignity and grace not often attained by women in similar positions. Her duties were to be purely personal and domestic, without inserting herself into court politics and diplomatic intrigues. It is difficult to find a parallel to the position held in the Hofburg by Frau Schratt. Women of her class have nearly always become powerful influences in politics. But Frau Schratt modestly held herself aloof from affairs of state.

After all, there is something rather beautiful in the ministrations of "The Gnädige Frau." She was the one sweet and harmonious chord in the endless jangle of discords which haunted the life of the faithful old Emperor. It was she who provided the little comforts and ornaments for his rooms. She looked after his health by seeing that he was properly bundled up when he set forth for a trip in the cold. It was "The Gnädige Frau" who consulted almost daily with the chamberlain about the old man's clothes and food. It was she who went to his physician and found what cigars he should smoke and then saw that they were imported for him from Havana. The massive baroque writing desk which he loved was provided by her. All the tender and thoughtful services which softened the daily life of the Emperor were rendered, at least for the most part, not by Elizabeth, but by "The Gnädige Frau."

During the last years of the Emperor's life, the little son of the Heir-Apparent Carl came to see his granduncle almost every day, and when he arrived there was always one joyous event. The dim eyes of the old Emperor lighted with pleasure as he reached up to the top of his massive desk and took down a strange little box. With childish delight he touched a secret spring. Immediately out hopped a nightingale singing just like a wild bird in the woods. It was hard to say which of the two comrades got the

more pleasure out of this magic box. It was "The Gnädige Frau" who had brought this toy to Francis-Joseph from Paris. No one else would have thought of giving him such a curious present.

Kathi Schratt soothed the Emperor's troubled mind when he was discouraged, and beguiled many an hour which otherwise would have been spent in painful worry. She sometimes went so far as to discipline him a bit for his own good. The chamberlain tells how he was constantly carrying messages from the Emperor to "The Gnädige Frau." He says that one time Francis-Joseph put the "brakes" on Kathi for having spent too much money. She brought him to his senses by making herself "rare" for six weeks, during which time he was most miserable.

When the Emperor was away hunting, he always wrote or telegraphed to his two "ladies" daily, and almost never to the one without also remembering the other. Naturally such messages were somewhat reserved, but perhaps the ones to Frau Schratt were the more intimate of the two. He usually asked Elizabeth about the weather, but he asked "The Gnädige Frau" how she felt, and how she was getting along.

After Elizabeth's death, Francis-Joseph was perhaps a little more open in his devotions to "The Gnädige Frau," but he never took much pains to conceal his attachment either from his family or the public. The chamberlain, Eugen Ketterl, recently published in the "Tagblatt" of Vienna, a story of the private life of his master. He says he always called the Emperor at half past three in the morning. His Majesty rose immediately, and went to his desk where he worked till half past six, when he left his room and walked across the park of Schönbrunn to a little gate in the wall opening into Gloriettegasse. Passing out of the grounds, he promptly entered Frau Schratt's villa where he breakfasted with her; then they went for a walk in the beautiful grounds of Schönbrunn. Often he saw her

several times later in the day and most of his evenings were spent in her company.

He entertained her frequently with his guests and openly showed her the most intimate favors. For her needs he provided most liberally, but her expenses never mounted to any such staggering sums as those of the Empress who had three or four castles to maintain, beside the cost of constant luxurious travel. "The Gnädige Frau's" villa in Gloriettegasse was filled with beautiful and expensive trophies. Nobody asked how she was able to buy them because everybody knew.

While the Viennese very generously and good-naturedly excused their venerable Emperor for his anomalous domestic life, the world at large was by no means so kindly disposed. Sensational magazines and newspapers of other lands found the Hapsburg Dynasty a rich mine of precious ore to be smelted into glittering columns to delight morbid readers, and the ground was thoroughly worked by many diligent grubbers. Every disgrace which had fallen upon the unfortunate old Emperor was well advertised, while his better qualities were seldom mentioned beyond the boundaries of his own empire. Scandal travels on wings, but good reports move like snails.

So powerful is public opinion in these days of rapid and thorough dissemination of news, that even the Emperor's own family did not escape its influence. There is a story, which I fear is true, illustrating this most forcibly. It is extremely pathetic, but I have it from several fairly reliable sources, and give it as a persistent rumor which must have some foundation in fact.

The twenty-first of November, 1916, found Francis-Joseph eighty-six years old and sick with pneumonia. With the greatest heroism he sat at his desk until four o'clock in the afternoon when he was completely exhausted and had to be helped to his bed. In a few moments he was unconscious. His physician, Professor Ortner, and the family were hastily summoned. It

was clear that the old Emperor had at last arrived at the end of his long and tiresome trail. Professor Ortner gave him an injection of caffeine, and he returned to consciousness sufficiently to recognize members of his family. All knew the time had come for the dying man to say farewell to those he held most dear.

At that moment a shadow fell across the doorway. It was "The Gnädige Frau" who had come to bid farewell to her departing comrade. But Francis-Joseph did not see her. Archduchess Gisela was standing near the door, and immediately turned her back upon the Frau and hid her from the Emperor. It was too much for "The Gnädige Frau" who walked away. Some courtiers came to her and told her not to intrude herself upon the sacred scene. Passing down the hallway, she encountered Archduke Carl, who sensed the situation, took her gently by the arm and led her toward the Emperor's chamber. "The Gnädige Frau" glanced once more at the back of the Archduchess, then again walked sadly away without bidding her life-long friend good-bye. Certainly there was no face which could have comforted the heart of Francis-Joseph at that tragic moment to such a degree as the one he was not permitted to view.

We are told that "The Gnädige Frau" rendered one more service to Emperor Francis-Joseph. It was she who managed to have him interred in a metal coffin instead of a wooden one. Thus the loving ministrations of this faithful woman followed him to the tomb. There may be those who dip their pens in venom to write of "The Gnädige Frau," but I am not one of them.

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## TWO ARISTOCRATS

AS WE have previously indicated, the only easy and legitimate road to renown open to women under the Austrian monarchy was through an imperial birth by the grace of God, followed by a royal marriage by the grace of a Kaiser or Kaiserin. That way went Marie Caroline, Marie Antoinette and Marie Louise to their secure niches in European history. Favored by the will of God, but halted by the will of Maria Theresa, were her two bright daughters, Marie Anna and Marie Elizabeth, who were sent into seclusion as abbesses of nunneries.

To women of the untitled class the road to honorable fame was a long and tiresome one capable of being negotiated only by exceptional talent or beauty accompanied by toil and sacrifice. This way went Fanny Elssler, Therese Krones and others, but not one of them ever got so far as to secure a conspicuous monument in the city of Vienna or have one of its important streets named in her honor.

Between these two classes at the extremities of society was another, the nobility, often called the aristocracy, organically excluded from the privileges of the crown on one side and genealogically elevated above the masses on the other. To women of this class the way to renown was eased by birth and wealth, but also required talent and toil. Most of these women lived in luxurious palaces, fared forth, well gowned, in splendid liveries, frequented the opera and races, and eventually died and were forgotten. Only a few of them were well known outside of the capital or beyond the days of their own generations. Two, one a writer and the other a leader of society, were especially distinguished.



### A LITERARY AUTOCRAT

During the times of the crusades, the field of literature in Vienna was occupied by the Minnesingers, of whom *Walter von der Vogelweide* was the most renowned. He entertained the court and the passing knights with "Singen and Sagen," which meant composing verses and singing them in the Hof. So clever was he that his fame extended from the Rhine to the Jordan.

After the passing of the Minnesingers, Vienna produced but scanty literature until the time of Maria Theresa. She was to Austria what Queen Elizabeth was to England. She was a warrior, diplomat, politician and patroness of the arts and sciences. In her reign music made enormous strides under the leadership of such composers as Gluck, Haydn and Mozart. The seeds of literature were also sown to bear fruit during the reigns of her successors.

One of the greatest writers of the first half of the nineteenth century was a woman who sprang almost directly from the Hofburg. Maria Theresa had a favorite chambermaid who, after some years of service, married a man by the name of Greiner. The Queen probably honored the wedding with her presence. There is a legend to the effect that when the priest asked the bride if she gave herself to Greiner for life, she turned and made an interrogatory curtsy to the Hofmeister who passed the gesture on to the Queen. The Queen bowed her consent to the Hofmeister, and he to the bride who then answered "Ja." In this roundabout manner the servant, who belonged to the Queen, was bestowed by Her Majesty on the groom.

To this couple on September seventh, 1769, was born a daughter who was named Caroline. We are told the Queen continued to provide luxuries for her chambermaid long after her marriage, and undoubtedly she did many nice things for the baby girl. Caroline was eleven when Maria Theresa died. Thus Caroline Greiner grew up on the very



CAROLINE PICHLER



PAULINE METTERNICH



brink of the court of the great Queen and her distinguished son, Joseph II. She was not of royal blood, but had the bearing of a princess, and knew the etiquette of the court fully as well as Caroline of Naples or Marie Antoinette. Throughout her long life she retained her royal airs and inflexible devotion to the Hapsburg traditions.

At the age of seventeen Caroline Greiner married an official of the government by the name of Andreas Pichler, and it is under the name of Caroline Pichler that she is known in literature. The name would have been forgotten long ago but for the honor with which she invested it.

Her first literary productions were published in 1800, and were occasioned by the injustices of the French Revolution. It was a time of political turmoil in Europe, and her talent was at first devoted largely to political and historical subjects. Since her mind was directed toward such affairs, she was a close observer of the career of Napoleon, and was later an eyewitness of the Congress of Vienna which occurred during the winter of 1814—15, and was one of the most important political events of the century. Her accounts of this congress have the highest historical value.

Another subject which attracted her pen was the contest between Christians and Turks. She wrote startling and vivacious narrations of the sieges of Vienna, the very best in existence to this day. But for the pen of Caroline Pichler many of the deeds of heroism and almost unbelievable hardships of the Viennese people during those dreadful times might have been unrecorded and lost forever. She was near enough to the events to hear and verify their traditions.

But history did not occupy her pen entirely. She wandered into fiction and wrote volume after volume of pure romances. Between 1800 and 1840, she turned out sixty, thus averaging a book and a half per year. Before she finished she had written five or six more and her letters fill four additional volumes.

To correctly appraise such industry, we must divest ourselves of all knowledge of typewriters, and imagine Caroline sitting hour after hour covering great piles of sheets with her penmanship, at the rate of many pages per day, Sundays included. Even Sigmund Freud has hardly surpassed her literary output.

But few if any of her books have been translated into English, and she is known only to the Germans, who put her in the same class with Madame de Staël, George Eliot and Harriet Beecher Stowe. She ranks second only to Grillparzer among all the Viennese authors.

Not only was she renowned for her writings, but also her salon was famous throughout Europe. Her honor went to her head, and she set herself up as a sort of an autocrat in the diplomatic and literary circles of Vienna. Almost all the eminent men of Europe who visited the court of Vienna also made appearance at the house of Caroline Pichler before leaving the city. No one, accounted worthy, thought of leaving Vienna without paying respects to Caroline, any more than he thought of leaving without gazing admiringly at the tower of Stephansdom. Both were regarded as emblems of the capital.

Grillparzer visited her and was inspired. Madame de Staël complimented her. Nearly all the eminent literati of the day knew the "blaue Zimmer" of the Pichler house in the "Alser Vorstadt." They remembered it better than the court of the Hofburg, because to them it meant inspiration to greater effort and success. It seems singular that so many whom she inspired should be so much better known to the English-speaking race.

Personally Caroline Pichler was severe, dignified and very pious. She was sometimes called snobbish. But her ideas were liberal for the times — almost too liberal to be agreeable to the royalists. Probably if she had been freed from the influence of the crown, for which she always maintained a deep respect, she would have blossomed into

an apostle of democracy. She never lent her pen to a criticism of the republican form of government. She was a reformer held in restraint by powers from which she could not escape.

She continued her writing almost to the day of her death which occurred January seventh, 1843. Some of her works were published after she died.

The writings of Caroline Pichler are scarcely known outside of Vienna, and her name is rarely mentioned in English literature. Probably one reason is that she wrote principally on subjects which were of interest only to the German people. When she dealt with themes of universal appeal, the ground was also covered by English and French writers, and there was no occasion to translate her works into English or French. Her local influence was strong, but its field rather narrowly limited.

The limitations of language are stupendous barriers to writers. But for the necessity of translations, with incidental loss of charm and meaning, the name of Pichler probably would be as well known in France, England and the United States as are those of many of the German composers, such as Gluck, Haydn, Brahms and scores of others, who are almost household words.

### A SOCIETY DAME

During the latter part of the reign of Francis-Joseph, owing to the many unfortunate disgraces of the House of Hapsburg, the dynasty to a certain degree lost the leadership of the aristocracy. Empress Elizabeth, to whom the position of dictator in social affairs belonged by right of her title, had been so completely unnerved by the heartless conduct of her mother-in-law that she refused to participate in the functions of the court and capital. It thus happened that the social scepter was seized and held by a lady of the nobility without the consent or approval, but likely without

the opposition of the imperial family. That lady's name was Pauline Metternich.

The Metternich family was the very quintessence of aristocracy in Vienna. Prince Wenzel Metternich had been political dictator of Austria during almost the entire first half of the nineteenth century. There were many other families of prominence in the capital, but none of them were quite so exalted as the Metternichs. Above the Auerspergs were the Schwarzenbergs, above the latter the Liechtensteins who deferred to none but the Metternichs, and when the Metternichs looked upward they saw nothing but the Hapsburgs.

Pauline Metternich was the favorite granddaughter of the great dictator; hence she had the prestige of a very aristocratic ancestry. While the principal source of purple in her blood was her mother, the daughter of Count Wenzel Metternich, the color had been deepened from the tributary on her father's side. Graf Moritz Sandor, her father, was a most distinguished Hungarian. His family dated from the fifteenth century, and he was renowned throughout Europe as an aristocratic sportsman. Moritz Sandor had many horses and was one of the most reckless drivers and riders of his day. He always appeared in public meticulously dressed in the latest fashion, and was so proud and exclusive that it is claimed he was never once seen drunk in public. The Sandors lived in a palace in a very aristocratic quarter of Vienna almost within the shadow of the Hofburg. They entertained much, always occupied a prominent box at the races, and in every conceivable manner graced the high station which was theirs by right of birth.

When Pauline was a little girl she was supplied with teachers who understood etiquette and all the intricate turns of Viennese society. Being a clever child, she soon acquired a reputation for smartness, energy and social discernment. The greatness of the woman was prophesied by the child. She was not beautiful, but she had other qualities which

made beautiful children envious. When she was six years old a great painter by the name of Daffinger was engaged to paint her portrait. She says that often she heard him mumbling to himself: "Ugly, ugly, but what intelligent eyes!"

But what was of vastly more importance to her future was, that she became a favorite of her grandfather, the great dictator. He often carried her off to his palace on the Rennweg for visits lasting more than a week at a time, during which she was "shown off" to the many renowned guests entertained in his home. Thus it happened that even during her childhood she was known abroad as "Smart little Pauline of Vienna."

With the Hapsburgs she was also a favorite. Archduchess Sophia, Francis-Joseph's mother, gave parties for Pauline who was one of the playmates of the future Emperor. She was also one of his favorite dancing partners, and the intimate friendship established during childhood lasted for life. But there was one massive wall separating them, the traditions of the Hapsburgs concerning marriage. If Francis-Joseph had married Pauline Metternich the union would have been a morganatic one and their offspring could never have claimed the crown.

In 1848, when Pauline was twelve, a cyclone struck the Metternich family and blew the celebrated statesman off the continent, and all the way to England where the found shelter. It was the Revolution of 1848, which also whisked Ferdinand off the throne of the Austrian Empire. When the storm quieted down, the eighteen-year-old Francis-Joseph was found sitting on the throne and his mother, Archduchess Sophia, holding the scepter of power firmly in both hands. Metternich was in exile in Brighton, where he was soon followed by his bright grandchild Pauline.

Although Metternich had been driven from power in his own country, he was still renowned, and his home in Brighton was much frequented by the English aristocracy. During this period Pauline became an intimate friend of



the Princess of Teck who was destined to become the mother of the present Queen of England. Later when Metternich returned to his palace on the Rennweg in Vienna, he brought with him his granddaughter with her aristocratic education much enriched by contact with the celebrities of England and France. They were accompanied on the return trip by Disraeli.

Prince Metternich now had much time at his disposal, and used it largely in further educating his bright granddaughter. He talked to her of Napoleon, Marie Louise, Marie Antoinette, Maria Theresa, Josephine, Maria Caroline and all the distinguished characters of European history, telling her who was aristocratic and who was not, and why. Among those who were not, was surely Marie Louise whom Metternich considered degraded by her association with Neipperg, a man of too low birth to mate with a woman who was the daughter of one emperor and the wife of another. Metternich seemed possessed with the idea of bequeathing his doctrines to Pauline, and was determined to see that she rang clear in tones unmarred by any combination with the base metals of democracy. He was preparing her to become his representative when he disappeared from the living.

The great Metternich had another grandchild, Richard, who was also often seen in the palace on the Rennweg. He was likewise smart, clever and aristocratic, and presently fell in love with Pauline. In 1852 Richard was attached to the Austrian embassy in Paris, and in 1856 came home to Vienna for a vacation, and married Pauline. Instead of returning to Paris he was appointed Ambassador to Dresden where the young couple went to live and join the wealthy and aristocratic court of Saxony.

Pauline was soon leader of the ambassadorial society of Dresden. She became somewhat of an autocrat in social affairs, because she was smarter, better trained, and more experienced than even the king and queen. If there were

any doubts as to who should precede in marching across the halls of the palace or entering the dining room, Pauline gave the decision. She decided who should have the place of honor at the banquets, whether or not gloves should be removed, just what knives and forks should be used and how they should be arranged by the plates. In all such weighty problems she was the court of last appeal because she knew how it was done in Vienna, London and Paris.

The young couple lived in Dresden for three years, and while there Pauline gave birth to a daughter on the seventeenth of May, 1857. Then in 1859 came the war between Austria and Italy, and the Metternichs were assigned to Verona. Pauline did not accompany her husband to Italy, but joined her grandfather in Vienna where she was present at his death in 1859.

Next Richard was sent on a special mission to Paris. This time he was accompanied by his wife who soon became a favorite with Napoleon III. In a little while the Metternichs were invited by Napoleon to become his guests at Biarritz for a vacation. Upon returning to Paris, Richard found an appointment as Ambassador to Paris awaiting him, and the couple gladly established a residence in the gay capital of France.

Pauline was soon the most intimate friend of Empress Eugenie, the wife of Napoleon III. This friendship was a permanent one, lasting for more than half a century. When Eugenie was ninety years old she was still writing letters to Pauline Metternich in her own hand. In 1859, during a war between France and Austria, Eugenie became uneasy concerning her treasures in the Palace of the Tuileries. She put her most valuable jewels into a package and sent them to Pauline Metternich for safekeeping. Pauline in turn sent them on to the vaults of the bank of England. Such friendship between aristocrats of two countries actually at war has not often occurred in history.

During her long residence in Paris, Pauline completed

her education in diplomatic etiquette by embellishing it with the glorious art of sexual freedom and deceit for which the French capital was so renowned. She attained the very topmost rung in the long ladder of aristocracy, and also added to her family by giving birth to two daughters, Pascaline and Clementine.

Upon leaving Paris she went for a short stay at a watering place in England where she was accompanied by Empress Eugenie. Then during the latter part of the year 1870, she returned to reside in Vienna.

She was now apparently exactly fitted for a distinguished career in the court of Francis-Joseph. She was Catholic, very conservative, widely experienced, and a stickler for traditions and etiquette. Physically she was also quite proper. She had grown stout, had a double chin, a countenance well-flecked with brown spots and a red pear-shaped nose. Francis-Joseph needed just such a woman about his court. His mother was in poor health and Elizabeth declined to mix into the intrigues of the Hofburg.

But the very event which all expected did not happen. The court of Vienna was not happy in the presence of Pauline Metternich. She knew too much, and had had too much experience. No one enjoys doing anything in the presence of another who can do it better. Such a condition eventually produces embarrassment and resentment, resulting in unpleasantness to both parties. It was so at the Hofburg. Pauline Metternich felt it and staid away.

She soon found other outlets for her surging energy and ready knowledge. She cultivated the acquaintance of artists, literati and scientists, and became a great patron of the theater and opera. Public movements of all kinds found in her most a efficient leader and executive. We read how she established a flower-show in the Prater, and how she achieved the most signal honor ever accorded any woman in Vienna by having the most fashionable ball of the carnival

season named the "Metternich-Redoute." This unusual honor was repeated annually for forty years.

Pauline Metternich became a dictator of public society and enterprise. No one thought of launching any movement without consulting her as to its advisability and how to go about it. It was she who first brought the "Verkaufte Braut," "Pagliacci," and many other celebrated operas to Vienna. Through her influence in Paris she secured a trial of Wagner's "Tannhäuser" in the Paris Opera. It was a success and Wagner never finished thanking her for this, and for arranging to have him presented to the French court. Even as late as 1900 we hear of her coöperating with Professors Eiselsberg and Hochenegg in establishing a new clinic for the poor in Vienna.

Through her association with public enterprises, Pauline Metternich became very popular with all classes. What she said was quoted as the judgment of the public. When "Die Metternich" said so and so on any topic, the discussion was closed. Hers was the *vox populi* and could only be countermanded by the *vox imperatoris* which was never raised against her.

In the absence of leadership from the Hofburg, she set the fashion for the aristocracy. If "Die Metternich" wore her hat with the rim turned up in front, up went all the rims. She was the good shepherd for the aristocratic flock in Vienna, calling the sheep into the fold and leading them forth to pasture according to her judgment of what was safe and wise. Like Caroline Pichler, Pauline Metternich became the proud symbol of the city, and as characteristic of Vienna as the fiakers and flower women.

With the coming of the twentieth century, she relaxed a trifle and often sought seclusion in the watering places of Bohemia and Hungary, but still continued to make trips back and forth between Paris and Vienna. She had graduated into a sort of an honorary adviser for the gay city. Her face still occasionally graced the Opera and the Burgtheater,

and was always greeted with applause. She became known as the "Grand Dame" of the city.

When the great World War broke out in 1914, Pauline Metternich was still living. She lived to see the venerable Francis-Joseph laid to rest in the Capucine, and on and on until the organization of the new republic, which was entirely adverse to her idea of what was right and best for Vienna. She had really lived too long. She had not changed a particle in her political beliefs, always remaining true to the teachings of her distinguished grandfather. But Vienna had changed and left her isolated like a single forest oak standing in the middle of a cultivated field.

Then as a final climax Pauline turned authoress and wrote a book setting forth her experiences and views upon public affairs. When it became known that she was writing this work there was much uneasiness among the politicians for fear of the effect of such a conspicuous display of her well-known opinions. It was with a sense of relief that the public discovered, upon the appearance of the book in 1920, that no one had been killed politically, and only a few maimed. Her work was more reminiscent than doctrinal and critical.

Soon after the appearance of her book, she died in Vienna at the age of eighty-six. Her death may be considered as marking the final disappearance of the aristocracy of old Vienna, an aristocracy which had been one of the most exclusive in all Europe. Soon came the distinguished men and women of a different school, a school diametrically opposed to the one which had flourished for centuries in the Kaiserstadt. The monarchy passed, long live the Republic!

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## WOMEN IN GENERAL

**V**IENNA is Vienna. It has its own personality. It is not Austrian, and it is not exactly German. But very few cities have such marked characteristics. Paris is one of them. Paris is not French, any more than New York is American. Constantinople was another; but, since the Turkish men have laid aside their Oriental costumes and the women put away their veils and haiks, Constantinople is only ordinary. Venice has striking characteristics, but they are mainly of the streets and not of the people; only people can give a city real individuality. Algiers and Tunis are cities with double personalities; French and Arabic, but the former is rapidly disposing of the latter. Cairo is losing its color in the same manner. But through all her trying vicissitudes, Vienna has managed to preserve her individuality.

Great cities reflect the leveling influence of commerce and travel much more rapidly than small towns and the country. Even Tokio and Yokohama are being conquered by Occidental trade and the ubiquitous tourist. Soon it will be scarcely worth while to travel, for all the world will be uniform. Such men as Ford and Gillette are the worst iconoclasts of the ages.

Nothing lends individuality to a city or country so much as its women. The veiled woman of Algiers, shrouded in white, with chestnut-brown eyes and nothing else revealed, gives a fascination to the streets entirely unequaled by the Moorish architecture. Such a woman has the lure of a hidden treasure, for she leaves no clue to her identity. Her mysteriousness seems to be voluntary; she could wink, but she rarely does. She surrenders nothing but her breath for the observer

to carry away for future reference. She is alluring, simply because of her occultness. Beneath the veil may be a Cleopatra, an Aspasia, or a common Soudanese negress. Who knows? Such an appeal is easy for a woman to effect, and simple to explain. But the Viennese women are in no sense concealed treasures; we cannot dispose of their lure in a single paragraph.

Of all the large capitals of Europe, Vienna and Paris have the strongest individualities. They have certain qualities which stamp themselves upon the mind of the foreigner, and the two impressions differ from each other and from those produced by other large cities. Such pictures are hard to describe, just as the personal appearance of any individual is difficult to delineate in words. One detail is certain; no one visualizes Paris or Vienna as of any gender but feminine. They are both smart and beautiful ladies.

How shall we describe the women of Vienna? They are not taller nor shorter than those of other cities; perhaps a little fatter, but not much. Their faces are Teutonic, but not so markedly so as those of their sisters in Berlin and many of the other cities to the north. Blue eyes and brown hair predominate; red-haired Viennese are very rare. Mouths as a rule are well formed, certainly not too small; noses are neither long, hooked nor flat; cheeks are well rounded; chins about right; and in youth the complexions are rosy and fresh as the petals of garden flowers. Busts are shapely, quite often plump, and, since the advent of modern skirts, we are sure their limbs are neat and trim, at least as an average.

Mentally they are alert, clever and shrewd. They are more inclined to music and dancing than to literature and science. In this regard they are the true daughters of their ancestors. We must search the history of Vienna with a magnifying glass to find enough women of literary and scientific distinction to use for a full chapter in a book, but we are completely overwhelmed with dancers and actresses of renown.

Viennese women love fine clothes and jewelry, and know how to wear them to best advantage. They are especially fond of furs. An afternoon or evening stroll along the Graben or Kärntnerstrasse gives the foreigner the impression that the women are rich, but this is a mistake; only a few of them are there, and many, who are, have their entire fortunes on their persons. As a rule the Viennese woman dresses to the limit of her allowance. She is fond of Schmuck and Schminke, two words which are not easily translated into English. Is she well-gowned? Those on promenade certainly are.

The appetites of Viennese ladies are good, especially for Schlagobers, Gansleber and Mehlspeise; all rich in fats. But corpulency is no such a problem to them as to their sisters in English-speaking lands. They have trained their admirers to adore stoutness, and are generous enough to reciprocate by tolerating masculine rotundity. So the women grow plump, the men put on embonpoint, and all are happy. Recently this blissful state has been somewhat marred by the invasion of aggressive foreigners with a wicked rage for calculating calories, and other dietetic fads. As a result of this evil influence literature and favorite prescriptions for reducing are beginning to circulate among the upper classes. What a pity!

No women of the world are more friendly to foreigners than the Viennese. In all the shops and stores this friendliness spills over into conversation on subjects quite foreign to wares and prices. They are always ready to talk about the weather, scandals in society, accidents on the streets, and are inquisitive concerning America; soon revealing the fact that they have brothers in New York or Chicago. But if a strange gentleman ventures to say something about taking one of them to Jause, she promptly changes the subject or closes up like a scared clam. She does not become offended, but meets such boldness with a nonchalance that is completely mystifying. The aggressor does not know whether



she means "Behave yourself, you villain," or "I wish to be coaxed." In the theater or opera a lady may engage in a lively conversation with the foreigner who occupies the next seat, provided he does not attempt to induce her to speak German. She is usually practicing her English; that is all. It is a waste of time to try to learn German from such a woman; better hunt for one who knows only "Yes," "No," "How-do-you-do," and "Goot-pye." Such a woman must eventually say something else.

Morally the women of Vienna are about on a level with those of the larger cities of the United States and England. A good deal has been written and said to the contrary, but it is all untrue. Such a mistake is probably due to judging all by the few who are in so much evidence in some of the streets and cafés of Vienna. We forget that there are a corresponding number of the same sort in New York and London. We should also remember that the youth and beauty of Vienna have seen trying times during the last decade. The "wild women" of Vienna render themselves a trifle conspicuous, but they are only a drop in the great fountain of noble womanhood of the city. They are of no great importance, and are not recommended to the notice of foreigners on vacation.

Some one has said that ninety per cent of the women are Catholic, ten per cent Protestants, and the remaining fifteen per cent Jews. This apparently absurd statement is explained by the fact that the population of the city is one hundred and fifteen per cent female. Such an explanation is not quite satisfactory to the mathematician, but we may be sure that Vienna is one of the strongest Catholic cities of Europe.

We are told that there has been a relaxation in Catholic fervor since the advent of the Social Democrat Party which is opposed to the Christian Socialist Party, known as a Catholic organization. The municipality has made divorce laws and put into operation a crematory, both of which are

regarded as non-Catholic. Be that as it may, Catholicism is still very dear to the hearts of the majority of the women. They are Catholics, except when they vote; then they are politicians pure and simple.

Viennese women are certainly no less devoted to their homes than to the church. In no city of the world are family ties held in higher esteem. The Germans have a special pronoun of the second person for use in addressing members of their own families, and its use by outsiders is resented. The same is true of some other races, but it is not true of ours. As a rule the daughters of Vienna are obedient and affectionate to their parents. Certainly there are many daughters who thus far show no evidence of sprouting angelic wings, but if the girls of the city were tossed into a bag and one taken out at random, the chance for a good draw would be better than in some other cities.

Viennese motherhood is entitled to our best tributes. It is most bountiful, and rich in quality. Casting our eyes back over the celebrated women of the city, we are perfectly amazed at their exhibition of motherhood. We have already recorded that Anna Faustina had eleven children; Agnes, eighteen; Maria Theresa, sixteen; Caroline of Naples, eighteen; Zita's husband lived only ten years after her marriage, but she had eight; and so we might go on calling the roll of less distinguished names. Marie Louise donated two between the time she left Napoleon and married Neippberg. The present president of Austria has eleven children. When has the United States had a president with eleven children? The women of Vienna settled the question of race suicide long before Roosevelt began discussing it. To be sure the birth rate has fallen during the last decade owing to difficult living conditions, but this failure cannot be blamed on the women.

Motherhood in Vienna is especially full of duty and pleasure. Suppose we consider the career of the mother of a daughter. Very soon after her baby's birth comes the

Taufe (baptism) which is a great event in the family. All the male relatives must get excused from work, put on their best clothes, and attend. There must be a feast and presents for the little heroine. While the Taufe is a very conspicuous ceremony, it is strictly a family affair. One must be on very intimate terms with the parents to be favored with an invitation to a Taufe, which is usually held in the home.

Next comes the early childhood during which the daughter is taught so many important lessons. She is introduced to fairyland, and soon believes the story of "Hansel and Gretel," "The Goose That Laid the Golden Egg," and all the rest. Krampus, Nikolo and Christkind are most lively and real personages to the little Viennese daughter. Puppen (doll) lore is an essential part of her education. She must attend school and learn the catechism. In her early teens comes Firmungstag (confirmation day) when all her next of kin put on their best attire, and with much floral decoration ride to Stephansdom for a never-to-be-forgotten ceremony. One of the sights of the city is the arrival and departure of such daughters at Stephansdom at Whitsuntide.

Soon comes the wedding day with its carriages, flowers and feasts. The Viennese make more of a wedding than do most people. Whether it be in a church or in the home, all the relatives must appear and produce some sort of a present, kiss the bride, hug the mother and solemnly shake hands several times with the father and everyone else present. There are many low bows, heels click with military precision, and at the feast there are sure to be toasts and pretty speeches.

In all this lively drama the mother is the central figure. She is supposed to stage all in proper style for the benefit of her daughter, or suffer in reputation for her neglect. Having finished the program for her own daughters, she is ready to begin all over again with the daughters of her children of both the male and female lines. She is a perennial Rose of Jericho whose second blossoms are often

better colored and more fragrant than the first. Frequently she blooms a third time for the benefit of her great-grandchildren. Her life is composed of rings of strenuous duties and pleasures, each circle being introduced by a *Taufe* and completed with a wedding-day.

Certainly motherhood is like this in all lands, but there are not many places where the whole performance is put on with so much vim and *esprit de corps* as in Vienna. The spirit of motherhood has even permeated the municipality, and prompted it to donate a complete layette to every expectant mother who will accept it. The mayor adds a sentimental message to the package, just to show his interest in such an important event as the birth of a new citizen.

Having discharged their duties to the church and home, the women of Vienna turn pagan and worship a variety of lesser deities. Apollo, Terpsichore, Thalia, Bacchus, and Cupid all come in for a share of their devotions. In spite of the heart-rending vicissitudes through which the city has passed recently, we are ready to contend that the women of no city get more real joy out of living. How do they manage it?

In the first place we notice that they are very fond of exercise in the open air. We scarcely know where to begin in enumerating the outdoor pleasures enjoyed by the Viennese women. In summer they are fond of hiking in the Wienerwald, one of the most delightful woodlands in the world. It is a rugged forest with endless footpaths, picturesque vistas, charming streams, sylvan nooks, and a few real mountains to try the strength and endurance. With hobnailed shoes, rough costumes, alpine-stocks and Rucksacks the ladies set forth early in the morning, and woe to the American who attempts to follow them. At night they return with glowing cheeks, and arms laden with sheaves of wild flowers; not ready for bed, but for a jolly *Gesellschaft* (party) with much to eat and drink. They have found health, pleasure, and quite likely romance.

Of swimming places there are scores about the city, besides the great blue Danube which generously sends an arm directly through the city. Many, perhaps most, of the women are good swimmers and not a few are skillful with the oar. This is rather unusual for an inland city.

In winter there is the enormous rink of artificial ice, the largest in Europe, in the very heart of the city. It has been there for years and is used by thousands of women during the entire season which is guaranteed to last for at least a hundred days. Little girls begin skating at the age of two or three years, and there are women of seventy who are still devoted to the sport. Grandmothers often skate with their grandchildren. One day I saw a little tot darting about on the ice as if she had been born with skates on her feet. She was doing all sorts of difficult turns, first on one foot, and then on the other.

"How long have you been skating?" I asked.

"Two years," she replied.

"How old are you?"

"Five years."

"Who taught you to skate?"

"My grandmother."

"Just then grandmother hove to, apparently alarmed lest her little charge be kidnapped. She had been watching us all the time. No one would have thought it possible for her to be a grandmother. Her cheeks were still aflame with the fire of youth, and her movements were those of a girl in her teens. She had found what Ponce de Leon died seeking.

Nobody knows how many of the women of Vienna can take care of themselves on skis. The whole Wienerwald is a paradise for skiers whenever there is snow, which they claim is not often enough. When Boreas refuses to bring his wintry hoard to the hills within easy reach, Gretel prevails upon Hansel to take her to the near-by mountains where she amuses herself by toiling slowly up the hills and then shooting down like greased lightning.

If she goes into a heap on a snow-bank, Hansel is there to pull her out and put her on runners again. What joy!

One of the dearest words in the German language is "Gesellschaft." No Gesellschaft is complete without women. That is fundamental. Some other elements are also quite essential.

There must be liquid refreshments, preferably beer or wine. Then there must be food; Würsteln are popular. Whenever a group of men have assembled these elements, there is sure to be a Gesellschaft. Out of such a combination spring songs, jokes, dancing and romance. Parties of this kind are common in all the cafés, and there are over a thousand of them in the city. They are also held in the homes, in the Wienerwald, in the parks, and down by the Danube.

The foreigner scarcely realizes what the cafés mean to the women of Vienna. Usually each woman, who has any leisure, claims a regular membership in the Gesellschaft of a café. Her café is her club. In it she meets everyone whom she should see, and occasionally a few whom she should not. Such a custom relieves her of the necessity of keeping her house always ready for the reception of guests. In her café are all the latest magazines and newspapers. She often takes along her knitting, sewing or fancywork. Almost everything which an American woman can carry on in her club, the Viennese women can do in a café, and with much less trouble and energy.

If a group of women wish to study English, they arrange to have the class in a café, often posting announcements in the window. When they arrive they find the chairs reserved for them in a cosy isolated corner. Trained servants are at hand, the table is spread, and refreshments are ready to serve on a moment's notice. Everything is in order for them to walk in and sit down. What could be more simple? When they have finished, they walk out without giving a thought as to who is to clean up after the party.

Of women's clubs, such as are so common in America,

there are apparently but few in Vienna. There are the American Women's Club, the "Women's Auxiliary of the American Medical Association," and the "American University Women's Club." The names are suggestive of their common origin and nature. While the Viennese women do not have many such clubs of their own, because apparently they do not need them, they are keen for getting a glimpse at the inside workings of the American institutions. When eligible they join them, and we may soon see a crop of native clubs growing out of the seeds cast by foreigners.

Perhaps no women of the entire world are so devoted to theaters and concerts as are the Viennese. If we were to tell how many concerts are held in the city daily, it would sound like a wild exaggeration. In music they are voracious feeders. They consume the classics by the hour, devour jazz, and wildly applaud the spirituals from the United States. Taken as a whole they certainly know music better than English or American women. It has been thus from the days of Maria Theresa, and will probably continue to be so indefinitely.

The subject of music naturally leads to a discussion of dancing, which is to the women of Vienna one of the most ecstatic pleasures. The sublimest of all dances to the Viennese is the waltz. Charlestons, tangos and bostons may come and go, but the Viennese waltz goes on forever. They even waltz on skates. When we speak of the Viennese waltz we are talking of something entirely different from what passes under that name in other lands. It cannot be learned in a month nor a year. The ability to dance the Viennese waltz must be born in the individual for it apparently depends upon physical characteristics that are not readily acquired. The natives have some quality of the brain which renders them immune to dizziness. To understand this let any man or woman get on a floor and try to turn rapidly in the same direction for five minutes without falling. Only the *echte Wiener* can do it.

In the celebrated balls of the carnival season Viennese womanhood reaches the very climax of adventurous romanticism. The costumes, perukes, masks, extravagant decorations, tinted lights, bottles and goblets furnish a background for mirth and joy reminiscent of the glorious days of Maria Theresa and Francis of Lorraine. The spirits of Fanny Elssler, Josephine Gallmeyer and Therese Krones must hover over such scenes with blissful delight. The motto for such occasions is: "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined."

There are a few picturesque types of women more or less characteristic of Vienna, and, being placed in frequent contact with visitors, they have become known abroad as somewhat symbolic of the city. If Vienna be regarded as a building, they may be likened to the statues which decorate its grounds and exterior walls. The officials and servants whose daily occupations are in a public building, think but little of its decorations. They are completely engrossed with what is taking place on the inside, because it is there that they earn their livings. To be seen gazing at the monuments of the grounds or the statuary on the roof, at once marks one as a stranger. In the same sense and for the same reason, the Viennese are quite unconscious of these fascinating types of women who decorate their public life.

One of these symbols which is soon noted, and likely to be photographed by the tourist is the *Naschmarkt* type. Women of this class are to be found in all the markets, but are probably seen to best advantage in the *Naschmarkt* on *Wienzeile*. Beneath the *Naschmarkt* flows the River *Wien*, the little stream which gives the city its name, and it seems appropriate that on its banks should flourish one of the most characteristic flowers of the entire garden. To alter and perhaps improve the figure, we may term them the thoroughbreds of their variety.

The very name is an appropriate insignia for these women. It is derived from "*naschen*" which means to nibble on the sly. All children love to *nasch* from the sugar bowl,



a box of cookies, or the edge of a basket of fruit. These women are typical *Naschers*. They *nasch* from their wares and grow fat, and from the purses of their customers and grow rich.

Sophie of the *Naschmarkt* appears to best advantage in wintertime, because at that season she wears more clothes. Her head may be covered by an immense colored handkerchief tied beneath her chin, but more often she wears a heavy woolen hood which requires a second look to make sure it is not a stocking. Her entire body, colossal in dimensions, is enveloped in an enormous man's overcoat. Her feet are frequently wrapped in several layers of burlap, securely tied about the ankles. This is the sum-total of her attire visible, but she has a mattresslike appearance which gives the impression that there may be inches of cotton and wool beneath the outer layer.

She usually has a red nose, cheeks finely netted with threadlike varicosities, a double chin which flows off into billows of fat beneath, and eyelids with ruffles that almost obscure the lashes. The only elements of her countenance which reveal anything of her nature are her eyes. They are sharp, alert and very penetrating. One senses the power of their discernment. They capture, scrutinize and analyze the customer at a distance.

Sophie of the *Naschmarkt* always stands framed with potatoes, cabbage, carrots, beets, and all the produce of her own land. Such is the body of the frame, but it is decorated by many colorful products from afar. Red is supplied by glowing apples from Oregon, yellow by oranges from Algeria, purple by grapes from Italy, and blue by plums from the lower Danube. Thus decorated she becomes a most imposing monument to the god of plenty, a living breathing symbol of nutrition. The symbol is perceptible in more ways than one. Her language is the broadest of Viennese dialect, and it rolls forth in rich mellow tones of which the foreigner, trained by the dictionary, is able to catch a word only now

and then. Also her breath reeks with garlic and onions until her whole booth has a characteristic atmosphere.

One of Sophie's principal accomplishments is in *legerdemain*. She proves to the customer that the hand is quicker than the eye. When she picks out half a dozen oranges, one is certain she has taken the best in the pile, and never knows better until the bag is emptied at home revealing that they were about the worst. The next time the customer probably insists upon buying apples of his own selection, and Sophie craftily agrees. When he gets home he discovers that the beautiful ones he chose are rotten at the core. Sophie knew this all the time. She is very wise.

One day I learned that these heroines of the Naschmarkt lead a double life. I was walking along a street in the ambassadorial section of the city when I noticed an elegantly dressed woman. She wore a stylish hat, a sealskin coat, short skirts, silk stockings and tan shoes. As I was passing her, she noticed me and spoke to me. With her voice came her breath and I instantly recognized Sophie of the Naschmarkt. My curiosity got the better of me, and I followed her for a short distance only to see her enter a fashionable apartment house and disappear.

Another most interesting type of womanhood is the shopwoman, who keeps a very small store. The best specimens of this class are to be found in the tobacco shops which also supply newspapers. This type is especially distinguished by *Gemütlichkeit*, which means glorified good nature. These women have a repertoire used in making the smallest sales. The real thoroughbreds do not speak it but sing it in a manner reminding one of a Gregorian chant. It runs like this: "Guten Morgen — Ich habe die Ehre — Was wünscht der Herr — Zwanzig Groschen — Bitte sehr — Guten Tag — Auf Wiedersehen." This is only a sample which grows with acquaintance. If such a woman has a sore throat she is completely incapacitated.

Still another type of woman, which men greatly admire,

is the "Woman with a Hoe." Wherever there is dirt to be moved or mortar to be mixed, there we may find her. No one has yet immortalized her in poetry, but she is worthy of some sort of a tribute. She appears to best advantage when surrounded by male admirers smoking dangling pipes and warming their hands in their pockets. One does not care to indulge in too much humor at her expense, because she has the ability to turn Amazon and wipe weak man off the face of the earth.

Now we will speak of the women who gladden our hearts and warm our hands on cold days. There is one of these darlings whom I shall never forget. All day long she stands by a little charcoal oven roasting chestnuts. Over her stand is posted a notice which reads: "All wormy chestnuts may be returned." One day I found a wormy one and took it back to her. Without a word of complaint she exchanged it for a good one. I wondered how she knew that I had bought it from her, and not of the ugly man a little farther down the street. She must have trusted me. I purposely, but apparently unintentionally, dropped a schilling on the ground at her feet, then turned and walked away. She saw it and ran after me to give it to me. It was just a little thing, but revealed rare honor. I shall always cherish the memory of this noble woman.

From what has been written the reader may fairly conclude that the Viennese women are carrying on the affairs of life to the best of their ability. They are friendly to the visitors because they wish the foreigners to come and patronize them and also because they enjoy having them in the city. They wish to earn livings and are sensible enough to be determined to get some fun out of life as they pass along.

These vivacious pictures of Viennese womanhood have not been drawn merely to amuse the reader, but for the purpose of showing that Vienna still has an individuality

which is all her own, and which is charming and interesting to the visitor who wishes to see life.

We will now briefly call attention to the impediments against which this individuality has been maintained. There is still sorrow in Vienna. It is of the excruciating character which comes from gazing into open graves, feeling hunger, enduring cold, and tramping the streets in endless search of employment. It would be almost impossible to put more misery and discouragement into a city than has been poured into Vienna. Walls of duties have risen on all sides and shut out timber, iron, coal, and almost all food. Trade must be conducted over barriers of tariff both coming and going. Currency has changed, wiping out the savings of thousands. Everything possible has occurred to ruin the dispositions of the Viennese.

In the midst of it all the government has changed from one of the most conservative monarchies to the most radical of democracies. The women who knew how to play political intrigue, as but few women of the world have ever known, were forced into retirement. Others who know nothing of politics have been enfranchised and are now having their first experience in running a government openly.

All this has happened and still Vienna has clung to her individuality. She is smiling through her tears and trying to be brave. She is still endowed with the indomitable courage of Maria Theresa; still a beautiful and interesting lady. Vienna is still Vienna. Gott sei Dank!

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THE END.

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## SOURCES OF INFORMATION

Much of the information used in preparing this book was derived from conversation with Viennese. Special mention should be made of Hofrat Franz Wollman, School Inspector of Vienna, who very kindly read and criticised the manuscript. The directors of the Nationalbibliothek were of the greatest assistance in seeking facts. In searching for recent events the daily files of several newspapers were often used.

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## INDEX.

- Achilleion, 205, 216  
 Acton, John, 120 seq.  
 Agnes Brundl, 11  
 Agnes of Babenberg, 8 seq.  
 Agnes, The Younger, 11  
 Alexander of Russia, 141 seq.  
 Alfonso, King of Spain, 240,  
   242, 243  
 Algiers, 283  
 America, 68, 66, 94, 103, 128,  
   250  
 American Revolution, 66 seq.,  
   94, 122  
 Anne of Russia, 144  
 Apponyi, Graf, 243  
 Arc de Triomphe, 143, 150  
 Archives, Austro-Hungarian, 2  
 Aristocracy, 271  
 "Arme Pepi," 259 seq.  
 Auersperg, Princess  
   Wilhelmine, 73, 74  
 Aurelius, Marcus, 6 seq.  
 Avari, 8  
  
 Babenbergs, 9, 12, 15, 16  
 Baden, 29, 177  
 Banner of Mahomet, 28, 33  
 Barry, Madame Du, 86, 87,  
   92, 173  
 Bartenstein, 61  
 Bartered Brides, 14 seq.  
 Bastile, Capture of, 100  
 Bavaria, Duke of, 53, 57  
 Beaumarchais, 91  
 Beau Rivage, 215  
 Belgium, 151  
 Belgrade, 32, 51, 52  
 Bentinck, Lord, 134 seq.  
 Bishop of Basle, 15  
 Bismarck, 213  
 Boehmer, 92  
 Bohemia, 65, 201, 230  
 Bonaparte, Joseph, 132  
 Bosnia, 201  
 Bourbons, 84, 116, 140, 148  
 Braganza, Duke of, 181  
 Brandeis, 225  
 Brienne, Archbishop, 97  
 Brighton, 277  
 Brown, General under Maria  
   Theresa, 170  
 Budapest, 146, 207, 209, 236,  
   238, 240, 242, 244  
 Bummerin, 41  
 Burgtheater, 264  
 Burgtor, 28, 36  
 Burlington, Earl of, 252, 254  
  
 Cafés, 291  
 Cairo, 173, 283  
 Calonne, M., 96, 97  
 Calpurnia, 44  
 Campan, Madame, Memoirs  
   of, 108 seq.  
 Campeigne, 149  
 Capucine Church, 76, 80, 216  
 Cardiff, 239  
 Carl, Emperor, 223 seq., 267  
 Caroline, Marie, 116 seq., 158  
 Cassius, Dio, 6 seq.  
 Catholicism in Vienna, 286  
 Charlemagne, 8 seq.

- Charles VI., 41 seq.  
 Charlotte, Daughter of Zita and Carl, 244  
 Charlotte, Wife of Maximilian of Mexico, 204  
 Chestnut Women, 296  
 Chotek, Countess, 220  
 Christian Socialist Party, 286  
 Christkind, 288  
 Clemens XII., 50  
 Cleopatra, 44  
 Clubs, 292  
 Coalition against Napoleon, 155  
 Coburg, Prince of, 178, 180  
 Collin, Tutor for the Duke of Reichstadt, 158  
 Colloredo, Countess of, 145  
 Commodus, Emperor of Rome, 7  
 Concerts, 292  
 Concorde, 150  
 Confirmation Day, 288  
 Congress of Vienna, 248, 273  
 Constantinople, 23, 37, 136, 166  
 Corfu, 205  
 Cornwallis, 95  
 Crematory, 286  
 Crows, 176  
 Cunegunda, 17  
 Dancing, 292  
 Daun, General, 70, 75  
 Dauphin, First Son of Marie Antoinette, 89, 99, 115  
 Dauphin, Second Son of Marie Antoinette, 103, 104  
 Deak, Franz, 206  
 Doorn, 235  
 Dresden, 153, 278  
 Drury Lane Theater, 253  
 Earthquake at Naples, 119 seq.  
 Eckartsau, 232  
 Elba, 141, 156, 157  
 Elizabeth, Archduchess, 219  
 Elizabeth, Kaiserin Christina, 42  
 Elizabeth, Empress, Wife of Francis-Joseph, 175 seq., 185, 187, 265, 266, 268, 275  
 El Pardo, 243  
 Elssler, Fanny, 248 seq.  
 Emperor of the Romans, 9, 65, 66  
 England, 45, 58, 63, 95, 122, 134, 136, 141  
 Entente, Little, 235, 238  
 Erdödy, Graf Thomas, 234  
 Estang, Count de, 103  
 Estates, Explanation of, 95 seq.  
 Esterhazy, Graf, 237  
 Eugenie, Empress, 279, 280  
 Eugene, Prince of Savoy, 35, 46, 47, 51, 68  
 Faustina, Anna, 6 seq.  
 Fedorovna, Grandduchess of Russia, 89  
 Ferdinand, Archduke, 77  
 Ferdinand IV. of Naples, 116 seq.  
 Fersen, A Nobleman of Sweden, 105 seq.  
 Firmungstag, 288  
 Fontainebleau, 155  
 France, 45, 52, 53, 62, 63, 84 seq., 123 seq., 140 seq.  
 Francis Charles, Archduke, 190  
 Francis Ferdinand, Heir Apparent, 220, 225  
 Francis of Lorraine, Emperor, 49, 65 seq., 69, 73, 253, 265  
 Francis of Lorraine, Duke, 49  
 Francis-Joseph, 169 seq., 189 seq., 225, 263 seq., 277  
 Frankfort, 14, 66, 147  
 Franklin, Benjamin, 67, 94, 95



- Frederick II., 54 seq., 62, 63  
     69, 71, 79  
 Freemasonry, 50  
 French Revolution, 81, 120  
 Freud, Sigmund, 246, 274  
 Fuchs, Kapellmeister, Johann,  
     43, 48  
 Funchal, 239 seq., 242, 243  
  
 Gallmeyer, Josephine, 259 seq.  
 Garrick, David, 253 seq.  
 Garrick, Eva Maria, 251 seq.  
 Gemütlichkeit, 295  
 Geneva, 215, 242  
 Gentz, Frederick, 248, 251  
 George II. of England, 54, 254  
 German Party, 231  
 Gesellschaft, 289, 291  
 Gibraltar, 239, 240  
 Girgenti, 134  
 Gisela, Archduchess, 217,  
     218, 270  
 Glacis, 71, 201  
 Gloriettegasse, 263, 269  
 Glowworm, British War-  
     ship, 238  
 "Gnädige Frau," 263 seq.  
 Gödöllő, 207  
 Gorup, Ferdinand, 184, 185  
 Graben, 285  
 Great Britain, 58, 59  
 Gregory X., 15  
 Greiner, Caroline, 272  
 Greville, Lord, 121  
 Grillparzer, 246, 250, 274  
  
 Hamilton, Lady Emma, 122  
     seq.  
 Hamilton, Sir William, 119,  
     121 seq.  
 Hapsburgs, 14, 18, 42, 47, 223,  
     244, 245, 246, 247, 269, 277  
 Heiligenkreuz, 185  
 Helene, Princess, Sister of  
     Empress Elizabeth, 189  
  
 Herzegovina, 201  
 Hetzendorf, 137, 227  
 Hohenstaufens, 14  
 Holy Roman Empire, 46, 140  
 Horty, Nicholas, 233  
 How Women Helped to Save  
     Christian Culture, 19 seq.  
 Hoyos, Count, 178 seq.  
 Hungarian Diet, 57  
 Hungarians, 18, 57, 59, 200,  
     201, 205, 230, 233  
  
 Ischl, 193  
  
 Jacobin Women, 109  
 Jäger, Miss, Friend of Therese  
     Krones, 257  
 Janissaries, 36  
 Jarozyński, 257  
 Jasomirgott, Heinrich, 13  
 Johanna, Daughter of Maria  
     Theresa, 82, 117  
 Joseph II., 67, 68, 71, 79, 110,  
     118  
 Josepha, Daughter of Maria  
     Theresa, 82, 117  
 Josephine, Wife of Napoleon,  
     142 seq., 164, 200  
  
 Kahlenberg, 32  
 Kärntnerstrasse, 285  
 Kärntner Theater, 248  
 Kara Mustapha, 21 seq., 41  
 Katt, Page to Frederick II.,  
     55 seq.  
 Kaunitz, Anton, 61, 62, 84  
 Ketterl, Eugen, 268  
 King of Rome, 152 seq.  
 Kollonits, Graf, 38  
 Kolschitzky, 27 seq.  
 Krampus, 288  
 Kranichbauer, Johann, 42  
 Krones, Theresa, 255 seq.  
  
 Lacy, Major General, 70, 75

- Lafayette, Marquis de, 67, 94,  
 101, 102, 103  
 Lamotte, Madame de, 92, 93  
 Larisch, Countess Marie, 176,  
 182  
 Laxenburg, 71  
 Lazzaroni, 123, 124  
 League of Nations, 242  
 Lebreux, Major, 257  
 Leipzig, Battle of, 141, 155  
 Leo XIII., 175  
 Leopold I., 21 seq., 40  
 Leopold III., 9, 37, 110, 111  
 Leopold, Archduke Johann  
 Joseph, 42  
 Leopold, King of Belgium,  
 168, 172  
 Leopoldstadt, 256, 259  
 Lequeito, 244  
 Liebenberg, Bürgermeister,  
 1, 23 seq.  
 Linz, 23, 194  
 Lonyay, Count, 220  
 London, 253, 254  
 Lorraine, Duke of, 22 seq., 37  
 Loudon, Ernest Gideon, 69,  
 75  
 Louis XIV., 90, 115, 116  
 Louis XV., 54, 87, 90  
 Louis XVI., 54, 66 seq., 83,  
 123  
 Louis Philip, 160  
 Luccheni, Luigi, 216  
 Ludovica, Princess, 189  
 Ludwig, The Mad King of  
 Bavaria, 202, 212  
 Lyon, Emma, 121 seq.  
 Madame Du Barry, 86  
 Madame Pompadour, 84, 86  
 Madeira, 239, 241  
 Mad King of Bavaria, 212  
 Mahomet, Banner of, 28, 33  
 Marcomanni, 6  
 Marcus Aurelius, 6 seq.  
 Maria Annunciata, 224  
 Maria Theresa, 1, 41 seq.,  
 84, 116, 117, 253, 272  
 Maria Therese, Wife of Fran-  
 cis II., 128  
 Mariazell, 34, 42  
 Marie Antoinette, 66, 72 seq.,  
 83, 123, 187  
 Marie Caroline, 116 seq., 144  
 157, 158  
 Marie Louise, 128, 137, 140  
 seq., 227, 243  
 Marie Vetsera, 166 seq.  
 Marriage of Figaro, 91  
 Marseilles, 111, 112  
 Martyrdom of an Empress, 180  
 Maubeuge, 113  
 Maximilian-Joseph, Duke of  
 Bavaria, 188 seq., 213  
 Maximilian of Mexico, 204  
 Mayerling, Tragedy of, 177 seq.  
 Metternich, Count Wenzel,  
 144, 154, 155, 159, 161, 162,  
 276 seq.  
 Metternich, Pauline, 275 seq.  
 Metternich, Richard, 278 seq.  
 Mexico, 204  
 Michaelskirche, 245  
 Miramare, 209  
 Mohammed II., 30 seq.  
 Mohammedans, 20 seq., 36  
 Molwitz, Battle of, 57  
 Montagspost, Wiener, 184  
 Moslems, 20 seq.  
 Motherhood in Vienna, 287  
 Mozart, 72  
 Munich, 52, 254, 257  
 Murat, Joachim, 132 seq.  
 Mustapha Kara, 21 seq., 41  
 Naples, 118  
 Napoleon I., 124, 131, 134,  
 140 seq., 175, 200, 248  
 Napoleon III., 279  
 Naschmarkt, 293

Nationalbibliothek, 2  
 National Guards of the French  
 Revolution, 102  
 Necklace, Scandal of, 91 seq.  
 Neipberg General, 156 seq.,  
 164  
 Nelson, Lord Horatio, 124 seq.  
 Nikolo, 288  
 Notables of the French Rev-  
 olution, 96, 97  
 Nussdorf, 195

Odessa, 136  
 Oedenburg, 236  
 Orleans, Duke of, 98, 99  
 Ortner, Professor, 269  
 Osman, 36  
 Otto, Son of Carl and Zita,  
 227, 229, 244  
 Otto, Father of Emperor  
 Carl, 227  
 Ottocar of Bohemia, 16

Palermo, 124, 129 seq., 130  
 Palfy, Count, 59, 60  
 Paris, 88, 150, 284  
 Parma, 156, 162  
 Paul, Grandduke of Russia, 89  
 Payne, Captain Willet, 121  
 Pianore, Schloss, 224  
 Piavë, 230  
 Pichler, Caroline, 272 seq.  
 Pius VI., 93  
 Poland, 10, 64 seq., 201  
 Polish Ball, 166  
 Pompadour, Madame 62, 84,  
 86, 173  
 Portugal, 239  
 Possenhafen, 188 seq., 218  
 Pragmatic Sanction, 44 seq., 47  
 Prangis, 233, 236  
 Prater, 280  
 Prince Eugene of Savoy, 35  
 Prussia, 54 seq., 111, 155,  
 205, 207

Queen of Vindobona, 6 seq.

Raimund, Ferdinand, 255,  
 256, 259  
 Ravens, 214  
 Reichstadt, Duke of, 158 seq.,  
 162, 249  
 Religions of Vienna, 286  
 Revolution of 1848, 190, 277  
 Revolution, American, 66 seq.,  
 94, 122  
 Revolution, French, 94, 122  
 Ringstrasse, 1, 119, 222  
 Rohan, Cardinal, 91 seq., 94  
 Rothschilds, 251  
 Roxelana, 3, 36, 44  
 Rudolph I., 14 seq.  
 Rudolph, Crown Prince, 167  
 seq., 202 seq., 225  
 Ruffo, Cardinal, 125  
 Russia, 153 seq.

Sandor, Graf Moritz, 276  
 Sarajevo, 228  
 Scala in Milan, 248, 250  
 Scandal of the Necklace,  
 91 seq.  
 Schober Johann, 242  
 Schönbrunn, 71, 77, 232, 268  
 Schottentor, 28, 36  
 Schratt, Frau Kathi, 221,  
 263 seq.  
 Schwartzau, Schloss, 225  
 Seefried, Baron of, 219  
 Seven Years' War, 62 seq., 84  
 Sicily, 116, 130 seq.  
 Siege of Vienna, 19 seq.  
 Silesia, 56, 62, 81  
 Sixtus, Brother of Zita, 230  
 Skating, 290, 291  
 Smallpox, 76  
 Sobieski, King John of Po-  
 land, 26 seq.  
 Social Democrat Party, 286  
 Sophia, Archduchess, Mother

- of Francis-Joseph, 190 seq., 277  
 Staatsoper, 174  
 Starhemberg, Count, 23 seq.  
 Starnberg, Lake, 188 seq.  
 States-General, 99, 100  
 Stephanie, Archduchess, 168, 170 seq., 220  
 Stephansdom, 15, 24  
 Stromboli, 19  
 St. Denis, 115  
 St. Menchould, 106, 107  
 St. Stephan, 57, 200  
 Suleiman the Magnificent, 12, 20, 36  
 Swiss Guards, 111, 112  
 Switzerland, 214, 232, 235, 238, 240  
 Tagblatt, Newspaper of Vienna, 268  
 Taufe, 288  
 Temple, 112  
 Theodora, Wife of Justinian, 3, 44, 166  
 Trafalgar, Battle of, 126, 130  
 Tuileries, 103, 104, 108, 109, 111, 279  
 Turks, 22 seq., 46, 51, 136  
 Two Sicilies, The, 116 seq.  
 Typhus Fever, 20, 161  
 Uhlfield, 61  
 Uribarren, 244  
 Valerie, Archduchess, 208, 217  
 Varennes, The Flight to 105 seq.  
 Veil, Legend of, 9 seq.  
 Venice, 186, 283  
 Vermond, Abbé, 85, 97  
 Versailles, 84, 88, 101 seq.  
 Vesuvius, 119  
 Vetsera, Marie, 166 seq.  
 Vindobona, 6 seq.  
 Walter von der Vogelweide, 272  
 Waltzing in Vienna, 292  
 Wartegg, 233  
 Wasner, 61  
 William II. of Germany, 175, 213, 230, 235  
 Wienerwald, 12, 289  
 Wilson, Woodrow, American President, 169  
 Women in General, 283 seq.  
 Women with Hoes, 296  
 Zita, Empress, 223 seq.

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## ERRATA

- On page 6 and 7, read "Avidius Cassius" instead of "Dio Cassius."  
 On page 144, read "Fedorovna" instead of "Catherine."  
 On page 270, read "Valerie" instead of "Gisela."

## **VIENNA YESTERDAY AND TODAY.**

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